California Sketches

New and Old.

ILLUSTRATED.

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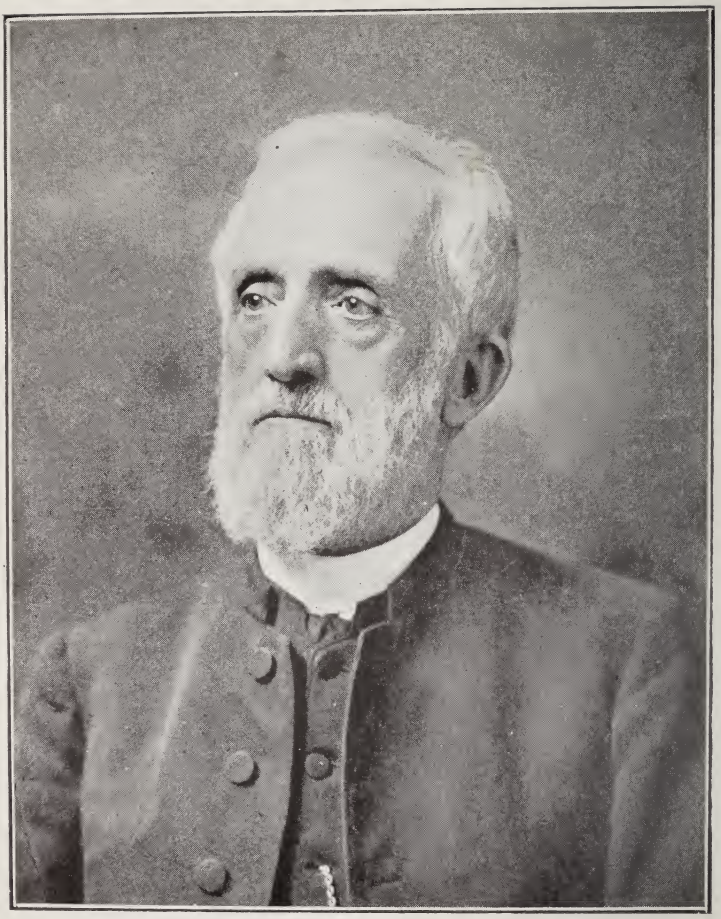
The bearded men in rude attire,
With nerves of steel and hearts of fire—
The women few, but fair and sweet,
Like shadowy visions dim and fleet—
Again I see, again I hear,
As through the past I dimly peer,
And muse o'er buried joy and pain,
And tread the hills of youth again.



O. P. FITZGERALD.

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California Sketches.

NEW AND OLD.

—

BY BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD.

ILLUSTRATED.

"And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest,
For far-off hills whereon his joys had been."

—

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

(Original Edition, 1879.)

These Sketches wrote themselves, as it were. About three years ago my friend Prof. Alonzo Phelps (formerly of Harvard University) in reply to my remark that somebody ought to preserve the vanishing phases of the early California life, said: "Yes, it ought to be done, and you are the man to do it." The matter was then dismissed from my mind as the flattering suggestion of a partial friend. After leaving California, everything connected with my life, or that had come under my observation while there, assumed a fresh interest to my own mind. The remark of my friend was remembered, and, more to gratify a kindly impulse than with a view to make a volume, in snatches of such leisure as an editor gets, the penciling of these humble Sketches began. Now that the little book is finished, I am at least half sorry it was ever begun. Yet there has been a pleasure in writing it. The old days have come back to me again, and images that were fading have stood before me in the form and color of life. Ah! if I could make them stand thus before my kind readers! The Sketches are all from real life. In one or two instances names are disguised for obvious reasons. I have told the story as I saw it and as I remember it. There is no fancy-sketch among these chapters. If I had entered that field, a volume more suited to the modern taste

might have been the result; but it would have had no value as a picture of actual life. An anachronism may be found here or there. I wrote wholly from memory, and am not strong in the matter of dates. Except incidentally, no mention is made of persons still living, though the promptings of affectionate admiration made a strong temptation to place some living faces on the canvas.

My motive in publishing in this form is not a bad one. It is not literary ambition, for I am conscious that the risk is equal to the possible gain in that direction. It is not to put a shadow upon the memory of the dead, or to inflict a pang upon a living soul. My motive is such as all noble spirits would approve, but which need not be stated here. With these words I send forth my little book, leaving it to its fate.

O. P. FITZGERALD.

Nashville, September, 1879.

CONTENTS.

	Page
My First Sunday in the Mines	7
Cissaha	12
Lost on Table Mountain	23
Fulton	32
The Fatal Twist	37
Stranded	41
Lockley	46
An Interview	53
Father Cox	61
The Ethics of Grizzly Hunting	67
Stewart	74
A Mendocino Murder	81
My First California Camp Meeting	87
The Tragedy at Algerine	95
The Blue Lakes	101
Ben	107
A Youthful Desperado	110
North Beach, San Francisco	114
My Mining Speculation	122
Dick	125
The Grain King	131
The Diggers	133
Father Fisher	144
The California Madhouse	153
The Reblooming	161
San Quentin	168
Tod Robinson	177
Jack White	184
Camilla Cain	190
Corraled	192
The Rabbi	203
Ah Lee	209

PAGE

THE EMPEROR NORTON 215
BUFFALO JONES 221
SUICIDE IN CALIFORNIA 227
MIKE REESE 238
UNCLE NOLAN 245
OLD MAN LOWRY 250
THE CALIFORNIA POLITICIAN 255
BISHOP KAVANAUGH IN CALIFORNIA 265
A DAY 276
CALIFORNIA TRAITS 284
FATHER ACOLTI 295
CALIFORNIA WEDDINGS 299
HOW THE MONEY CAME 312
HAVING SOME FUN 316
AT THE END 318

MY FIRST SUNDAY IN THE MINES.

SONORA, in 1855, was an exciting, wild, wicked, fascinating place. Gold dust and gamblers were plentiful. A rich mining camp is a bonanza to the sporting fraternity. The peculiar excitement of mining is near akin to gambling, and seems to prepare the gold hunter for the faro bank and monte table. The life was free and spiced with tragedy. The men were reckless, the women few and not wholly select. The conventionalities of older communities were ignored. People dressed and talked as they pleased, and were a law unto themselves. Even a parson could gallop at full speed through a mining camp without exciting remark. To me it was all new, and at first a little bewildering, but there was a charm about it that lingers pleasantly in the memory after the lapse of all these long years from 1855 to date.

Sonora was a picture unique in its beauty as I first looked down upon it from the crest of the highest hill above the town that bright May morning. The air was exhilarating, electric. The sky was deep blue, without a speck of cloud. The town lay stretched between two ranges of hills, the cozy cottages and rude cabins straggling along their sides, while the full tide of life flowed through Washington Street in the center, where thousands of miners jostled one another as they moved to and fro. High hills encircled the place on all sides protectingly, and Bald Mountain, dark and

bare, lifted above all the rest, seemed to watch the queen city of the mines like a dusky duenna. The far-off Sierras, white and cold, lay propped against the sky like shrouded giants under their winding sheets of snow. Near me stood a lone pine which had escaped the ruthless ax because there was a grave under it marked by a rude cross.

Descending to the main street again, I found it crowded with flannel-shirted men. They seemed to be excited, judging from their loud tones and fierce gesticulations.

"They have caught Felipe at French Camp, and they will have him here by ten o'clock," said one of a group near me.

"Yes, and the boys are getting ready to swing the cursed greaser when he gets here," said another, savagely.

On inquiry, I learned that the gentleman for whose arrival such preparation was being made was a Mexican who had stabbed to the heart a policeman named Sheldon two nights before. The assassin fled the town, but the sheriff and his posse had gotten on his track, and, pursuing rapidly, had overtaken him at French Camp, and were now returning with their prisoner in charge. Sheldon was a good-natured, generous fellow, popular with the "boys." He was brave to a fault, perhaps a little too ready at times to use his pistol. Two Mexicans had been shot by him since his call to police duty, and, though the Americans justified him in so doing, the Mexicans cherished a bitter feeling toward him. Sheldon knew that he was hated by those swarthy fellows whose strong point is not forgiveness of enemies, and not long before the tragedy was heard to say, in a half-serious tone: "I expect to die in my boots." Poor fellow! it came sooner than he thought.

By ten o'clock Washington Street was densely thronged by red and blue shirted men, whose remarks showed that they were ripe for mischief.

"Hang him, I say! If we allow the officers who watch for our protection when we are asleep to be murdered in this way, nobody is safe. I say hang him!" shouted a thick-chested miner, gritting his teeth.

"That's the talk! swing him!" "Hang him!" "Put cold lead through him!" and such like expressions were heard on all sides.

Suddenly there was a rush of the crowd toward the point where Washington Street intersected with the Jamestown road. Then the tide flowed backward, and came surging by the place where I was standing.

"There he comes! at him, boys!" "A rope! a rope!" "Go for him!" shouted a hundred voices.

The object of the popular execration, guarded by the sheriff and a posse of about twenty men, was hurried along in the middle of the street, his hat gone, his bosom bare, a red sash around his waist. He was a bad-looking fellow, and in the rapid glances he cast at the angry crowd around him there was more of hate than fear. The flashes of his dark eyes made one think of the gleam of the deadly Spanish dirk. The twenty picked men guarding him had each a revolver in his hand, with Maj. Solomon, the sheriff, at their head. The mob knew Solomon. He had distinguished himself for cool courage in the Mexican war, and they were well aware that those pistols were paraded for use if occasion demanded.

The prisoner was taken into the Placer Hotel, where the coroner's jury was held, the mob surrounding the building and roaring like a sea.

"There they come! go for him, boys!" was

shouted as the doors were flung open, and Felipe appeared, attended by his guard.

A rush was made, but there was Solomon with his twenty men pistol in hand, and no man dared to lay a hand on the murderer. With steady step they marched to the jail, the crowd parting as the sheriff and his posse advanced, and the prisoner was hurried inside and the doors locked.

Baffled thus, for a few moments the mob was silent, and then it exploded with imprecations and yells: "Break open the door!" "Tear down the jail!" "Bring him out!" "Who has a rope?" "Out with him!"

Cool and collected, Solomon stood on the door-step, his twenty men standing holding their revolvers ready. The County Judge Quint attempted to address the excited mass, but his voice was drowned by their yells. The silver-tongued Henry P. Barber, an orator born, and whose sad career would make a romance of thrilling interest, essayed to speak, but even his magic voice was lost in the tornado of popular fury.

I had climbed a high fence above the jail yard, where the whole scene was before me. When Barber gave up the attempt to get a hearing from the mob, there was a momentary silence. Solomon saw the opportunity, and, lifting his hand, he said: "Will you hear me a moment? I am not fool enough to think that with these twenty men I can whip this crowd. You can overcome us by your numbers and kill us if you choose. Perhaps you will do it—I am ready for that. I don't say I can prevent you, but I do say"—and here his eye kindled and his voice had a steel-like ring—"*the first man that touches that jail door dies!*"

There was a perceptible thrill throughout that dense mass of human beings. No man volunteered

to lead an assault on the jail door. Solomon followed up this stroke: "Boys, when you take time to reflect, you will see that this is all wrong. I was elected by your votes, and you are acting in bad faith when you put me in a position where I must violate my sworn duty or fight you. This is the holy Sabbath day. Back in our old homes we have been used to different scenes from this. The prisoner will be kept, and tried, and duly punished by the law. Let us give three cheers for the clergy of California, two of whom I see present [pointing to where my Presbyterian neighbor, the Rev. S. S. Harmon, and I were perched conspicuously], and then go home like good citizens."

Courage and tact prevailed. The mob was conquered. The cheers were given with a will, the crowd melted away, and in a few minutes the jail yard was clear.

I lingered alone, and was struck with the sudden transition. The sun was sinking in the west, already the town below was wrapped in shade, the tops of the encircling hills caught the lingering beams, the loftier crest of Bald Mountain blazing as if it were a mass of burnished gold. It was the calm and glory of nature in sharp contrast with the turbulence and brutality of men.

Wending my way back to the hotel, I seated myself on the piazza of the second story, and watched the motley crowd going in and out of the "Long Tom" drinking and gambling saloon across the street, musing upon the scenes of my first Sunday in the mines.

CISSAHA.

I FIRST noticed him one night at prayer meeting at Sonora, in the Southern Mines, in 1855. He came in timidly, and took a seat near the door. His manner was reverent, and he watched the exercises with curious interest, his eyes following every gesture of the preacher, and his ears losing not a word that was said or sung. I was struck with his peculiar physiognomy as he sat there with his thin, swarthy face, his soft, sad black eyes, and long black hair. I could not make him out; he might be Mexican, Spanish, Portuguese, "Kanaka," or what not. He waited until I passed out at the close of the meeting, and, bowing very humbly, placed half a dollar in my hand, and walked away. This happened several weeks in succession, and I noticed him at church on Sunday evenings. He would come in after the crowd had entered, and take his place near the door. He never failed to hand me the half dollar at the close of every service, his dark, wistful-looking eyes lighting up with pleasure as I took the coin from his hand. He never waited to talk, but hurried off at once. My curiosity was excited, and I began to feel a special interest in this strange-looking foreigner.

I was sitting one morning in the little room on the hillside, which was at once dining room, parlor, bedchamber, and study, when, lifting my eyes a moment from the book I was reading, there stood my strange foreigner in the door.

"Come in," I said kindly.

Making profound salaams, he rushed impulsively toward me, exclaiming in broken English: "My good brahmin!" "My good brahmin!" with a torrent of words I could not understand.

I invited him to take a seat, but he declined. He looked flushed and excited, his dark eyes flashing. I soon found that he could understand English much better than he could speak it himself.

"What is your name!" I asked.

"Cissaha," he answered, accenting strongly the last syllable.

"Of what nation are you?" was my next question.

"Me Hindoo—me good caste," he added rather proudly.

After gratifying my curiosity by answering my many questions, he told his business with me. It was with great difficulty that I could make out what he said; his pronunciation was sadly imperfect at best, and when he talked himself into an excited state his speech was a curious jargon of confused and strange sounds. The substance of his story was, that, though belonging to a caste which was above such work, necessity had forced him to take the place of a cook in a miners' boarding house at a notorious camp called aptly Whisky Hill, which was about three miles from Sonora. After six months' service, the proprietor of the establishment had dismissed him with no other pay than a bogus title to a mining claim. When the poor fellow went to take possession, the rightful owners drove him away with many blows and much of that peculiarly emphatic profanity for which California was rather noted in those early days. On going back to his employer with the story of his failure to get possession of the mining claim, he was driven away with cursings and threats, without a dollar for months of hard work.

This was Cissaha's story. He had come to me for redress. I felt no little sympathy for him as he stood before me, so helpless in a strange land. He had been shamefully wronged, and I felt indignant at the recital. But I told him that while I was sorry for him, I could do nothing; he had better put the case in the hands of a lawyer. I suggested the name of one.

"No, no!" he said passionately; "you my good brahmin; you go Whisky Hill, you make Flank Powell pay my money!"

He seemed to think that as a teacher of religion I must be invested also with some sort of authority in civil matters. I could not make him understand that this was not so.

"You ride horse, me walk; Flank Powell see my good brahmin come, he pay money," urged Cissaha.

Yielding to a sudden impulse, I told him I would go with him. He bowed almost to the floor, and the tears, which had flowed freely as he told his tale of wrongs, were wiped away.

Mounting Dr. Jack Franklin's sorrel horse—my pen pauses as I write the name of that noble Tennesseean, that true and generous friend—I started to Whisky Hill, my client keeping alongside on foot.

As we proceeded, I could not help feeling that I was on a sort of fool's errand. It was certainly a new rôle for me. But my sympathy had been excited, and I fortified myself by repeating mentally all those scriptures of the Old and New Testaments which enjoin kindness to strangers.

I found that Cissaha was well known in the camp, and that he was generally liked. Everybody seemed to know how he had been treated, and the popular feeling was on his side. Several

parties confirmed his statement of the case in every particular. Walking along among the mining claims, with a proud and confident air he would point to me, saying: "There my good brahmin—*he* make Flank Powell pay my money now."

"Powell is a rough customer," said a tall young fellow from New York, who stood near the trail with a pick in his hand; "he will give you trouble before you get through with him."

Cissaha only shook his head in a knowing way and hastened on, keeping my sorrel in a brisk trot.

A stout and ill-dressed woman was standing in the porch of Mr. Powell's establishment as I rode up.

"Is Mr Powell at home?" I asked.

"Yes; he is in the house," she said dryly, scowling alternately at Cissaha and me.

"Please tell him that I would like to see him."

She went into the house after giving us a parting angry glance, and in a few minutes Mr. Powell made his appearance. He looked the ruffian that he was all over. A huge fellow, with enormous breadth between the shoulders, and the chest of a bull, with a fiery red face, blear blue eyes red at the corners, coarse sandy hair, and a villainous *tout ensemble* every way, he was as bad a specimen of my kind as I had ever met.

"What do you want with me?" he growled out, after taking a look at us.

"I understand," I answered in my blandest tones, "that there has been some difficulty in making a settlement between you and this Hindoo man, and at his request I have come over to see if I can help to adjust it."

"Damn you!" said the ruffian, "if you come here meddling with my affairs, I'll knock you off that horse."

He *was* a rough customer to look at just then.

Cissaha looked a little alarmed, and drew nearer to me.

I looked the man in the eye and answered: "I am not afraid of any violence at your hands. You dare not attempt it. You have cruelly wronged this poor foreigner, and you know it. Every man in the camp condemns you for it, and is ashamed of your conduct. Now, I intend to see this thing through. I will devote a year to it and spend every dollar I can raise if necessary to make you pay this debt!"

By this time quite a crowd of miners had gathered around us, and there were unmistakable expressions of approval of my speech.

"That's the right sort of talk!" exclaimed a grizzly-bearded man in a red shirt.

"Stand up to him, parson!" said another.

There was a pause. Powell, as I learned afterward, was detested in the camp. He had the reputation of a bully and a cheat. I think he was likewise a coward. At any rate, as I warmed with virtuous indignation, he cooled. Perhaps he did not like the expressions on the faces of the rough, athletic men standing around. "What do you want me to do?" he asked in a sullen tone.

"I want you to pay this man what you owe him," I answered.

The negotiations begun thus unpromisingly ended very happily. After making some deduction on some pretext or other, the money was paid, much to my relief and the joy of my client. Mr. Powell indulged in no parting courtesies, nor did he tender me the hospitalities of his house. I have never seen him from that day to this. I have never wished to renew his acquaintance.

Cissaha marched back to Sonora in triumph.

A few days after the Whisky Hill adventure, as I was sitting on the rear side of the little parsonage to get the benefit of the shade, I had another visit from Cissaha. He had on his shoulder a miner's pick and shovel, which he laid down at my feet.

"What is that for?" I asked.

"My good brahmin look at pick and shobel, then no break, and find heap gold," said he, his face full of trust and hopefulness.

I cast a kindly glance at the implements, and did not think it worth while to combat his innocent superstition. If good wishes could have brought him good luck, the poor fellow would have prospered in his search after gold.

From that time on he was scarcely ever absent from church services, never omitting to pay his weekly half dollar. More than once I observed the tears running down his cheeks as he sat near the door, eye and ear all attent to the service.

A day or two before my departure for Conference, at the end of my two years in Sonora, Cissaha made me a visit. He looked sad and anxious. "You go way?" he inquired.

"Yes; I must go," I answered.

"You no come back Sonora?" he asked.

"No; I cannot come back," I said.

He stood a moment, his chest heaving with emotion, and then said: "Me go with you, me live where you live, me die where you die," almost the very words of the fair young Moabite.

Cissaha went with us. How could I refuse to take him? At San José he lived with us, doing our cooking, nursing our little Paul, and making himself generally useful. He taught us to love curry and to eat cucumbers Hindoo fashion—that is, stewed with veal or chicken. He was the gen-

tlest and most docile of servants, never out of temper, and always anxious to please. Little Paul was very fond of him, and often he would take him off in his baby wagon, and they would be gone for hours together.

He never tired of asking questions about the Christian religion, and manifested a peculiar delight in the words and life of Jesus. One day he came into my study and said: "Me want you to make me Christian."

"I can't make you a Christian; Jesus can do it," I answered.

He looked greatly puzzled and troubled at this reply, but when I had explained the whole matter to him he brightened up and intimated that he wanted to join the Church. I enrolled his name as a probationer, and his delight was unbounded.

One day Cissaha came to me all smiling, and said: "Me want to give all the preachers one big dinner."

"Very well," I answered; "I will let you do so. How many do you want?"

"Me want heap preachers, table all full," he said.

He gave me to understand that the feast must be altogether his own—his money must buy everything, even to the salt and pepper for seasoning the dishes. He would use nothing that was in the house, but bought flour, fowls, beef, vegetables, confectionery, coffee, tea, everything for the great occasion. He made a grand dinner, not forgetting the curry, and with a table full of preachers to enjoy it he was a picture of happiness. His dark face beamed with delight as he handed around the viands to the smiling and appreciative guests. He had some Hindoo notion that there was great merit in feasting so many be-

longing to the brahmin caste. To him the dinner was a sort of sacrifice most acceptable to Heaven.

My Oriental domestic seemed very happy for some months, and became a general favorite on account of his gentle manners, docile temper, and obliging disposition. His name was shortened to "Tom" by the popular usage, and under the instructions of the mistress of the parsonage he began the study of English. Poor fellow! he never could make the sound of f or z, the former always turning to *p*, and the latter to *g*, upon his tongue. I believe there are no p's or g's in the Hindoostanee.

A change came over Cissaha. He became all at once moody and silent. Several times I found him in tears. Something was the matter with him. That was clear.

One afternoon the secret came out. He came into my room. There were traces of tears on his cheeks. "I go 'way—can stay with my pather [father] no more," he said with a quiver in his voice.

"Why, what is the matter?" I asked.

"Debbil in here," he answered, touching his forehead. "Debbil tell me drink whisky; me no drink where my pather stay, so must go."

"Why, I did not know you ever drank whisky; where did you learn that?" I asked.

"Me drink with the boys at Plank Powell's—drink beer and whisky. No drink for long time, but debbil in here [touching his forehead] say *must* drink."

He was a picture of shame and grief as he stood there before me. How hard he must have fought against the appetite for strong drink since he had been with me! And how full of shame and sorrow he was to confess his weakness to me! He

told me all about it: how he had been treated to beer and whisky by the good-natured miners, and how the taste for liquor had grown on him, and how he had resisted for a time, and how he had at last yielded to the feeling that the devil was too strong for him. That the devil was in it, he seemed to have no doubt. And truly it was so—the cruelest, deadliest of devils, the devil of drink! As a Hindoo, in his own country no strong drink had ever passed his lips. The fiery potations of Whisky Hill were too much for him.

"You should pray, Cissaha."

"Me pray all night, but debbil too strong—me *must* drink whisky!" he said vehemently.

He left us. The parting was very sad to him and us. He had a special cry over little Paul.

"You my pather [to me]; you my mother [to my wife]; I go, but me pack you both always in my belly!"

We could but smile through our tears. The poor fellow meant to say he would still bear us in his grateful heart in his wanderings.

After a few months he came to see us. He looked seedy and sad. He had found employment, but did not stay long at a place. He had stopped awhile with a Presbyterian minister in the Sacramento Valley, and was solicited by him to join the Church.

"Me tell him no!" he said, his eye flashing; "me tell him my pather done make me Christian; me no want to be made Christian again."

The poor fellow was true to his first love, sad Christian as he was.

"Me drink no whisky for four, five week—me now try to stop. Give me prayer to say when debbil get in here," touching his head.

That was what he had come for chiefly. I gave

him the form of a short and simple prayer. He repeated it after me in his way until he had it by heart, and then he left.

Once or twice a year he came to see us, and always had a pathetic tale to tell of his struggles with strong drink, and the greed and violence of men who were tempted to oppress and maltreat a poor creature whose weakness invited injustice.

He told us of an adventure when acting as a sheep herder in Southern California, whither he had wandered. A large flock of sheep which he had in charge had been disturbed in the corral a couple of nights in succession. On the third night, hearing a commotion among them, he sprang up from his bunk and rushed out to see what was the matter. But let him tell the story: "Me run out to see what's matter; stars shine blight; me get into corral; sheep all bery much scared, and bery much run, and bery much jump. Big black bear jump over corral fence and come right for me. Me so flighten me know nothing, but raise my arms, run at bear, and say, *E-e-e-e-e-e!*" prolonging the shrill scream and becoming terribly excited as he went on.

"Well, how did it end?" I asked.

"Me scream so loud that bear get scared too, and he turn, run bery fast, jump over corral, and run away."

We did not doubt this story. The narration was too vivid to have been invented, and that scream was enough to upset the nerves of any grizzly.

We got to looking for him at regular intervals. He would bring candies and little presents for the children, and would give a tearful recital of his experiences and take a tearful leave of us. He was fighting his enemy and still claiming to be a

Christian. He said many things which showed that he had thought earnestly and deeply on religious subjects, and he would end by saying: "Jesus, help me! Jesus, help me!"

He came to see us after the death of our Paul, and he wept when we told him how our dear boy had left us. He had had a long sickness in the hospital. He had before expressed a desire to go back to his own country, and now this desire had grown into a passion. His wan face lighted up as he looked wistfully seaward from the bay window of our cottage on the hill above the Golden Gate. He left us with a slow and feeble step, often looking back as long as he was in sight.

That was the last of Cissaha. I know not whether he is in Hindostan or the world of spirits.

LOST ON TABLE MOUNTAIN.

TABLE MOUNTAIN is a geological curiosity. It has puzzled the scientists, excited the wonder of the vulgar, and aroused the cupidity of the gold hunter. It is a river without water, a river without banks, a river whose bed is hundreds of feet in the air. Rising in Calaveras County, it runs southward more than a hundred miles, winding gracefully in its course, and passing through what was one of the richest gold belts in the world. But now the bustling camps are still, the thousands who delved the earth for the shining ore are gone, the very houses have disappeared. The scarred bosom of Mother Earth alone tells of the intensely passionate life that once throbbed among these rocky hills. A deserted mining camp is in more senses than one like a battlefield. Both leave the same tragic impression upon the mind.

What is now Table Mountain was many ages ago a river flowing from the foot of the Sierras into the San Joaquin Valley. A volcano at its head discharged its lava into it, and it slowly rolled down its bed, and, cooling, left the hard volcanic matter to resist the action of the elements by which the surrounding country was worn away, until it was left high in the air, a phenomenon to exercise the wits of the learned, and a delight to the lover of the curious in nature.

I can modestly claim the honor of having

preached the first sermon on the south side of Table Mountain, where Mormon Creek was thronged with miners, who filled Davy Jamison's dining room to attend religious service on Wednesday nights. It was a big day for us all when we dedicated a board house to the worship of God and the instruction of youth. It was both a church and schoolhouse. I have still a very vivid remembrance of that occasion. My audience was composed of the gold diggers on the creek, with half a dozen women and nearly as many babies, who insisted on being heard as well as the preacher. I "kept the floor" until two long, lean yellow dogs had a disagreement, showed their teeth, erected their bristles, sidled up closer and closer, growling, until they suddenly flew at each other like tigers, and fought all over the house. My plan was not to notice the dogs, and so, elevating my voice, I kept on speaking. The dogs snapped and bit fearfully, the women screamed, the children became frantic, stiffening themselves and turning purple in the face; a bushy-whiskered man with a red head kicked the dogs from him with loud imprecations, while Davy Jamison used a long broom upon them with great energy but with unsatisfactory result. Those yellow dogs were mad, and didn't care for kicks or brooms. They stuck to each other, and fought over and under the benches, and along the aisle, and under my table, and everywhere! I did not keep on—I had changed my mind, or rather had lost it, and found myself standing bewildered and silent, the thread of my discourse gone. A good-humored miner winked at me in a way that said: "They were too much for you." The dogs were finally ejected. The last I saw of them they were rolling down the hill, still fighting savagely. I re-

sumed my discourse, and finished amid a steady but subdued a-a-a-a-a-h! of the quartet of babies. It is astonishing how long a delicate baby can keep up this sort of crying, and never get hoarse.

There were such strong signs of a storm one Wednesday afternoon that I almost abandoned the idea of filling my appointment on Mormon Creek. The clouds were boiling up around the crests of the mountains, and the wind blew in heavy gusts. But, mounting the famous iron-gray pacing pony, I felt equal to any emergency, and at a rapid gait climbed the great hill dividing Sonora from Shaw's Flat, and passing a gap in Table Mountain, was soon dashing along the creek, facing a high wind, and exhilarated by the exercise. My miners were out in force, and I was glad I had not disappointed them. It is best in such doubtful cases *to go*.

By the time the service was over the weather was still more portentous. The heavens were covered with thick clouds, and the wind had risen to a gale.

"You can never find your way home such a night as this," said a friendly miner. "You can't see your hand before you."

It was true, the darkness was so dense that not the faintest outline of my hand was visible an inch from my face. But I had confidence in the lively gray pony, and resolved to go home, having left the mistress of the parsonage alone in the little cabin which stood unfenced on the hillside, and unprotected by lock or key to the doors. Mounting, I touched the pony gently with the whip, and he struck off at a lively pace up the road which led along the creek. I had confidence in the pony, and the pony seemed to have confidence

in me. It was riding by faith, not by sight; I could not see even the pony's neck—the darkness was complete. I always feel a peculiar elation on horseback, and, delighted with the rapid speed we were making, was congratulating myself that I would not be long in getting home, when—horror! I felt that horse and rider were falling through the air. The pony had blindly paced right over the bank of the creek, no more able to see than I was. Quick as a thought I drew my feet out of the stirrups, and went headlong over the horse's head. Striking on my hands and knees, I was stunned at first, but soon found that beyond a few bruises and scratches I was not much hurt, though my watch was shattered. Getting on my feet, I listened for the pony, but in vain. Nothing could be heard or seen. Groping around a little, I stumbled into the creek. Erebus could not be darker than was that night. Having no notion of the points of the compass, I knew not which way to move. Long and loud I called for help, and at length, when I had almost exhausted myself, an answer came through the darkness, and soon a party appeared with a lantern. They found me on the edge of the creek, and the pony about midway down the bank, where he had lodged in his fall, bracing himself with his fore feet, afraid to move. With great difficulty the poor beast, which was trembling in every limb with fright, was rescued from his perilous and uncomfortable position, and the whole party marched back to Jamison's. The pony was lamed in the fore shoulder, and my hands and knees were bleeding.

Taking a small hand lantern with half a candle, and an umbrella, I started for Sonora on foot, leaving the pony in the corral. The rain began to

fall just as I began to ascend the trail leading up the mountain, and the wind howled fearfully. A particularly heavy gust caught my umbrella at a disadvantage and tore it into shreds, and I threw it away and manfully took the rain, which now poured in torrents, mingled with hail. Saturated as I was, the exercise kept me warm. My chief anxiety was to prevent my candle from being put out by the wind, and I protected my lantern with the skirt of my coat, while I watched carefully for the narrow trail. Winding around the ascent, jumping the mining ditches, and dripping with the rain, I reached the crossing of Table Mountain, and began picking my way among the huge lava blocks on the summit. The storm king of the Sierras was on a big frolic that night! I soon lost the narrow trail. My piece of candle was burning low—if it should go out! A text came into my mind from which I preached the next Sunday: "*Walk while ye have the light.*" It was strange that the whole structure of the discourse shaped itself in my mind while stumbling among those rugged lava blocks, and pelted by the storm, which seemed every moment to rage more furiously. I kept groping for the lost trail, shivering now with cold, and the candle getting very low in my lantern. I was lost, and it was a bad night to be lost in. The wind seemed to have a mocking sound as it shrieked in my ears, and as it died away in a temporary lull it sounded like a dirge. I began to think it would have been better for me to have taken the advice of my Mormon Creek friends and waited until morning. All the time I kept moving, though aimlessly. Thank God, here is the trail! I came upon it again just where it left the mountain and crossed the Jamestown road, recognizing the place by a gap in a brush fence. I

started forward at a quickened pace, following the trail among the manzanita bushes, and winding among the hills. A tree had fallen across the trail at one point, and in going round it I lost the little thread of pathway and could not find it again. The earth was flooded with water, and one spot looked just like another. Holding my lantern near the ground, I scanned keenly every foot of it as I made a circle in search of the lost trail, but soon found I had no idea of the points of the compass—in a word, I was lost again. The storm was unabated. It was rough work stumbling over the rocks and pushing my way through the thick manzanita bushes, bruising my limbs and scratching my face. Almost exhausted, I sat down on the lee side of a large pine tree, thinking I would thus wait for daylight. But the next moment the thought occurred to me that if I sat there much longer I would never leave alive, for I was getting very cold, and would freeze before morning. I thought it was time to pray, and I prayed. A calm came over me, and, rising, I resumed my search for the lost trail. In five minutes I found it, and following it I soon came in sight of a light which issued from a cabin, at the door of which I knocked. At first there was no answer, and I repeated the thumps on the door with more energy. I heard whispering inside, a step across the floor, then the latch was drawn, and as the door was partially opened a gruff voice said: "Who are you? and what do you want here at this time o' night?"

"Let me in out of the storm, and I will tell you," I said.

"Not so fast, stranger. Robbers are mighty plenty and sassy round here, and you don't come in till we know who you are," said the voice.

I told them who I was, where I had been, and all about it. The door was opened cautiously, and I walked in. A coarse, frowzy-looking woman sat in the corner by the fireplace, a rough-looking man sat in the opposite corner, while the fellow who had let me in took a seat on a bench in front. I stood dripping, and ready to sink from fatigue, but no seat was offered me.

"This is a pretty rough night," said one of the men complacently; "but it's nothing to the night we had the storm on the plains, when our wagon covers was blowed off, and the cattle stampeded, and"—

"Stop!" said I, "your troubles are over, and mine are not. I want you to give me a piece of candle for my lantern here, and tell me the way to Sonora."

The fact is, I was disgusted at their want of hospitality, and too tired to be polite. It is vain to expect much politeness from a man who is very tired or very hungry. Most wives find this out, but I mention it for the sake of the young and inexperienced.

After considerable delay, the frowzy woman got up, found a candle, cut off about three inches, and sulkily handed it to me. Lighting and placing it in my lantern, I made for the door, receiving these directions as I did so: "Go back the way you came about two hundred yards, then take a left-hand trail, which will carry you to Sonora by way of Dragoon Gulch."

Plunging into the storm again, I found the trail as directed, and went forward. The rain poured down as if the bottom of the heavens had fallen out, and the earth was a sea, the water coming above my gaiters at every step, and the wind almost lifting me from my feet. I soon found that

it was impossible to distinguish the trail, and trusting to my instinct I pressed on in the direction of Sonora, which could scarcely be more than a mile away. Seeing a light in the distance, I bent my steps toward it. In my eagerness to reach it I came very near walking into a deep mining shaft —a single step more, and this sketch would never have been written. Making my way among huge bowlders and mining pits, I reached the house in which was the light I had followed. Knocking at the door, a cheerful voice said, "Come in." Pushing open the door, I entered, and found that I was in a drinking saloon. Several men were seated around a table playing cards, with money piled before them, and glasses of strong drink within reach. A red-faced, corpulent, and good-natured Dutchman stood behind the bar, and was in the act of mixing some stimulant with the flourish of an expert.

"Where am I?" I asked, thoroughly bewildered, and not recognizing the place or the persons before me.

"Dis is de Shaw's Flat Lager Beer Saloon," said the Dutchman.

So this was not Sonora. After losing the trail I had lost my course, and gone away off north of my intended destination. The men knew me, and were very polite. The kind-hearted Dutchman offered me alcoholic refreshment, which I politely declined, placed a whole candle in my lantern, and gave me many good wishes as I again took the road and faced the storm. Gambling is a terrible vice, but it was a good thing for me that the card players lingered so long at their sport that rough night. Taking the middle of the road, I struck a good pace, and meeting with no further mishap except a fall and tumble in the red mud as I was descend-

in the high hill that separated the two camps, about two o'clock in the morning I came in sight of the parsonage, and saw an anxious face at the door looking out into the darkness.

After a sound sleep, I rose next day a little bruised and stiff, but otherwise none the worse for being lost on Table Mountain. The gallant gray pony did not escape so well; he never did get over his lameness.

FULTON.

HE was a singular compound—hero, hypochondriac, and saint.

He came aboard the "Antelope" as we (wife and I) were on our way to the Annual Conference at Sacramento in 1855. Coming into our stateroom, he introduced himself as "Brother Fulton." A thin, pale-faced man, with weak blue eyes, and that peculiar look which belongs to the real ascetic, he seemed out of place among that motley throng.

"I am glad to see you, and hope you will live holy and be useful in California" he said. "As this is the first time we have met," he continued, "let us have a word of prayer, that all our intercourse may be sanctified to our mutual good."

Down he kneeled among the trunks, valises, and bandboxes in the little stateroom (and we with him, though it was tight squeezing amid the baggage), and prayed long and fervently, with many groans and sighs.

Rising at length from our knees, we entered into conversation. After a few inquiries and answers, he said: "It is very difficult to maintain a spiritual frame of mind among all these people. Let us have another word of prayer."

Down he went again on his knees, we following, and he wrestled long and earnestly in supplication, oblivious of the peculiarities of the situation.

Conversation was resumed on rising, confined

exclusively to religious topics. A few minutes had thus been spent, when he said: "We are on our way to the Annual Conference, where we shall be engaged in looking after the interests of the Church. Let us have another word of prayer, that we may be prepared for these duties, and that the session may be profitable to all." Again he knelt upon his knees and prayed with great fervor.

When we rose there was a look of inquiry in the eyes of my fellow-missionary which seemed to ask: "Where is this to end?"

Just then the dinner bell rang, and we had no opportunity for further devotions with Brother Fulton.

It was observed during the Conference session that there was a cloud in Fulton's sky—he sat silent and gloomy, taking no part in the proceedings. About the third morning, while some important measure was pending, he rose and addressed Bishop Andrew, who was in the chair: "Bishop, I am in great mental distress. You will excuse me for interrupting the business of the Conference, but I can bear it no longer."

"What's the matter, Brother Fulton?" asked that bluff, wise old preacher.

"I am afraid I have sinned," was the answer, with bowed head and faltering voice.

"In what way?" asked the bishop.

"I will explain: On my way from the mountains I became very hungry in the stagecoach. I am afraid I thought too much of my food. You know, Bishop, that if we fix our affections for one moment on any creature more than on God, it is sin."

"Well, Brother Fulton," said the bishop, "if at your hungriest moment the alternative had been

presented whether you should give up your God or your dinner, would you have hesitated?"

"No, sir," said Brother Fulton meekly, after a short pause.

"Well, then, my dear brother, the case is clear, you have done no wrong," said the bishop in his hearty, offhand way.

The effect was magical. Fulton stood thoughtful a moment, and then, as he sat down, burst into tears of joy. Poor, morbidly sensitive soul! we may smile at such scruples, so foreign to the temper of these after times, but they were the scruples of a soul as true and as unworldly as that of á Kempis.

He was sent to the mines, and he was a wonder to those nomadic dwellers about Vallecito, Douglass's Flat, Murphy's Camp, and Lancha Plana. They were puzzled to determine whether he was a lunatic or a saint. Many stories of his eccentricities were afloat, and he was regarded with a sort of mingled curiosity and awe. It was but seldom that even the roughest fellows would utter profane language in his presence, and when they did, they received a rebuke that made them ashamed. Before the year was out he had won every heart by the power of simple truthfulness, courage, and goodness. The man who insulted, or in any way mistreated him, would have lost caste with those wild adventurers who, with all their grievous faults, never failed to recognize sincerity and pluck. Fulton's sincerity was unmistakable, and he feared not the face of man. He made converts among them, too. Many a profane lip became familiar with the language of prayer in those mining camps where the devil was so terribly regnant, and took no pains to hide his cloven foot.

One of Fulton's eccentricities caused a tedious trial to an old hen belonging to a good sister at Vallecito. He was a dyspeptic—too great abstemiousness the cause. His diet was tea, crackers, and boiled eggs. Being a rigid Sabbath keeper, he would eat nothing cooked on Sunday. So his eggs were boiled on Saturday, and warmed over for his Sunday meals. About the time of one of his visits to Vallecito, the sister referred to had occasion to set a hen. The period of incubation was singularly protracted, running far into the summer. The eggs would not hatch. Investigation finally disclosed the fact that by somebody's blunder the boiled eggs had been placed under the unfortunate fowl, whose perseverance failed of its due reward. "Bless me!" said the good-natured sister, laughing, "these were Brother Fulton's eggs. I wonder if he ate the raw ones?"

Fulton had his stated times for private devotion, and allowed nothing to stand in the way. The hour of twelve was one of these seasons sacred to prayer. One day he was ascending a mountain, leading his horse, and assisting a teamster by scotching the wheels of his heavy wagon when his horses stopped to get breath. When about half-way up, Fulton's large, old-fashioned silver watch told him it was twelve. Instantly he called out: "My hour of prayer has arrived, and I must stop and pray."

"Wait till we get to the top of the mountain, won't you?" exclaimed the teamster.

"No," said Fulton, "I never allow anything to interfere with my secret prayers." And down he kneeled by the roadside, bridle in hand, and with closed eyes he was soon wrapped in devotion.

The teamster expressed his view of the situation in language not exactly congruous to the exercise

in which his fellow-traveler was engaged. But he waited until the prayer was ended, and then with a serene face Fulton resumed his service as scotcher, and the summit was reached in triumph.

While on the San Ramon Circuit, in Contra Costa County, he met a man with a drove of hogs in a narrow, muddy lane. The swine took fright, and, despite the frantic efforts of their driver, they turned, bolted by him, and rushed back the way whence they had come. The swineherd was furious with rage, and let loose upon Fulton a volley of oaths and threats. Fulton paused, looked upon the angry fellow calmly for a few moments, and then dismounted, and, kneeling by the roadside, began to pray for the man whose profanity was filling the air. The fellow was confounded at the sight of that ghostly-looking man on his knees before him; he took a panic, and, turning back, he followed his hogs in rapid flight. The sequel must be given. The fleeing swineherd became one of Fulton's converts, dating his religious concern from the prayer in the lane.

Fulton itinerated in this way for years, fasting rigidly and praying incessantly, some thinking him a lunatic, others reverencing him as a saint. Thinner and thinner did he grow, his pallid face becoming almost transparent. Thinking its mild climate might benefit his health, he was sent to Southern California. One morning on entering his room, he was found kneeling by his bedside dead, with his Bible open before him, and a smile on his face.

THE FATAL TWIST.

ALCOHOL and opium were his masters. He alternated in their use. Only a brain of extraordinary strength, and nerves of steel, could have stood the strain. He had a large practice at the Sonora bar, was a popular politician, made telling stump speeches, and wrote pungent and witty editorials for the *Union Democrat*, conducted by that most genial and unselfish of party pack horses, A. N. Francisco. He was a fine scholar, and so thoroughly a gentleman in his instincts that even when drunk he was not vulgar or obscene. Cynicism and waggery were mingled in his nature, but he was more cynic than wag. An accidental meeting under pleasant circumstances, and agreement in opinion concerning certain current issues that were exciting the country, developed a sort of friendship between us. He affected skepticism, and was always ready to give a thrust at the clergy. It sometimes happened that a party of the wild blades of the place would come in a body to my little church on the hillside, to hear such a discourse as my immaturity could furnish, but he was never among them. All he seemed to want from the community in which he lived was something to sneer or laugh at, and the means wherewith to procure the narcotics with which he was destroying his body and brain. As we met oftener I became interested in him more and more. Looking at his splendid head and handsome face, it was impossible not to admire

him and think of the possibilities of his life could he be freed from his vices. He was still under thirty. But he was a drunkard.

He was shy of all allusions to himself, and I do not know how it was that he came to open his mind to me so freely as he did one morning. I found him alone in his office. He was sober and sad, and in a different mood from any in which I had ever before met him. Our conversation touched upon many topics, for he seemed disposed to talk.

"How slight a circumstance," I remarked, "will sometimes give coloring to our whole character, and affect all our after life."

"Yes," he answered, "bitterly do I realize the truth of your remark. When I was in my fourteenth year an incident occurred which has influenced all my subsequent life. I was always a favorite with my school-teachers, and I loved them with a hearty boyish affection. Especially did I entertain a most affectionate reverence for the kind old man who presided over the boys' academy in my native town in Massachusetts. He became my instructor when I was ten years old, and I was his favorite pupil. With a natural aptness for study, my desire to win his approbation stimulated me to make exertions that always kept me at the head of my class, and I was frequently held up to the other pupils as an example of good behavior. I was proud of his good opinion, and sought to deserve it. Stimulated both by ambition and affection, nothing seemed too difficult for me. The three years I was under his tuition were the best employed and happiest of my life. But my kind old preceptor died. The whole town was plunged in sorrow for his loss, and my boyish grief was bitter."

Here he paused a few moments, and then went on: "Soon a new teacher took his place. He was unlike the one we had lost. He was a younger man, and he lacked the gentleness and dignity of his predecessor. But I was prepared to give him my confidence and affection, for then I had learned nothing else. I sought to gain his favor, and was diligent in study and careful of my behavior. For several days all went on smoothly. A rule of the school forbade whispering. One day a boy sitting just behind me whispered my name. Involuntarily I half inclined my head toward him, when the new teacher called to me angrily: 'Come here, sir!' I obeyed. Grasping me tightly by the collar, he said: 'How dare you whisper in school?' I told him I had not whispered. 'Hearing my name called, I only turned to'— 'Don't dare to tell me a lie!' he thundered, lifting me from the floor as he spoke, and tripping my feet from under me, causing me to fall violently, my head striking first. I was stunned by the fall, but soon rose to my feet, bruised and bewildered, yet burning with indignation. 'Take your seat, sir!' said he, enforcing the command by several sharp strokes of the rod; 'and be careful in future how you lie to me!' I walked slowly to my seat. A demon had entered my soul. For the first time I had learned to hate. I hated that man from that hour, and I hate him still! He still lives; and if I ever meet him, I will be even with him yet!"

He had unconsciously risen from his seat, while his eyes flashed, and his face was distorted with passion. After a few moments he continued: "This affair produced a complete change in my conduct and character. I hated my teacher. I looked upon him as an enemy, and treated him

accordingly. Losing all relish for study, from being at the head I dropped to the foot of my class. Instead of seeking to merit a name for good behavior, my only ambition was to annoy the tyrant placed over me. He treated me harshly, and I suffered severely. He beat me constantly and cruelly. Under these influences my nature hardened rapidly. I received no sympathy except from my mother, and she did not understand my position. I felt that *she* loved me, though she evidently thought I must be in the wrong. My father laid all the blame on me, and, with a stern sense of justice, refused to interfere in my behalf. At last I began to look upon him as an accomplice of my persecutor, and almost hated him too. I became suspicious and misanthropic. I loved no one but my mother, and sought the love of no other. Thus passed several years. My time was wasted, and my nature perverted. I was sent to college, for which I was poorly prepared. Here a new life began. My effort to rise above the influences that had been so hurtful to me failed. My college career soon terminated. I could not shake off the effects of the early injustice and mismanagement of which I was the victim. I came to California in a reckless spirit, and am now mortgaged to the devil. What I might have been under other circumstances, I know not; but I do know that the best elements of my nature were crushed out of me by the infernal tyrant who was my teacher, and that I owe him a debt I would be glad to pay."

He spoke truly. The mortgage was duly foreclosed. He died of *delirium tremens*. A single act of injustice sowed the seeds of bitterness that marred the hopes of a whole life. The moral of this sketch is commended to teachers and parents.

STRANDED.

JUST as the sun was going down, after one of the hottest days of the summer of 1855, while we were sitting in the rude piazza of the parsonage in Sonora, enjoying the coolness of the evening breeze, a man came up, and in a hurried tone inquired: "Does the preacher live here?"

Getting an affirmative answer, he said: "There is a very sick man at the hospital who wishes to see the Southern Methodist preacher immediately."

I at once obeyed the summons. On reaching the hospital my conductor said, "You will find him in there," pointing to one of the rooms.

On entering, I found four patients in the room, three of whom were young men, variously affected with chronic diseases—rough-looking fellows, showing plainly in their sensual faces the insignia of vice. The fourth was a man perhaps fifty years old. As he lay there in the light of the setting sun, I thought I had never beheld a more ghastly object. The deathlike pallor, the pinched features, the unnatural gleam of his eyes in their sunken sockets, telling of days of pain and nights without sleep—all told me this was the man by whom I had been sent for.

"Are you the preacher?" he asked in a feeble voice, as I approached the bedside.

"Yes; I am the preacher. Can I do anything for you?"

"I am glad you have come—I was afraid I would not get to see you. Take a seat on that stool—the accommodations are rather poor here."

He paused to recover breath, and then went on: "I want you to pray for me. I was once a member of the Methodist Church, in Georgia; but O sir, I have been a bad man in California—a wicked, wicked wretch! I have a family in Georgia, a dear wife and"—

Here he broke down again.

"I had hoped to see them once more, but the doctors say I must die, and I feel that I am sinking. No tongue could tell what I have suffered, but the worst of all is my shameful denial of my Saviour. What a fool I have been, to think that I could prosper in sin! Here I am, stranded, wrecked, by my own folly. I have been here in the hospital two months, and have suffered intensely all the time. What a fool I have been! Will you pray for me?"

After directing his attention to various passages of the Bible expressive of the tender love of God toward the erring, I knelt by his cot and prayed. His sighs and sobs gave indication of deep feeling, and when I arose from my knees the tears were running from his eyes. "Return unto me, and I will return unto you," he said, repeating the words which I had quoted from the word of God —"return unto me, and I will return unto you" —lingering upon the words with peculiar satisfaction. He seemed to have caught a great truth.

I continued my visits to him for several weeks. He gave me the history of his life, which had been one of vicissitude and adventure. He had been a soldier in the Seminole war in Florida, and he had much to say of alligators and Indians and Andrew Jackson. All the time his strength was failing, his eyes glittering more intensely. His bodily sufferings were frightful; the only sleep he obtained was by the use of opiates. But an extraordinary

change had taken place in his mental state. To say that he was happy would be putting it too tamely. There was some unseen Presence or Power that lifted his soul above his suffering body, making that lonely room all bright and peaceful. What it was, no true believer in the Saviour and lover of our souls will doubt.

"There's a great change in the old man," said the nurse one day; "he doesn't fret at all now."

"O I have been so happy all night and all day!" he said to me the last time that I saw him. "I have only refrained from shouting for fear of disturbing these poor fellows, my sick roommates. I have felt all day as if I could take them all in my arms, and fly with them to the skies!" And his face was radiant.

The next morning he was found on the floor by his bedside—dead. He had died so quietly that none knew it. His papers were placed in my possession. In his well-worn pocketbook, among letters from his wife in Georgia, receipts, and private papers of various kinds, I found the following lines, which he had clipped from some newspaper, and which seemed tear blotted:

COME HOME, PAPA!

A little girl's thoughts about her absent papa.

Come home, papa! the ashes of night
  Are gathering in the sky;
The firefly shines with a fitful light,
  The stars are out on high,
And twinkles bright the evening star:
We have waited long—come home, papa!

Come home! the birds have gone to rest
  In many a forest tree;
Within thy quiet home, thy nest,
  Thy bird is waiting thee;
She softly sings, to cheer mamma,
The while she waits—come home, papa!

Come home! a tear is glistening bright
  Within my mother's eye;
Why stay away so late to-night
  From home, mamma, and I?
"Alas!" "alas!" her moanings are
That thou canst not return, papa!

She says the white-sailed ship hath borne
  Thee far upon the sea,
That many a night and many a morn
  Will pass nor bring us thee;
But bear thee from us swift and far,
And thou mayst not come home, papa!

I thought thou wouldst return when light
  Had faded on the sea:
How can I fall asleep to-night
  Without a kiss from thee?
Thy picture in my hand I hold,
But O the lips are hard and cold!

Come home! I'm sad where'er I go,
  To find no father there:
How can we live without thee so?
  I'll say my evening prayer,
And ask the God who made each star,
To bring me home my dear papa!

ANSWERED.

I'll come! I'll come! my darling one,
  Though long from thee I've tarried.
For thee within my anxious breast
  The fondest love I've carried
Where'er I've roamed o'er land or sea.
Be not dismayed, I'll come to thee.

When evening shades around thee fall,
  And birds have gone to rest,
O sing, thou sweetest bird of mine,
  Within thy lonely nest!
Sing on! sing on! to cheer "mamma"
"The while she waits" for thy "papa."

O tell thy mother not to weep,
  But let her tears be dry,
And ne'er for me to let them creep
  Into her cheerful eye;
For though I've strayed from her afar,
She soon shall welcome home "papa."

Though "white-sailed ship" hath borne me far
Across the restless sea;
Though many nights and morns have passed
Since last I dwelt with thee,
Yet, loved one, I tell thee true,
But death can sever me from you.

O lay that picture down, sweet child,
And calmly rest in sleep,
And for my absence long from thee
I pray thee not to weep!
I'll come! I'll come again to thee,
In "white-sailed ship" across the sea.

But no "white-sailed ship" ever bore him to the loved ones across the sea. He sleeps on one of the red hills overlooking Sonora, awaiting the resurrection.

As these are not fancy sketches, but simple recitals of actual California life, the lines above were copied as found. The friendly reader therefore will not judge them with critical severity.

LOCKLEY.

HE was eccentric, and he was lazy—very eccentric, and very lazy. The miners crowded his church on Sundays, and he moved around among them in a leisurely familiar way during the week, saying the quaintest things, eating their slapjacks, and smoking their best cigars. He occupied a little frame house near the church in Columbia, then the richest mining camp in the world, in whose streets ten thousand miners lounged, ate, drank, gambled, quarreled, and fought every Lord's day. That bachelor parsonage was unique in respect of the furniture it did not contain, and also in respect to the condition of that which it did contain. Lockley was not a neat housekeeper. I have said he was lazy. He knew the fact, accepted it, and gloried in it. On one occasion he invited four friends to supper. They all arrived at the hour. Lockley was stretched at full length on a lounge which would have been better for the attention of an upholsterer or washerwoman. The friends looked at each other, and at their host. One of them spoke: "Lockley, where's your supper?"

"O, it isn't cooked yet," he drawled out. "Parker," continued Lockley, "make a fire in that stove. Toman, you go up town and get some crackers and oysters and coffee and a steak. Oxley, go after a bucket of water. Porterfield, you hunt up the crockery and set the table."

His orders were obeyed by the amused guests,

who entered into the spirit of the occasion with great good humor. Oyster cans were opened, the steak was duly sliced, seasoned, and broiled, the coffee was boiled, and in due time the supper was ready, and Lockley arose from the lounge and presided at the table with perfect enjoyment.

Two of these guests had a tragic history. Oxley and Parker were killed in Mexico, at the massacre of the Crabb party. Porterfield died in Stockton. Toman, I think, lives somewhere in Indiana.

I saw one of Lockley's letters from Los Angeles, whither he had been sent by Bishop Andrew, in 1855. It was as follows:

Los Angeles, August, 1855.

Dear Porterfield: I have been here six months. There are three Protestant Churches in the place. Their united congregations amount to ten persons. My receipts from collections during six months amount to ten dollars. I have been studying a great scientific question—namely, the location of the seat of hunger. Is it in the stomach, or in the brain? After consulting all the best authorities, *and no little experience*, I have concluded that it is migratory—first in one, and then in the other! Take care of my cats. Lockley.

I had a letter from him once. It was in reply to one from me asking him to remit the amount of a bill he owed for books. As it was brief, I print it entire:

Mariposa, April, 1858.

Dear Fitz: Your dunning letter has been received and—placed on file. Yours, E. B. Lockley.

The first time I ever heard him preach was at San José, during a special meeting. Poising himself in his peculiar way, with an expression half comic, half serious, he began: "I have a notion, my friends, that in a gospel land every man has his own preacher—that is, for every man there is

some one preacher, who, from similarity of temperament and mental constitution, is adapted to be the instrument of his salvation. Now," he continued, "there may be some man in this audience so peculiar, so cranky, so much out of the common order, *that I am his man.* If so, may the Holy Spirit send the truth to his heart!" This remark riveted attention, and he held it to the close.

Lazy as he was out of the pulpit, in it he was all energy and fire. He had read largely, had a good memory, and put the quaintest conceits into the quaintest setting of fitting words. His favorite text was: "There remaineth a rest to the people of God." That was his idea of heaven—rest, to "sit down" with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God. On this theme he was indeed eloquent. The rapturous songs, the waving palms, the sounding harps of the New Jerusalem were not to his taste; what he wanted, and looked for, was rest, and all the images by which he described the felicity of the redeemed were drawn from that one thought. His idea of hell was antithetic to this. The terrible thought with him was that there was no rest there. I heard him bring out this idea with awful power one Sunday morning at Linden, in San Joaquin County. "In this world," said Lockley, "there is respite from every grief, every burden, every pain in the body. The mourner weeps herself to sleep. The agony of pain sinks exhausted into slumber. Sleep, sweet sleep, brings surcease to all human griefs and pains in this life. *But there will be no sleep in hell!* The accusing conscience will hiss its reproaches into the ear of the lost, the memory will reproduce the crimes and follies by which the soul was wrecked forever, the fires of retribution will

burn on unintermittingly. One hour of sleep in a thousand years would be some mitigation; but the worm dieth not, the fire is not quenched. God deliver me from a sleepless hell!" he exclaimed, his swarthy face glowing, and his dark eyes gleaming, his whole frame quivering with horror at the thought his mind had conceived.

He was original in the pulpit, as everywhere else. At one time the preachers of the Pacific Conference seemed to have a sort of epidemic of preaching on a certain topic: "The Choice of Moses." The elders preached it at the quarterly meetings, and it was carried around from circuit to circuit and from station to station. There was not much variety in these sermons. They all bore a generic likeness to each other, indicating a common paternity, at least for the outlines. The matter had become a subject of pleasant banter among the brethren. There was consequently some surprise when, at the session of the Annual Conference, Lockley announced for his text: "Moses chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." It was the old text, but it was a new sermon. The choice of Moses was, in his hands, a topic fresh and entertaining, as he threw upon it the flashes of his wit, and evoked from it suggestions that never would have occurred to another mind. "Mind you," he said at point, "Moses chose to suffer affliction *with the people of God*. I tell you, my brethren, the people of God are sometimes very aggravating, They fretted Moses almost to death. But did he forsake them? Did he leave them in the wilderness to perish in their foolishness? No; he stood by them to the last." His application of this peculiar exegesis to the audience of preachers and Church

members was so pointed that the ripple of amusement that swept over their faces gave way to an expression that told that the shot had hit the mark.

One warm day in 1858 he started out with me to make a canvass of the city of Stockton for the Church paper. We kept in pretty brisk motion for an hour or two, Lockley giving an occasional sign of dissatisfaction at the unwonted activity into which he had been beguiled. Passing down Weber Avenue, on the shady side of a corner store he saw an empty chair, and with a sigh of relief he sunk into it.

"Come on, Lockley," said I; "we are not half done our work."

"I shan't do it," he drawled.

"Why not?" I asked.

"The Scripture is against it," he answered with great seriousness of tone.

"How is that?" I asked with curiosity.

"The Scripture says, 'Do thyself no harm,'" said he, "and it does me harm to walk as fast as you do. I shan't budge."

Nor did he. I spent two or three hours in different parts of the city, and on my return found him sitting in exactly the same attitude in which I had left him, a picture of perfect contentment. Literally he had not budged.

While on the Santa Clara Circuit he drove a remarkable little sorrel mare named by him Ginsy. Ginsy was very small, very angular, with long fetlocks and mane a shade lighter than her other parts, a short tail that had a comic sort of twist to one side, and a lame eye. The buggy was in keeping with Ginsy. It was battered and splintered, some of the spokes were new and some were old, the dashboard was a wreck, the wheels seesawed in a curious way as it moved. And the

harness!—it was too much for my descriptive powers. It was a conglomerate harness, composed of leather, hay rope, fragments of suspenders, whip cord, and rawhide. The vehicle announced its approach by an extraordinary creaking of all its unoiled axles, a sort of calliopean quartet that regaled the ears of the fat and happy genius who held the reins. Lockley, Ginsy, and that buggy made a picture worth looking at.

While Lockley was on this circuit the Annual Conference was held at San José. As Bishop Kavanaugh was to preach on Sunday morning, it was expected that an overwhelming congregation would crowd the San José church, that eloquent Kentuckian being a favorite with all classes in California. Lockley asked that a preacher be sent to fill the pulpit of his little church in the town of Santa Clara, three miles distant. The genial and zealous James Kelsay was sent. At eleven o'clock he and Lockley entered the church, and ascended the pulpit. After kneeling a few moments in the usual way, they seated themselves and faced the—not the audience, for none was there. Nobody had come. In a few minutes an old man came in and took a seat in the farthest corner from the pulpit. He eyed the two preachers, and they eyed him in silence. The minutes passed on. There they sat. As might have been expected, everybody had gone to hear the bishop, in San José. That old man was the only person who entered the church. It was evident, however, that he had come to stay. He rigidly kept his place, never taking his eyes from the two preachers, who repaid him with an attention equally fixed. A pin might have been heard to drop—not a sound was uttered as they thus sat and gazed at each other. An hour passed, and

still they sat speechless. Lockley broke the silence. Turning to his companion in the pulpit, he said gravely: "*Brother Kelsay, how shall we bring these solemn services to a close?*"

"Let us pray," said Kelsay.

They knelt, and Kelsay led in prayer, the old man keeping his place and sitting position. The benediction was then formally pronounced, and that service ended.

His death was tragic and pitiful. A boy, standing in the sunken channel of a dry creek, shot at a vicious dog on the bank above. The bullet, after striking and killing the dog, struck Lockley in the chest as he was approaching the spot. He staggered backward to a fence close at hand, fell on his knees, and died praying.

AN INTERVIEW.

AS I was coming out of the San Francisco post office one morning in the year 1859, a tall, dark-skinned man placed himself in front of me, and, fixing his intensely glittering eyes upon me, said in an excited tone: "Sir, can you give me a half-hour of your time this morning?"

"Yes," I replied, "if I can be of any service to you by so doing."

"Not here, but in your office, privately," he continued. "I must speak to somebody, and having heard you preach in the church on Pine Street, I felt that I could approach you. I am in great trouble and danger, and must speak to some one!"

His manner was excited, his hand trembled, and his eye had an insane gleam as he spoke. We walked on in silence until we reached my office on Montgomery Street. After entering, I laid down my letters and papers, and was about to offer him a chair, when he hurriedly locked the door on the inside, saying as he did so: "This conversation is to be private, and I do not intend to be interrupted."

As he turned toward me I saw that he had a pistol in his hand, which he laid on the desk, and then sat down. I waited for him to speak, eying him and the pistol closely, and feeling a little uncomfortable, locked in thus with an armed madman of almost giantlike size and strength. The pistol had a sinister look that I had never before

recognized in that popular weapon. It seemed to grow bigger and bigger.

"Have you ever been haunted by the idea of suicide?" he asked abruptly, his eyes glaring upon me as he spoke.

"No, not particularly," I answered; "but why do you ask?"

"Because the idea is haunting *me*," he said in an agitated tone, rising from his chair as he spoke. "I have lain for two nights with a cocked pistol in my hand, calculating the value of my life. I bought that pistol to shoot myself with, and I wonder that I have not done it; but something has held me back."

"What has put the idea of suicide into your mind?" I inquired.

"My life's a failure, sir; and there is nothing else left for such a fool as I have been," he said bitterly. "When a man has no hope left, he should die."

I was making some reply, when he broke in, "Hear my history, and then tell me if death is not the only thing left for me," laying his hand upon the pistol as he spoke.

When he told me his name I recognized it as that of a man of genius, whose contributions to a certain popular periodical had given him a wide fame in the world of letters. He was the son of a venerable New England bishop, and a graduate of Harvard University. I will give his story in his own words, as nearly as I can: "In 1850 I started to California with honorable purpose and high ambition. My father being a clergyman, and poor, and greatly advanced in years, I felt that it was my duty to make some provision for him and for the family circle to which I belonged, and of which I was the idol. Animated by this

"Have you ever been haunted with the idea of suicide?"

purpose, I was full of hope and energy. On the ship that took me to California I made the acquaintance and fell into the snares of a beautiful but unprincipled woman, for whom I toiled and sacrificed everything for eight years of weakness and folly, never remitting a dollar to those I had intended to provide for at home, carrying all the while an uneasy conscience and despising myself. I made immense sums of money, but it all went for nothing but to feed the extravagance and recklessness of my evil genius. Tortured by remorse, I made many struggles to free myself from the evil connection that blighted my life, but in vain. I had almost ceased to struggle against my fate, when death lifted the shadow from my path. The unhappy woman died, and I was free. I was astonished to find how rapid and how complete was the reaction from my despair. I felt like a new man. The glowing hopes that had been smothered revived, and I felt something of the buoyancy and energy with which I had left my New England hills. I worked hard, and prospered. I made money, and saved it, making occasional remittances to the family at home, who were overjoyed to hear from me after my long and guilty silence. I hadn't the heart to write to them while pursuing my evil life. I had learned to gamble, of course, but now I resolved to quit it. For two years I kept this resolution, and had in the meantime saved over six thousand dollars. Do you believe that the devil tempts men? I tell you, sir, it is true! I began to feel a strange desire to visit some of my old haunts. This feeling became intense, overmastering. My judgment and conscience protested, but I felt like one under a spell. I yielded, and found my way to a well-known gambling hell, where I lost every dollar of my

hard-earned money. It was like a dream — I seemed to be drawn on to my ruin by some invisible but resistless evil power. When I had lost all a strange calm came over me, which I have never understood. It may have been the reaction, after nights of feverish excitement, or possibly it was the unnatural calm that follows the death of hope. My self-contempt was complete. No language could have expressed the intensity of my self-scorn. I sneaked to my lodgings, feeling that I had somehow parted with my manhood as well as my money. The very next day I was surprised by the offer of a lucrative subordinate position in a federal office in San Francisco. This was not the first coincidence of the sort in my life, where an unexpected influence had been brought to bear upon me, giving my plans and prospects a new direction. Has God anything to do with these things? or is it accident? I took the place which was offered to me, and went to work with renewed hope and energy. I made a vow against gambling, and determined to recover all I had thrown away. I saved every dollar possible, pinching myself in my living and supplementing my liberal salary by literary labors. My savings had again run high up in the thousands, and my gains were steady. The Frazer River mining excitement broke out. An old friend of mine came to me and asked the loan of a hundred dollars to help him off to the new mines. I told him he should have the money, and that I would have it ready for him that afternoon. After he had left, the thought occurred to me that one hundred dollars was a very poor outfit for such an enterprise, and that he ought to have more. Then the thought was suggested—yes, sir, it was *suggested*—that I might take the hundred dollars to a faro bank and

win another hundred to place in the hands of my friend. I was fully resolved to risk not a cent beyond this. The idea took possession of my mind, and when he came for the money I told him my plan, and proposed that he accompany me to the gambling hell. He was a free-and-easy sort of fellow, and readily assented. We went together, and after alternate successes and losses at the faro bank, it ended in the usual way: I lost the hundred dollars. I went home in a frenzy of anger and self-reproach. The old passion was roused again. A wild determination to break the faro bank took hold of me. I went night after night, betting recklessly until not a dollar was left. This happened last week. Can you wonder that I have concluded there is no hope for as weak a fool as I am?"

He paused a moment in his rapid recital, pacing the floor with his hand on the hammer of the pistol, which he had taken up.

"Now, sir, candidly, don't you think that the best thing I can do is to blow out my brains?" said he, cocking the pistol as he spoke.

The thought occurred to me that it was no uncommon thing for the suicidal to give way to the homicidal mania. The man was evidently half mad, and ready for a tragedy. That pistol seemed almost instinct with conscious evil intention. If a suicide or a homicide was to end the scene, I preferred the former. "How old are you?" I asked, aiming to create a diversion.

"I am forty-five," he answered, apparently brought to a little more *recollection* of himself by the question.

"I should think," I continued, having arrested his attention, "that whatever may have been your follies, and however dark the future you have to

face, you have too much manhood to sneak out of life by the back door of suicide."

The shot struck. An instantaneous change passed over his countenance. Suicide appeared to him in a new light—as a cowardly, not a heroic act. He had been fascinated with the notion of having the curtain fall upon his career amid the blaze of blue lights and the glamour of romance and the dignity of tragedy, with the wonder of the crowd and the tears of the sentimental. That was all gone—the suicide was but a poor creature, weak as well as wicked. He was saved. He sunk into a chair as he handed me the pistol, which I was very glad indeed to get into my hands.

"You should be ashamed of yourself, sir," I continued. "You are only forty-five years old; you are in perfect health, with almost a giant's strength, a classical education, extensive business experience, and a knowledge of the world gained by your very mistakes that should be a guarantee against the possibility of their repetition. A brave man should never give up the battle; the bravest men never give up.

"Give me the pistol," he said quietly; "you need not be afraid to trust me with it. The devil has left me. I will not act the part of a coward. You will hear from me again. Permit me to thank you. Good morning."

I did hear from him again. The devil seemed indeed to have left him. He went to British Columbia, where he prospered in business and got rich, became a pillar in the Church of which his father was one of the great lights, and committed not suicide, but matrimony, marrying a sweet and cultured English girl, who thinks her tall yankee husband the handsomest and noblest of men.

FATHER COX.

FATHER COX was a physical and intellectual phenomenon. He was of immense girth, weighing more than three hundred pounds. His face was ruddy, and almost as smooth as that of a child, his hair snow-white and fine as floss silk, his eyes a deep blue, his features small. His great size, and the contrast between the infantile freshness of his skin and white hair, made him a notable man in the largest crowd.

He was converted and joined the Methodist Church, after he had passed his fiftieth year. He had been, as he himself phrased it, the keeper of a "doggery," and was, no doubt, a rough customer. Reaching California by way of Texas, he at once began to preach. His style took with the Californians; great crowds flocked to hear him, and marvelous effects were produced. He was a fine judge of human nature, and knew the direct way to the popular heart. Under his preaching men wept, prayed, repented, believed, and flocked into the Church by scores and hundreds.

Father Cox was in his glory at a camp meeting. To his gift of exhortation was added that of song. He had a voice like a flute in its softness and purity of tone, and his solos before and after preaching melted and broke the hard heart of many a wild and reckless Californian.

His sagacity and knowledge of human nature were exhibited at one of his camp meetings held at Gilroy, in Santa Clara County. There was a

great crowd and a great religious excitement, Father Cox riding its topmost wave, the general of the army of Israel. Seated in the preachers' stand, he was leading in one of the spirited lyrics suited to the occasion, when a young man approached him and said: "Father Cox, there's a friend of mine out here who wants you to come and pray for him."

"Where is he?"

"Just out there on the edge of the crowd," answered the young fellow.

Father Cox followed him to the outskirts of the congregation, where he found a group of rough-looking fellows standing around, with their leggings and huge Spanish spurs, in the center of which a man was seen kneeling, with his face buried between his hands.

"There he is," said the guide.

"Is he a friend of yours, gentlemen?" asked Father Cox, turning to the expectant group.

"Yes," answered one of them.

"And you want me to pray for him, do you?" he continued.

"We do," was the answer.

"All right; all of you kneel down, and I'll pray for him."

They looked at one another in confusion, and then one by one they sheepishly kneeled until all were down.

Father Cox kneeled down by the "mourner," and prayed as follows: "O Lord, thou knowest all things. Thou knowest whether this man is a sincere penitent or not. If he is sincerely sorry for his sins, and is bowing before thee with a broken heart and a contrite spirit, have mercy upon him, hear his prayer, pardon his transgressions, give him thy peace, and make him thy

child. But, O Lord, if he is not in earnest, if he is here as an emissary of Satan, to make mockery of sacred things, and to hinder thy work, kill him—kill him, Lord "—

At this point the "mourner" became frightened, and began to crawl, Father Cox following him on his knees, and continuing his prayer. The terror-stricken sinner could stand it no longer, but sprang to his feet and bounded away at full speed, leaving Father Cox master of the field, while the kneeling roughs rose and sneaked off abashed and discomfited.

The sequel of this incident should be given. The mock penitent was taken into the Church by Father Cox soon after. He left the camp ground in a state of great alarm on account of his sacrilegious frolic.

"When the old man put his hand on me as I kneeled there in wicked sport, and prayed as he did, it seemed to me that I felt hot flashes from hell rise in my face," said he; "right there I became a true penitent."

The man thus strangely converted became a faithful soldier of the cross.

At a camp meeting near the town of Sonoma, in 1858, Father Cox, who was preacher in charge of that circuit, rose to exhort after the venerable Judge Shattuck had preached one of his strong, earnest sermons. The meeting had been going on several days, and the Sonoma sinners had hitherto resisted all appeals and persuasions. The crowd was great, and every eye was fixed upon the old man as he began his exhortation.

"Boys," he began, in a familiar, kindly way, "boys, you are treating me badly. I have been with you all the year, and you have always had a kind word and a generous hand for the old man.

I love you, and I love your immortal souls. I have entreated you to turn away from your sins, to repent, and come to Christ and be saved. I have preached to you, I have prayed for you, I have wept over you. You harden your hearts, and stiffen your necks, and will not yield. You *will* be lost! You *will* go to hell! In the judgment day you will be left without excuse. And, boys," he continued, his mighty chest heaving, his voice quivering, and the tears running down his cheeks, "boys, I will have to be a witness against you. I shall have to testify that I warned, persuaded, and entreated you in vain. I shall have to testify of the proceedings of this Sabbath night, and tell how you turned a deaf ear to the call of your Saviour. I shall have to hear your sentence of condemnation, and see you driven down to hell. My God, the thought is dreadful! Spare me this agony. Don't, O don't force this upon me! Don't compel the old man to be a witness against you in that awful day! Rather," he continued, "hear my voice of invitation to-night, and come to Christ, so that instead of being a witness against you in that day, I may be able to present you as my spiritual children, and say: 'Lord Jesus, here is the old man and his Sonoma children, all saved, and all ready to join together in a glad hallelujah to the Lamb that was slain!'"

It was overwhelming. The pathos and power of the speaker were indescribable. There was a "breakdown" all over the vast congregation, and a rush of penitents to the altar, as one of the stirring camp meeting choruses pealed forth from the full hearts of the faithful.

Father Cox's ready wit was equal to any occasion. At a camp meeting in the Bodega hills, in "opening the doors of the Church," he said:

"Many souls have been converted, and now I want them all to join the Church. When I was a boy, I learned that it was best to string my fish as I caught them, lest they should flutter back into the water. I want to string my fish—that is, take all the young converts into the Church, and put them to work for Christ—lest they go back into the world"—

"You can't catch *me!*" loudly interrupted a rowdyish-looking fellow who sat on a slab near the rostrum.

"I am not fishing for *gar!*" retorted Father Cox, casting a contemptuous glance at the fellow, and then went on with his work.

The gar fish is the abomination of all true fishermen—hard to catch, coarse-flavored, bony, and nearly worthless when caught. The vulgar fellow became the butt of the camp ground, and soon mounted his mustang and galloped off, amid the derision even of his own sort.

Father Cox had a naturally hot temper, which sometimes flamed forth in a way that was startling. It would have been a bold man who would have tested his physical prowess in a combat. Beside him an ordinary-sized person looked like a pigmy. Near San Juan, in Monterey County, he had occasion to cross a swollen stream by means of the water fence above the ford. The fence was flimsy, and Father Cox was heavy. The undertaking was not an easy one at best, and Father Cox's difficulty and annoyance were enhanced by the ungenerous and violent abuse and curses of an infidel blacksmith on the opposite side of the stream, who had worked himself into a rage because the immense weight of the old man had broken a rail or two of the fence. The situation was too critical for reply, as the mammoth preacher Cox "cooned"

his way cautiously and painfully across the rickety bridge, at the imminent risk every moment of tumbling headlong into the roaring torrent below. Meanwhile the wicked and angry blacksmith kept up a volley of oaths and insulting epithets. The old Adam was waking up in the old preacher. By the time he had reached the shore he was thoroughly mad, and rushing forward he grasped his persecutor and shook him until his breath was nearly out of him, saying: "O, you foul-mouthed villain! If it were not for the fear of my God, I would beat you into a jelly!"

The blacksmith, a stalwart fellow, was astonished; and when Father Cox let him go, he had a new view of the Church militant. This scene was witnessed by a number of bystanders, who did not fail to report it, and it made the old preacher a hero with the rough fellows of San Juan, who thenceforward flocked to hear his preaching as they did to hear nobody else.

The image of Father Cox that is most vivid to my mind as I close this unpretentious sketch is that which he presented as he stood in the pulpit at Stockton one night, during the Conference session, and sung, "I am going home to die no more," his ruddy face aglow, his blue eyes swimming in tears, his white hair glistening in the lamplight. He sleeps on the Bodega hills, amid the oaks and madroñas, whose branches wave in the breezes of the blue Pacific. He has gone home to die no more.

THE ETHICS OF GRIZZLY HUNTING.

ON the Petaluma boat I met him. He was on his way to Washington City, for the purpose of presenting to the President of the United States a curious chair made entirely of buck horns, a real marvel of ingenuity, of which he was quite vain. Dressed in buckskin, with fringed leggings and sleeves, belted and bristling with hunters' arms, strongly built and grizzly-bearded, he was a striking figure as he sat the center of a crowd of admirers. His countenance was expressive of a mixture of brutality, cunning, and good humor. He was a thorough animal. Wild frontier life had not sublimated this old sinner in the way pictured by writers who romance about such things at a distance. Contact with nature and Indians does not seem to exalt the white man, except in fiction. It tends rather to draw him back toward barbarism. The regenade white only differs from the red savage in being a shade more devilish.

"This is Seth Kinman, the great Indian fighter and bear hunter," said an officious passenger.

Thus introduced, I shook hands with him. He seemed inclined to talk, and was kind enough to say he had heard of me and voted for me. Making due acknowledgment of the honor done me, I seated myself near enough to hear, but not so near as to catch the fumes of the alcoholic stimulants of which he was in the habit of indulging freely. His talk was of himself, in connection with In-

dians and bears. He seemed to look upon them in the same light—as natural enemies, to be circumvented or destroyed as opportunity permitted.

"You can't trust an Injun," he said. "I know 'em. If they git the upper hand of you, they'll cinch you, sure. The only way to git along with 'em is to make 'em afeard of you. They'd put a arrer through me long ago if I hadn't made 'em believe I was a *conjurer*. It happened this way: I had a contract for furnishin' venison for the troops in Humboldt, and took along a lot of Injuns for the hunt. We had mighty good luck, and started back to Eureka loaded down with the finest sort of deer meat. I saw the Injuns laggin' behind, and whisperin' to one another, and mistrusted things wasn't exactly right. So I keeps my eye on 'em, and had old Cottonblossom here"—caressing a long, rusty-looking rifle—"ready in case anything should turn up. You can't trust a Injun—they're all alike; if they git the upper hand of you, you're gone!" He winked knowingly and chuckled, and then went on: "I stopped and let the Injuns come up, and then got to talkin' with 'em about huntin' and shootin'. I told 'em I was a conjurer, and couldn't be killed by a bullet or arrer, and to prove it I took off my buckskin shirt and set it up twenty steps off, and told 'em the man who could put a arrer through it might have it. They were more than a hour shootin' at that shirt—the same one I've got on now—but they couldn't *faze* it."

"How was that?" asked an open-mouthed young fellow, blazing with cheap jewelry.

"Why, you see, young man, this shirt is well tanned and tough, and I just stood it up on the edges, so that when a arrer struck it, it would naturally give way. If I had only had it on, the

arrers would have gone clean through it, and me too. Injuns are mighty smart in some things, but they all believe in devils, conjurin', and such like. I played 'em fine on this idee, and they were afeard to touch me, though they were ready enough if they had dared. While I was out choppin' wood one day, I see a smoke risin', and thinkin' somethin' must be wrong, I got back as soon as I could, and sure enough my house was burnin'. I knowed it was Injuns, and circlin' round I found the track of a big Injun; it was plain enough to see where he had crossed the creek comin' and goin'. I got *his* skelp—why, his har was that long," he said, measuring to his elbow, and leering hideously.

Whether or not this incident was apocryphal I could not decide, but it was evident enough that he intensely relished the notion of "skelping" an Indian.

"I want you to come up to Humboldt and see me kill a grizzly," he continued, addressing himself to me. "An' let me tell you now, if ever you shoot a grizzly, hit him about the ear. If you hit him right, you will kill him; if you don't kill him, you spile his mind. I have seen a grizzly, after he had been hit about the ear, go roun' an' roun' like a top. No danger in a bar after you have hit him in the ear—it's his tender place. But a bar's mighty dangerous if you hit him anywhere else, an' don't kill him. Me an' a Injun was huntin' in the *chaparral*, an' come across a big grizzly. We both blazed away at him at close range. I saw he was hit, for he whirled half roun', an' partly keeled over; but he got up, an' started for us, mad as fury. We had no time to load, an' there was nothin' left but to run for it. It was nip an' tuck between us. I'm a good runner, an' the Injun

wasn't slow. Lookin' back, I saw the bar was gainin' on us. I knowed he'd git one of us, an' so I hauled off an' knocked the Injun down. Before he could git up the bar had him." He paused, and looked around complacently.

"Did the bear kill the Indian?" asked the young man with abundant jewelry.

"No; he *chawed* him up awhile, and then left him, and the Injun finally got well. If it had been a white man, he would have died. Injuns can stand a great deal of hurtin' an' not die."

At this point the thought came into my mind that if this incident must be taken as a true presentation of the ethics of bear hunting as practiced by Mr. Kinman, *I* did not aspire to the honor of becoming his hunting companion. Are the ethics of the stock exchange any higher than those of the Humboldt bear hunter? Let the bear, bankruptcy, or the devil take the hindmost, is the motto of human nature on its dark side, whether on Wall Street or in the California *chaparral*.

"Were you ever in Napa City?" he inquired of me.

I answered in the affirmative.

"Did you see the big stuffed grizzly in the drug store? You have, eh? Well, I killed that bar, the biggest ever shot in Californy. I was out one day lookin' for a deer about sundown, an' heerd the dogs a barkin' as they was comin' down Eel River. In a little while here come the bar, an' a whopper he was! I raised old Cottonblossom, an' let him have it as he passed me. I saw I had hit him, for he seemed to drag his *lines* [loins] as he plunged down the bank of the river among the grapevines an' thick bushes. Next mornin' I took the dogs an' put 'em on his trail. I could see that his back was broke, because I could see the print

"Before he could git up the bar had him."

where his hind parts had dragged down the sandy bed of the river. By an' by I heerd the dogs a bayin', an' I knowed they'd come up with him. I hurried up, an' found the bar sittin' on his rump in a hole of water about three feet deep, snappin' his teeth at the dogs as they swum around him, barkin' like fury. He couldn't git any further—old Cottonblossom had done his work for him. I thought I would have a little fun by aggravatin' him awhile."

"What do you mean by aggravating the bear?" asked a bystander.

"I would just take big rocks an' go up close to him, an' hit him between the eyes. You ought to have heerd him *yowl!* His eyes actually turned green, he was so mad, an' his jaws champed like a sawmill; but he couldn't budge—every time he tried to git on his feet he fell back agin, the maddest bar ever seen." At this point in the narration Kinman's sinister blue eyes gleamed with brute ferocity. My aversion to making him my hunting companion increased. "After I had my fun with him, I took old Cottonblossom an' planted a bullet under his shoulder, an' he tumbled over dead. It took four of us to pull him out of that hole, an' he weighed thirteen hundred pounds."

I had enough of this, and left the group, reflecting on the peculiar ethics of bear hunting. The last glimpse I had of this child of nature, he was chuckling over a grossly obscene picture which he was exhibiting to some congenial spirits. His invitation to join him in a bear hunt has not yet been accepted.

STEWART.

I FIRST met him in New Orleans, in February, 1855. He was small, sandy-haired and whiskered, blue-eyed, bushy-headed, with an impediment in his speech, rapid in movement, and shy in manner. We were on our way to California, and were fellow-missionaries. At the *Advocate* office, on Magazine Street, he was discussed in my presence. "He won't do for California," said one who has since filled a large space in the public eye; "he won't do for that fast country—he is too timid and too slow." Never did a keen observer make a greater mistake in judging a man.

Stewart stood with us on the deck of the "Daniel Webster" that afternoon as we swept down the mighty Mississippi, taking a last, lingering look at the shores we were leaving, perhaps forever, and gazing upon the glories of the sunset on the Gulf. I remember well the feelings of mingled sadness and curiosity and youthful hopefulness that swayed me, until just as the twilight deepened into darkness we struck the long, heavy sea swell, and I lost at once my sentiment and my dinner. Seasickness is the only very distinct remembrance of those days on the Gulf. Seasick, seasicker, seasickest! Stewart succumbed at once. He was very sick and very low-spirited. One day in the Caribbean Sea he had crawled out of his hot stateroom to seek a breath of fresh air under the awning on deck. He looked unutterly miserable as he said to me: "Do you believe in presentiments?"

"Yes, I do," was my half jocular reply.

"So do I," he said with great solemnity; "and I have had a presentiment ever since we left New Orleans that we should never reach California, that we should be caught in a storm, and the ship and all on board lost."

"*I* have had a presentiment," I answered, "that we *shall* arrive safe and sound in San Francisco, and that we *shall* live and labor many years in California, and do some good. Now, I will put my presentiment against yours."

He looked at me sadly, and sighed as he looked out upon the boiling sea that seemed like molten copper under the midday blaze of the tropical sun, and no more was said about presentiments.

He was with us at Greytown, where we went ashore and got our first taste of tropical scenery, and where we declined a polite invitation from a native to dine on stewed monkey and boiled iguana. (The iguana is a species of big lizard, highly prized as a delicacy by the Nicaraguans.) He enjoyed with us the sights and adventures of the journey across the isthmus. This was a new world to him and us, and not even the horrible profanity and vulgarity of the ninety "roughs" who came in the steerage from New York could destroy the charm and glory of the tropics. Among those ninety drinking, swearing, gambling fellows, there were ninety revolvers, and as we ascended the beautiful San Juan River, flowing between gigantic avenues of lofty teak and other trees, and past the verdant grass islands that waved with the breeze and swayed with the motion of the limpid waters, the volleys of oaths and firearms were alike incessant. Huge, lazy, rusty-looking alligators lined the banks of the rivers by hundreds, and furnished targets for these free-and-easy Americans, who had

left one part of their country for its good, to seek a field congenial to their tastes and adapted to their talents. The alligators took it all very easy in most cases, rolling leisurely into the water as the bullets rattled harmlessly against their scaly sides. One lucky shot hit a great monster in the eye, and he bounded several feet into the air, and lashed the water into foam with his struggles, as the steamer swept out of sight. The sport was now and then enlivened by the appearance of a few monkeys, at whom (or which) the revolvered Americans would blaze away as they (the monkeys) clambered in fright to the highest branches of the trees. Whisky, profanity, and gunpowder —three things dear to the devil, and that go well together—ruled the day, and gave proof that North American civilization had found its way to those solitudes of nature. Birds of gayest plumage fluttered in the air, and on either hand the forest blazed in all the vividness of the tropical flora. Now and then we would meet a bungo, a long, narrow river boat, usually propelled by oars worked by eight tawny fellows whose costume was—a panama hat and a cigar! Despite their primitive style of dress, their manners contrasted favorably with the fellow-passengers of whom I have spoken. But I must hurry on, nor suffer this sketch to be diverted from its proper course. How we had to stop at night on the river and lie on the open deck, while the woods echoed with the revelry of the "roughs;" how we were detained at Fort Castilio, and how I fared sumptuously, being taken for a "Padre;" how I didn't throw the contemptible little whiffet who commanded the lake steamer overboard for his unbearable insolence; how we landed in the surf at San Juan del Sur, and got drenched; how we rode mules in the darkness;

how nearly we escaped a massacre when a drunken American slapped the face of a native at the "Halfway House," and got stabbed for it, and five hundred muskets and the ninety revolvers were about to be used in shooting; how we averted the catastrophe by a little strategy, and galloped away on our mules, the ladies thundering along after in Concord wagons; how at midnight we reached the blue Pacific, and gave vent to our joy in rousing cheers; and how in due time we passed the Golden Gate in the night, and waked up in San Francisco harbor—may not be told, farther than what is given in this paragraph.

Stewart was sent to the mines to preach. This suited him. Some men shrink from hardships; he seemed to dread only an easy place. Walking his mountain circuit, sleeping in the rude miners' cabins, and sharing their rough fare, he was looked upon as a strange sort of man, who loved toil and forgot self. Such a man he was. His greatest joy was the thought that he could do a work for his Master where others could not or would not go. It was with this feeling that he took the work of agent for the Church paper and the college, and wandered over California and Oregon, doing what was intensely repugnant to his natural feelings. He once told me that he had been such a sinner in his youth that he felt it was right that he should bear the heaviest cross. The idea of penance unconsciously entered into his view of Christian duty, and when he was "roughing it" in the mountains in midwinter his letters were most cheerful in tone. In the city he was restive, and the more comfortable were his quarters the more eager was he to get away. He had fits of fearful mental depression at times, when he would pass whole nights rapidly pacing his room, with sighs and groans and tears.

His temper was quick and hot. At a camp meeting in Sacramento County, he astonished beyond measure a disorderly fellow by giving him a sudden and severe caning. After it was over, Stewart's shame and remorse were great. Everybody else, however, applauded the deed. He had seen service as a soldier in the Mexican war, and was noted for his daring, but now that he belonged to a noncombatant order, he was mortified that for the moment his martial instincts had prevailed. His moral courage was equal to any test. No man dealt more plainly and sternly with the prevalent vices of California, nor dealt more faithfully with a friend. Many a gambler and debauchee winced under his reproofs, and many a Methodist preacher and layman had his eyes opened by his rebukes. But he was tender as well as faithful, and he rarely gave offense. He loved, and was loved by, little children; and there is no stronger proof of a pure and gentle nature than that. He was a Protestant Carmelite, shunning ease, and glorying only in what the flesh naturally abhors. He would have been pained by popularity, in the usual sense of the word. Any unusual attention distressed him, and he always shrank from observation, except when duty called him out. A graduate of Davidson College, North Carolina, and a graduate in medicine, he was more anxious to conceal his learning than most men are to parade theirs. But the luster of such a jewel could not be hid, and that popular instinct which recognizes true souls had given Stewart his proper rank before his fellow-preachers knew his full value.

When the war broke out in 1861, Stewart was preaching in Los Angeles County. The roar of the great conflict reached him, and he became restless. He felt that he ought to share the dan-

gers and sufferings of the South. In reply to a letter from him asking my advice, I advised him not to go. But in a few days I got a note from him, saying that he had prayed over the matter, and felt it his duty to go—he was needed in the hospital work, and he could not shrink. I doubt not there was a subtle attraction to him in the danger and hardship to be met and endured. The next news was that he had started across Mexico to the Rio Grande alone, on horseback, with his saddlebags, Bible, and hymn book.

Shortly after crossing the Mexican border he fell in with a man who gave his name as McManus, who told him he also was bound to Texas, and offered his company. Stewart consented, and they rode on together in what proved to be the path of fate to both. On the third day that they had journeyed in company they stopped in a lonely place under the shade of some trees, near a spring of water, to rest and eat. As usual, Stewart read a chapter or two in his pocket Bible, and then took out his diary and began to write. McManus now saw the opportunity he was seeking. Seizing Stewart's gun, he placed the muzzle against his breast, and fired. He staggered back and fell, the lifeblood gushing from his heart, and with a few gasps and moans he was dead. The last words he had just traced in his diary were these: "Lord Jesus, guide and keep me this day." Providence has presented to my mind no greater or sadder mystery than such a death for such a man.

McManus rode back to the little town of Rosario, scarcely caring to conceal his awful crime among the desperadoes with whom he associated. He rode Stewart's horse, and took, with the well-worn saddlebags, the Bible, the hymn book, and the eight hundred dollars in gold which had led

him to commit the cruel murder. A small party of Texans happened to be passing through that region, who, hearing what had been done, arrested the murderer; but McManus's Mexican friends interfered, and forced the Texans to liberate him. But the devil lured the murderer on to his fate. He started again toward the Rio Grande, still mounted on the murdered preacher's horse, and again he fell into the hands of the Texans. What befell him then was not stated definitely in the narrative given by one of the party. It was merely said: "McManus will kill no more preachers." This does not leave a very wide field for the exercise of the imagination. Stewart was buried where he met his strange and tragic end. Of all the men who bore the banner of the cross in the early days of California, there was no truer or knightlier soul than his.

A MENDOCINO MURDER.

AMONG my occasional hearers when I preached on Weber Avenue, in Stockton, was a handsome, sunny-faced young man who, I was informed, was studying for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church. His manners were easy and graceful, his voice pleasant, his smile winning, and his whole appearance prepossessing to an unusual degree. He was one of the sort of men that everybody likes at first sight. I lost trace of him when I left the place, but retained a decidedly pleasant remembrance of him, and a hopeful interest in his welfare and usefulness. My surprise may be imagined when, a few years afterwards, I found him in jail charged with complicity in one of the most horrible murders ever perpetrated in any country.

It was during my pastorate in Santa Rosa in 1873 that I was told that Geiger, a prisoner confined in the county jail, awaiting trial for murder, had asked to see me. Upon visiting him in his cell, I found that his business with me was not concerning his soul, but his family. They were very poor, and since his imprisonment matters had been going worse and worse with them, until they were in actual want. Knowing well the warm-hearted community of Santa Rosa, I did not hesitate to promise in their name relief for his wife and children. After having satisfied him on this point, I tried to lead the conversation to the subject of religion; but seeing he was not disposed to talk further, I withdrew. Before leaving the jail,

however, I was asked to visit another prisoner charged with participation in the same murder. On going into his cell, the recognition was mutual. It was Alexander, whom I had known and to whom I had preached at Stockton.

"I little thought when I saw you last that we would meet in such a place as this," he said with emotion.

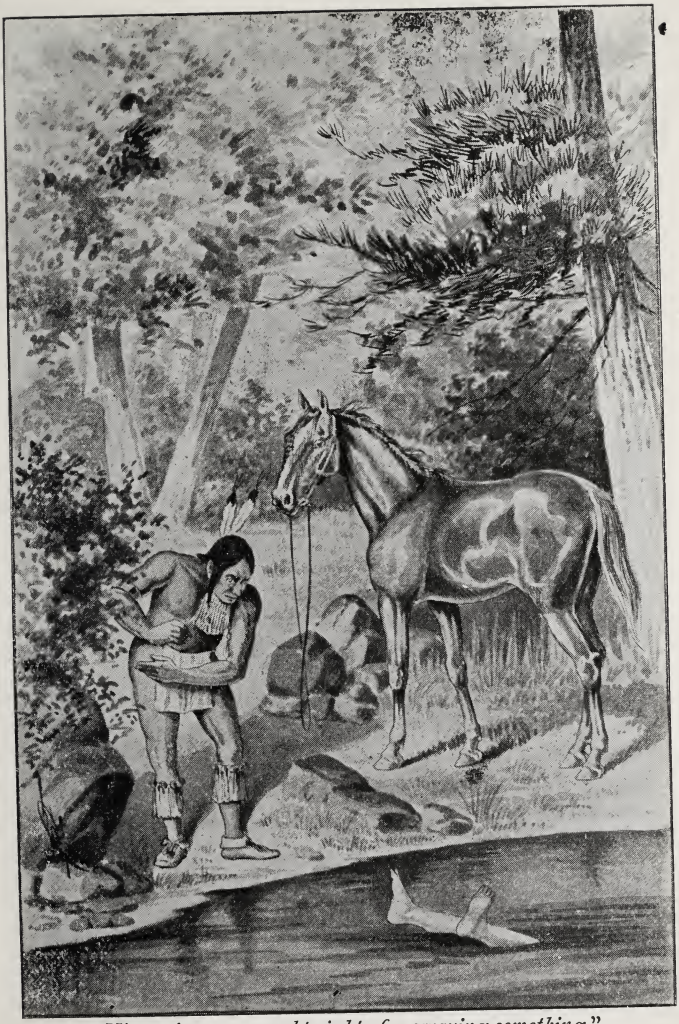
"How comes it that you are here? Surely you cannot be the murderer of a woman?" I asked, perhaps a little abruptly.

"It is a curious case, and a long story," he said; "it will all come out on the trial."

I looked at him with an interrogation point in my eyes. Could that pale, meditative, scholarly-looking young man be capable of taking part in such a dark tragedy as that of the murder of which he had been accused? I left him inclined to pronounce him innocent, despite the strong evidence against him. But the conviction of many, who watched the trial a few months after, was clear that he was one of Mrs. Strong's slayers.

Briefly given, here is the story of the murder as gathered from the evidence on the trial, and recollected after the lapse of several years:

Mrs. Strong was a middle-aged woman, with the violent temper and hardened nature so often met with in women who have been subjected to the influences of such a life as she had led—among rough men, and in a rough country, where might too often makes right. Geiger and Alexander lived not far from the Strongs, in the wildest region of Mendocino County. A quarrel arose between these two men on one side, and Mrs. Strong on the other, concerning land, the particulars of which have passed my memory. It seems that the right of the case lay rather with the men, and that Mrs.



"His roving eye caught sight of a swaying something."

Strong, with a woman's peculiar talent for provocation, rather presumed on her sex in ignoring their claims, at the same time forfeiting all right to consideration on that score by violent language and unwomanly taunts whenever she met them. According to the most charitable theory (and to me it seems the most reasonable), Geiger and Alexander, previously angered by unreasonable opposition, accidentally met Mrs. Strong in a piece of woods. The subject of dispute was brought up, and it is supposed that the unfortunate woman became more and more violent and abusive, until finally, maddened by her words, one of the men, Geiger, it is supposed, struck her down. Then, seeing that she was injured fatally, and fearing discovery, he and Alexander finished the job and, fastening a heavy stone to her neck, hid the body in one of the darkest holes of the stream that flowed through those wild hills, piling stones on the breast and limbs of the corpse to insure concealment.

Of course Mrs. Strong was missed, and search for her began, in which her two murderers were forced to join. What a terrible time that was for the two men—those rides through the woods and canyons, a hundred times passing the dreadful spot with its awful secret! Surely worse punishment on earth for their terrible crime could not be conceived. Those two instruments of human torture which the Inquisition has never surpassed, remorse and fear, were both gnawing at the hearts of these wretched men during all of that long and futile search. But it was given up at last, and they breathed easier.

A few weeks after, an Indian on his pony, riding through the woods, felt thirsty, and turned down the canyon to a spot where the trees stood thick,

and the rocks jutted out over the water like greedy monsters looking at their helpless prey beneath. He stooped to quench his thirst in the primitive fashion, but before his lips had touched the water his roving eye caught sight of a swaying something a little way up the stream that made even that stolid red man shrink from drinking that sparkling fluid, for it had flowed over the body of a dead woman. Mrs. Strong was found. The force of the stream had washed away the weighting stones from the lower limbs, and the stream having fallen several feet since the heavy rains of the past weeks, the feet of the corpse were visible above the water. The stone was still attached to the neck, thus keeping all but those ghastly feet under the water. The long-hidden murder was out at last, and the quiet Indian riding away on his tired pony carried with him the fate of Geiger and Alexander. When the news was told, it was remembered how unwilling they had been to search near that spot, and how uneasy and excited they had seemed whenever it was approached. Indeed, they had been objects of suspicion to many, and the discovery of the body was followed immediately by their arrest. The trial resulted in the acquittal of Alexander, the justice of which was questioned by many, and a sentence of lifelong imprisonment for Geiger. Before his removal to the State prison, however, he made his escape, aided, it is supposed, by his wife, who is thought to have brought him tools for that purpose secreted in her clothing. He has never been found, and in all probability never will be. Some say he has never left the country, and is living the life of a wild animal in the mountains there; but it is more likely that he, like the first murderer, fled to far lands, where he must ever bear the scarlet letter of remorse in his heart.

MY FIRST CALIFORNIA CAMP MEETING.

A CALIFORNIA camp meeting I had never seen, and so when the eccentric Dr. Cannon, who was dentist, evangelist, and many other things all at once, sent me an invitation to be present at one that was soon to come off near Vallecito, in Calaveras County, I promptly signified my acceptance, and began preparation for the trip. It was in 1856, when we occupied the parsonage in Sonora that had been bequeathed to us in all its peculiar glory by our bachelor predecessors. It had one room, which served all the purposes of parlor, library, dining room, and *boudoir*. The bookcase was two dry goods boxes placed lengthwise, one above the other. The safe, or cupboard, was a single dry goods box, nailed to the redwood boards, of which the house was built, with cleats for our breakfast, dinner, and tea sets, which, though mentioned here in plural form, were singular in more than one sense of the word. The establishment boasted a kitchen, the roof of which was less than the regulation height of the American soldier, the floor of which was made by nature, the one window of which had neither sash nor glass, the door of which had no lock, but was kept shut by a small leather strap and an eight-penny nail and its successors. The thieves did not steal from us —they couldn't. Dear old cabin on the hillside! It brings up only pleasant memories of a time when life was young and hope was bright. When we closed the door of the parsonage, and, sitting be-

hind McCarthy & Cooper's two-horse team—one a beautiful white, the other a shining bay—dashed out of town in the direction of the bold and brawling Stanislaus, no fear was felt for any valuables left behind. The prancing of that spirited white horse on the narrow grade that wound its way a thousand feet above the bed of the river was a more serious matter, suggesting the possibility of an adventure that would have prevented the writing of these "Sketches." The Stanislaus, having its sources among the springs and snows of the Sierras, was a clear and sparkling stream before the miners muddied it by digging its banks and its bed for gold. It cuts its way through a wild and rugged region, dashing, foaming, fighting for its passage along narrow passes where the beetling cliffs and toppling crags repel the invasion of a human foot. It seems in hot haste to reach the valley, and fairly leaps down its rocky channel. In high water it roars and rushes with terrific violence. But it was behaving quietly as we passed it, keeping within its narrow channel, along which a number of patient Chinamen were working over some abandoned gold diggings, wearing satisfied looks, indicating success. Success is the rule with the Chinaman. He is acquisitive by nature, and thrifty from necessity. He has taught the conceited Americans some astonishing lessons in the matter of cheap living. But they are not thankful for the instruction, nor are they disposed to reduce it to practice. They are not yet prepared to adopt Asiatic ideas of living and labor. The contact of the two civilizations produces only friction now. What the future may bring forth I will not here prophesy, as this has properly nothing to do with the camp meeting.

An expected circus had rather thrown the camp

meeting into the background. The highly colored sensational posters were seen in every conspicuous place, and the talk of the hotel keepers, hostlers, and straggling pedestrians was all about the circus. The camp meeting was a bold experiment under the circumstances. The camp ground was less than a mile from Vallecito, a mining camp, whose reputation was such as to suggest the need of special evangelical influences. It was attacking the enemy in his stronghold. The spot selected for the encampment was a beautiful one. On a gentle slope, in the midst of a grove of live oaks, a few rude tents were pitched, with sides of undressed redwood, and covered with nothing, so that the stars could be gazed at during the still hours of the cloudless California summer night. The "preacher's stand" was erected under one of the largest of the oaks, in front of which were ranged rough, backless seats for the accommodation of the worshipers. A well of pure water was close at hand; and a long table, composed of undressed boards, was spread under clustering pines conveniently situated. Nobody thought of a tablecloth, and the crockery used was small in quantity and plain in quality.

During the first day and night of the meeting small but well-behaved audiences waited upon the word, manifesting apparently more curiosity than religious interest. The second night was a solemn and trying time. The crowd had rushed to the circus. Three or four preachers and about a dozen hearers held the camp ground. The lanterns, swung in the oaks, gave a dim, uncertain light, the gusts of wind that rose and fell and moaned among the branches of the trees threatening their extinguishment every moment. One or two of the lights flickered out entirely, increasing

the gloom and the weirdness of the scene. It was a solemn time; the sermon was solemn, the hearers were solemn, and there was a solemnity of cadence in the night wind. Everybody seemed gloomy and discouraged but the irrepressible Cannon. He was in high glee. "The Lord is going to do a great work here," he said at the close of the service, rubbing his hands together excitedly.

"What makes you think so?"

"The devil is busy working against us, and when the devil works the Lord is sure to work too. The people are all at the circus to-night, but their consciences will be uneasy. The Holy Spirit will be at work with them. To-morrow night you will see a great crowd here, and souls will be converted."

Perhaps there were few that indorsed his logic or shared his faith, but the result singularly verified his prophecy. The circus left the camp. The reaction seemed to be complete. A great crowd came out next night, the lights burned more brightly, the faithful felt better, the preachers took fire, penitents were invited and came forward for prayers, and for the first time the old camp meeting choruses echoed among the Calaveras hills. The meeting continued day and night, the crowd increasing at every service, until Sunday. Many a wandering believer, coming in from the hills and gulches, had his conscience quickened and his religious hopes rekindled, and the little handful that sung and prayed at the beginning of the meeting swelled to quite an army.

On Sunday Bishop Kavanaugh preached to an immense crowd. That eloquent Kentuckian was in one of his inspired moods, and swept everything before him. For nearly two hours he held the vast concourse of people spellbound, and to-

ward the end of his sermon his form seemed to dilate, his face kindled with its pulpit radiance, and his voice was like a golden trumpet. Amens and shouts burst forth all around the stand, and tears rained from hundreds of eyes long unused to the melting mood. California had her camp meeting christening that day. Attracted by curiosity, a Digger Indian chief, with a number of "bucks" and squaws, had come upon the ground. The chief had seated himself against a tree on the outer edge of the crowd, and never took his eyes from the Bishop for a moment. I watched him almost as closely as he watched the Bishop, for I was curious to know what were the thoughts passing through his benighted mind, and to see what effect the service would have upon him. His interest seemed to increase as the discourse proceeded. At length he showed signs of profound emotion; his bosom heaved, tears streamed down his tawny cheeks, and finally, in a burst of irrepressible admiration, he pointed to the Bishop, and exclaimed: "*Capitan! Capitan!*" The chief did not understand English. What was it that so stirred his soul? Was it the voice, the gesture, the play of feature, the magnetism of the true orator? The good Bishop said it was the Holy Spirit—the wind that bloweth where it listeth.

The Sunday night service drew another large audience, and culminated in a great victory. The singing and prayers were kept up away beyond midnight. The impression of one song I shall never forget. The Bishop was my bedfellow. We had retired for the night, and were stretched on our primitive couch, gazing unobstructed upon the heavenly hosts shining on high.

"Hark! listen to that song," said the Bishop, as a chorus, in a clear, buglelike voice, floated out

upon the midnight air. The words I do not clearly recall; there was something about

> The sweet fields of Eden,
> On the other side of Jordan,

and a chorus ending in "hallelujah." I seemed to float upward on the wings of that melody, beyond the starry depths, through the gates of pearl, until it seemed to mingle with the sublime doxologies of the great multitude of the glorified that no one can number. "What opera can equal that? There is a religious melody that has a quality of its own which no art can imitate."

The Bishop's thought was not new, but I had a new perception of its truth at that moment.

One of the converts of this camp meeting was Levi Vanslyke. A wilder mustang was never caught by the gospel lasso. (Excuse this figure—it suits the case.) He was what was termed a "capper" to a gambling hell in the town. Tall, excessively angular, jerky in movement, with singularly uneven features, his face and figure were very striking. He drifted with the crowd to the camp ground one night, and his destiny was changed. He never went back to gambling. His conscience was awakened, and his soul mightily stirred, by the preaching, prayers, and songs. Amid the wonder and smiles of the crowd, he rose from his seat, went forward, and kneeled among the penitents, exhibiting signs of deep distress. An arrow of conviction had penetrated his heart, and brought him down at the foot of the cross. There he knelt, praying. The services were protracted far into the night, exhortations, songs, and prayers filling up the time. Suddenly Vanslyke rose from his knees with a bound, his face beaming with joy, and indulged in demonstrations which necessitated the suspension of all other exercises.

He shouted and praised God, he shook hands with the brethren, he exhorted his late associates to turn from their wicked ways—in fact, he took possession of the camp ground, and the regular programme for the occasion was entirely superseded. The wild Vallecito "boys" were awe-struck, and quailed under his appeals.

Vanslyke was converted, a brand plucked from the burning. No room was left for doubt. He abandoned his old life at once. Soon he felt inward movings to preach the gospel, and began to study theology. He was a hard student, if not an apt one, and succeeded in passing the examinations (which in those days were not very rigid), and in due time was standing as a watchman on the walls of Zion. He was a faithful and useful minister of Jesus Christ. There was no backward movement in his religious life. He was faithful unto death, taking the hardest circuits uncomplainingly, always humble, self-denying, and cheerful, doing a work for his Master which many a showier man might covet in the day when He will reckon with His servants. He traveled and preached many years, a true soldier of Jesus Christ. He died in great peace, and is buried among the hills of Southern Oregon.

An episode connected with this camp meeting was a visit to the Big Tree Grove of Calaveras. Every reader is familiar with descriptions of this wonderful forest, but no description can give an adequate impression of its solemn grandeur and beauty. The ride from Murphy's Camp in the early morning; the windings of the road among the colossal and shapely pines; the burst of wonder and delight of some of our party, and the silent, yet perhaps deeper, enjoyment of others as we rode into the midst of the Titanic grove—all this

made an experience which cannot be transferred to the printed page. The remark of the thoughtful woman who walked by my side expressed the sentiment that was uppermost in my own consciousness as I contemplated these wonders of the Almighty's handiwork: "God has created one spot where he *will* be worshiped, and it is this!"

THE TRAGEDY AT ALGERINE.

HOW Algerine Camp got its name I cannot tell. It was named before my day in California. The miners called it simply "Algerine," for short. They had a peculiar way of abbreviating all proper names. San Francisco was "Frisco," Chinese Camp was "Chinee," and Jamestown was "Jimtown." So Algerine was as many syllables as could be spared for this camp, whose fame still lingers as one of the richest, rowdiest, bloodiest camps of the Southern mines. Situated some seven or eight miles from Sonora, if in the early days it did not rival that lively city in size, it surpassed it in the recklessness with which its denizens gave themselves up to drinking, fighting, gambling, and general licentiousness. The name suited the place, whatever may have been its etymology. It was at the height of its glory for rich diggings and bad behavior in 1851. Lucky strikes and wild doings were the order of the day. A tragedy at Algerine ceased to excite more than a feeble interest—tragedies there had become commonplace. The pistol was the favorite weapon with the Algerines, but the monotony of shooting was now and then broken by a stabbing affair, of which a Mexican or native Californian was usually the hero. It was a disputed point whether the revolver or the dirk was the safer and more effective weapon in a free fight. Strong arguments were used on both sides of this interesting ques-

tion, and popular opinion in the camp vacillated, taking direction according to the result of the last encounter.

With all its wickedness, Algerine had a public opinion and moral code of its own. The one sin that had no forgiveness was stealing. The remaining nine of the Ten Commandments nobody seemed to remember, but a stand was taken upon the eighth. Men that swore, ignored the Sabbath, gambled, got drunk, and were ready to use the pistol or knife on the slightest pretext, would flame with virtuous rage, and clamor for capital punishment, if a sluice were robbed, or the least article of any sort stolen. A thief was more completely outlawed than a murderer. The peculiar conditions existing, and the genius of the country, combined to develop this anomalous public sentiment, which will be illustrated by an incident that occurred in the year above referred to.

About nine o'clock one morning a messenger was seen riding at full speed through the main street of Sonora, his horse panting and white with foam. He made his way to the sheriff's office, and, on the appearance of one of the deputies, cried—well, I won't give his exact words, for they are not quotable; but the substance of his message was that a robbery had been committed at Algerine, that a mob had collected, and that one of the supposed robbers was in their hands.

"Hurry up, Captain, or you'll be too late to do any good—the camp is just boiling!"

Capt. Stuart, the deputy sheriff, was soon in the saddle, and on the way to Algerine. Stuart was a soldierly-looking man, over six feet high, square-shouldered, brawny, and with a dash of gracefulness in his bearing. He had fought in the war with Mexico, was known to be as brave as a lion,

and was a general favorite. On a wider field he has since achieved a wider fame.

"There they are, Captain," said the messenger, pointing to the hill overlooking the camp from the north.

"My God! it's only a boy!" exclaimed Stuart, as his eye took in the scene.

Stripped of all but his shirt and white pants, bareheaded and barefooted, with a rope around his neck, the other end of which was held by a big, brutal-looking fellow in a blue flannel shirt, stood the victim of mob fury. He could scarcely be more than eighteen years old. His boyish face was pale as death, and was turned with a pleading look toward the huge fellow who held the rope, and who seemed to be the leader of the mob. He had begged hard for his life, and many hearts had been touched with pity.

"It's a shame, boys, to hang a child like that," said one, with a choking voice.

"It would be an eternal disgrace to the camp to allow it," said another.

Immediately surrounding the prisoner there was a growing party anxious to save him, whose intercessions had made quite a delay already. But the mob was bloodthirsty, and loud in its clamor for the hanging to go on.

"Up with him!" "What are you waiting for?" "Lift him, Bill!" and similar demands were made by a hundred voices at once.

In the midst of this contention, Stuart, having dismounted, pushed his way by main strength through the crowd, and reached the side of the prisoner, whose face brightened with hope as the tall form of the officer of the law towered above him.

The appearance of the officer seemed to excite

the mob, and a rush was made for the prisoner, amid a storm of oaths and yells. Stuart's eye kindled as he cried: "Keep back, you hounds! I'll blow out the brains of the first man that touches this boy!"

The front rank of the mob paused, keeping in check the yelling crowd behind them. The big fellow holding the rope kept his eye on Stuart, and seemed for the moment ready to surrender the honors of leadership to anybody who was covetous of the same. The cowardly brute quailed before a brave man's glance. He still held the rope, but kept his face averted from his intended victim.

Stuart, taking advantage of the momentary silence, made an earnest appeal to the mob. Pointing to the pale and trembling boy, he reminded them that he was only a youth, the mere tool and victim of the older criminals who had made their escape. To hang him would be simply murder, and every one who might have a hand in it would be haunted by the crime through life. "Men, you are mad when you talk of hanging a mere boy like that. Are you savages? Where is your manhood? Instead of murdering him, it would be better to send him back to his poor old mother and sisters in the States."

The central group, at this point, presented a striking picture. The poor boy standing bareheaded in the sun, looking, in his white garments, as if he were already shrouded, gazing wistfully around; Stuart holding the crowd at bay, standing like a rock, his tall form erect, his face flushed, and his eye flashing; the burly leader of the mob, rope in hand, his coarse features expressing mingled fear and ferocity; the faces of the rabble, some touched with compassion, others turned upon

the prisoner threateningly, while the great mass of them wore only that look of thoughtless animal excitement which makes a mob at once so dangerous and so contemptible a thing—all made a scene for an artist.

Again cries of "Up with him!" "Hang him!" "No more palaver!" were raised on the outer ranks of the mob, and another rush was made toward the prisoner. Stuart's voice and eye again arrested the movement. He appealed to their manhood and mercy in the most persuasive and impassioned manner, and it was evident that his appeals were not without effect on some of the men nearest to him. Seeing this, several of the more determined ruffians, with oaths and cries of fury, suddenly rushed forward with such impetuosity that Stuart was borne backward by their weight, the rope was grasped by several hands at once, and the prisoner was jerked with such violence as to pull him off his feet.

At this moment the sound of horse's hoofs was heard, and in another instant the reckless daredevil, Billy Worth, mounted on a powerful bay, pistol in hand, had opened a lane through the crowd, and quick as thought he cut the rope that bound the prisoner, and, with the assistance of two or three friendly hands, lifted him into the saddle before him, and galloped off in the direction of Sonora. The mob was paralyzed by the audacity of this proceeding, and attempted no immediate pursuit. The fact is, Worth's reputation as a desperate fighter and sure shot was such that none of them had any special desire to get within range of his revolver. If his virtues had equaled his courage, Billy Worth's name would have been one of the brightest on the roll of California's heroes. At this time he was an *attaché* of the sheriff's

office, and was always ready for such desperate service. He never paused until he had his prisoner safely locked in jail at Sonora.

The mob dispersed slowly and sullenly, and, as the sequel proved, still bent on mischief.

The next morning the early risers in Sonora were thrilled with horror to find the poor boy hanging by the neck from a branch of an oak on the hillside above the City Hotel. The Algerine mob had reorganized, marched into town at dead of night, overpowered the jailer, taken out their victim, and hung him. By sunrise thousands, drawn by the fascination of horror, had gathered to the spot. And now that the poor lad was hanging there dead, there was only pity felt for his fate, and detestation of the crime committed by his cruel murderers. The body was cut down and tenderly buried, women's hands placing flowers upon his coffin, and women's tears falling upon the cold face.

A singular fact must be added to this narrative. The tree on which the boy was hanged was a healthy, vigorous young oak, in full leaf. *In a few days its every leaf had withered!* This statement is made on the testimony of respectable living witnesses, whose reputation for veracity is unquestioned. The next year the tree put forth its buds and leaves as usual. This fact is left to the incredulity, superstition, or scientific inquiry of the reader. The tree may be still standing, as a memento of a horrible crime.

THE BLUE LAKES.

IT is not strange that the Indians think the Blue Lakes are haunted, and that even the white man's superstition is not proof against the weird and solemn influence that broods over this spot of almost unearthly beauty. They are about ten miles from Lakeport, the beautiful county seat of Lake County, which nestles among the oaks on the margin of Clear Lake, a body of water about thirty miles long and eight miles wide, surrounded by scenery so lovely as to make the visitor forget for the time that there is any ugliness in the world. The first sight of Clear Lake, from the highest point of the great range of hills shutting it in on the south, will never be forgotten by any one who has a soul. After winding slowly up, up, up the mountain road, a sharp turn is made, and you are on the summit. The driver stops his panting team, you spring out of the "thorough-brace," and look and look. Immediately below you is a sea of hills, stretching away to where they break against the lofty rampart of the coast range on your left, and in front sinking gradually down into the valley below. The lake lies beneath you, flashing like a mirror in the sunlight, its northern shore marked by rugged brown acclivities, the nearer side dotted with towns, villages, and farms, while "Uncle Sam," the monarch peak of all the region, lifts his awful head into the clouds, the sparkling waters kissing his feet. I once saw "Uncle Sam" transfigured. It was a day of storm. The wind howled among the gorges of the

hills, and the dark clouds swept above them in mighty masses, the rain falling in fitful and violent showers. Pausing at the summit to rest the horse, and to get a glance at the scene in its wintry aspect, I drew my gray shawl closer, and leaned forward and gazed. It was about the middle of the afternoon. Suddenly a rift in the clouds westward let the sunshine through, and, falling on "Uncle Sam," lo, a miracle! The whole mountain, from base to summit, softened, blushed, and blazed with the prismatic colors. It was a transfiguration. The scene is symbolic. Behind me and about me are cloud and tempest, typing the humanity of the past and the present with its conflicts and trials and dangers; before me the glorified mountain, typing the humanity of the future, enveloped in the rainbow of peace, showing that the storms are all over. This was my interpretation to my friend who sat by my side, but I do not insist upon it as canonical.

The Blue Lakes lie among the hills above Clear Lake, and the road leads through dense forests, of which the gigantic white oaks are the most striking feature. It passes through Scott's Valley, a little body of rich land, the terraced hills behind, and the lake before. Winding upward, the ascent is so gradual that you do not realize, until you are told, that the Blue Lakes are six hundred feet above the level of Clear Lake. The lakes are three in number, and in very high water they are connected. They are each, perhaps, a mile in length, and only a few hundred yards in width. Their depth is immense. Their waters are a particularly bright blue color, and so clear that objects are plainly seen many fathoms below the surface. They are hemmed in by the mountains, the road being cut in the side of the overhanging bluff,

while on the opposite side bold, rugged, brown cliffs rise in almost perpendicular walls from the water's edge. A growth of oaks shades the narrow vale between the lakes, and the mountain pine and oak, madrona and manzanita, clothe the heights.

There are the Blue Lakes. A solemnity and awe steal over you. Speech seems almost profane. The very birds seem to hush their singing as they flit in silence among the trees. The chatter of a gray squirrel has an audacious sound as the bushy-tailed little hoodlum dashes across the grade, and rushes up a tree. The coo of a turtledove away off in a distant canyon falls on the ear like the echo of a human sorrow that had found soothing, but not healing. The sky overhead is as blue as the drapery of Guido's Madonna, and there is just a hint of a breeze sighing over the still waters, like the respiration of a peaceful sleeper. The cliffs above the lake duplicate themselves in the water beneath with startling lifelikeness, and with the spell of the place upon you it would scarcely surprise you to see unearthly shapes emerge from the crystal depths.

The feeling of superstitious awe is perhaps increased by the knowledge of the fact that no Indian will go near these lakes. They say a monster inhabits the upper lake, and has subterranean communication with the two lower ones, and of this monster they have a mortal terror. This terror is explained by the following legend:

Many, many moons ago, when the Ukiah Indians were a great and strong people, a fair-haired white man of great stature came from the seashore alone, and took up his abode with them. He knew many things, and was stronger than any warrior of the tribe. The chief took him to his own cam-

poody, and, giving him his daughter for his wife, made him his son. She loved the white man, and never tired in looking upon his fair face, and into his bright blue eyes. But by and by the white man, tiring of his Indian bride, and longing to see his own people, turned his face again toward the sea, and fled. She followed him swiftly and, overtaking him at the Blue Lakes, gently reproached him for his desertion of her, and entreated him to return. They were standing on the rock overhanging the lake on its northern side. He took her hand, smiling, and spoke deceitful words; and then, suddenly seizing her, hurled her with all his strength headlong into the lake. She sunk to the bottom, while the white man resumed his flight, and was seen no more. His murdered bride was transformed into an evil genius of the lake. The long and sinuous outline of a serpentine form would be seen on the surface of the water, out of which would be lifted at intervals the head of a woman, with long, bright hair and sad, filmy, blue eyes, into which whosoever looked would die before another twelve moons had passed.

The Indians would go miles out of their way to avoid the haunted spot, and more than one white man affirmed that they had seen the monster of Clear Lake.

One stormy day in the winter of eighteen hundred and sixty-something I was with a friend on my way from Ukiah to Lakeport, by way of the Blue Lakes. After swimming Russian River, always a bold and rapid stream, but then swollen and angry from recent heavy rains, urging our trusty span of horses through the storm, at length we reached the grade winding along above the lakes. The darkened heavens hung pall-like over the waters, the clouds weeping, and the wind

moaning. Dense clouds boiled up along the mountain peaks, veiling their heads in white folds. No sign of life was visible. We drove slowly, and were silent, feeling the spell of the place.

"There's the monster!" I suddenly exclaimed.

"Where?" asked my companion, starting, and straining his gaze upon the lake below.

There it was—a long, dark mass, with serpent-like movement, winding its way across the lake. It suddenly vanished, without lifting above the water the woman's head with the bright hair and filmy eyes. My companion expressed the prosaic idea that it was a school of fish swimming near the surface, but I am sure we saw all there was of the monster of the Blue Lakes.

BEN.

BEN was a black man. His African blood was unmixed. His black skin was true ebony, his lips were as thick as the thickest, his nose was as flat as the flattest, his head as woolly as the woolliest. His immense lips were red, and their redness was not a mark of beauty, only giving a grotesque effect to a physiognomy no part of which presented the least element of the æsthetic. He had neither feet nor legs, but was quite a lively pedestrian, shuffling his way on his stumps, which were protected by thick leather coverings.

Ben, when I first knew him, kept a bootblack stand near the post office in San Francisco. He also kept postage stamps on sale. He was talkative, and all his talk was about religion. His patrons listened with wonder or amusement. A bootblack that talked religion in the very vortex of the seething sea of San Francisco mammonism was a new thing. And then Ben's quaint way of speaking lent a special interest to his words, and his enjoyment of his one theme was catching. He was more given to the relation of experience than to polemics. When he touched upon some point that moved him he would unconsciously pause in his work, his exulting voice arresting the attention of many a hurried passer-by, as he spoke of the love of Jesus and of the peace of God.

He slept at night in the little cage of a place in which he polished boots and shoes by day. Many

a time when I have passed the spot at early dawn, on my way to take the first boat for Sacramento, I have heard his voice singing a hymn inside. A lark's matin song could not be freer or more joyful. It seemed to be the literal bubbling over of a soul full of love and joy. The melody of Ben's morning song has followed me many and many a mile, by steamboat and by rail. It was the melody of a soul that had learned the sublime secret which the millionaires of the metropolis might well give their millions to buy.

Ben had been a slave in Missouri in the old days *ante bellum*. He spoke kindly of his former owners, who had treated him well. Being liberated, he emigrated to California, and found his way to San Francisco—a waif that had floated into a new world.

"How came you to be so crippled, Ben?" I asked him one day as he was lingering on the final touches on my second boot, being in one of his happiest and most voluble moods.

"My feet and legs got froze in Mizzoory, sir, an' dey had to be cut off."

"That was a hard trial for you, wasn't it?"

"No, sir; it didn't hurt me as much as I 'spected it would; an' I know'd it was all for de bes', else 'twouldn't have happened ter me. De loss o' dem legs don't keep me from gittin' about, an' my health's as good as anybody's. De Lord treats me kin', an' mos' everybody has a kin' word for Ben. Bless God, he makes me happy widout legs!"

The plantation patois clave to Ben, and among the sounds of the many-tongued multitude of San Francisco it had a charm to ears to which it was familiar in early days. It was like the song of a land bird at sea.

Ben had a great joy when his people bought and moved into their house of worship. He gave a hundred dollars, which he had laid by for that object a dime at a time. It made him happier to give that money than to have been remembered in Vanderbilt's will.

"I wanted to give a hundred dollars to help buy de house, an' I know de Lord wanted me to do it, too, 'cause de customers poured in an' kep' me busy all day long. Once in awhile a gentleman would han' me a quarter, or half a dollar, an' wouldn't wait for change. I knowed what dat meant—it was for dat hundred dollars."

Ben's big, dull, white eyes were not capable of much expression, but his broad, black face beamed with grateful satisfaction as he gave me this little bit of personal history. A trustee of his Church told me that they were not willing at first to take the money from Ben, but that they saw plainly it would not do to refuse. It was the fulfillment of a cherished object that he had carried so long in his simple, trusting heart that to have rejected his gift would have been cruelty.

The last time I saw Ben he was working his way along a crowded thoroughfare, dragging his heavy leathers, his head reaching to the waist of the average man. "How are you, Ben?" I said, as we met.

"Bless God, I'm first-rate!" he said, grasping my hand warmly, his face brightening, and every tooth visible. It was clear he had not lost the secret.

Ben was not a Methodist; he was what is popularly called a Campbellite.

A YOUTHFUL DESPERADO.

THERE'S a young chap in the jail over there you ought to go and see. It's the one who killed the two Chinamen on Wood's Creek a few weeks ago. He goes by the name of Tom Ellis. He is scarcely more than a boy, but he is a hard one. Maybe you can do him some good."

This was said to me by one of the sheriff's deputies, a kind-hearted fellow, but brave as a lion—one of those quiet, low-voiced men who do the most daring things in a matter-of-course way—a man who never made threats and never showed a weapon except when he was about to use it with deadly effect.

The next day I went over to see the young murderer. I was startled at his youthful appearance, and struck with his beauty. His features were feminine in their delicacy, and his skin was almost as soft and fair as a child's. He had dark hair, bright blue eyes, and white teeth. He was of medium size, and was faultless in *physique*. Though heavily ironed, his step was vigorous and springy, indicating unusual strength and agility.

This fair-faced, almost girlish, youth had committed one of the most atrocious double murders ever known. Approaching two Chinamen who were working an abandoned mining claim on the creek, he demanded their gold dust, exhibiting at the same time a Bowie knife. The Chinamen, terrified, dropped their mining tools and fled, pursued by the young devil, who, fleet of foot, soon

overtook the poor creatures, and with repeated stabs in the back cut them down. A passer-by found him engaged in rifling their pockets of the gold dust, to the value of about twenty dollars, which had tempted him to commit the horrid crime.

These were the facts in the case, as brought out in the trial. It was also shown that he had borne a very bad name, associating with the worst characters, and being suspected strongly of other crimes against life and property. He was convicted and sentenced to death.

This was the man I had come to see. He received me politely, but I made little progress in my attempt to turn his thoughts to the subject of preparation for death. He allowed me to read the Bible in his cell and pray for him, but I could see plainly enough that he took no interest in it. I left a Bible with him, with the leaves turned down to mark such portions of the word of God as would be most likely to do him good, and he promised to read it, but it was evident he did not do it. For weeks I tried in every possible way to reach his conscience and sensibilities, but in vain. I asked him one day: "Have you a mother living?"

"Yes; she lives in Ohio, and is a member of the Baptist Church."

"Does she know where you are?"

"No; she thinks I'm dead, and she will never know any better. It's just as well—it would do the old lady no good. The name I go by here is not my real name—no man in California knows my true name."

Even this chord did not respond. He was as cold and hard as ice. I kept up my visits to him, and continued my efforts to win him to thoughts suitable to his condition, but he never showed the

least sign of penitence or feeling of any kind. He was the only human being I have ever met who did not have a tender spot somewhere in his nature. If he had any such spot, my poor skill failed to discover it.

One day, after I had spent an hour or more with him, he said to me: "You mean well in coming here to see me, and I'm always glad to see you, as I get very lonesome, but there's no use in keeping up any deception about the matter. I don't care anything about religion, and all your talk on that subject is wasted. But if you could help me to get out of this jail, so that I could kill the man whose evidence convicted me, I would thank you. Damn him! I would be willing to die if I could kill him first!"

As he spoke his eye glittered like a serpent's, and I felt that I was in the presence of a fiend. From this time on there was no disguise on his part; he thirsted for blood, and hated to die chiefly because it cut him off from his revenge. He did not deny the commission of the murders, and cared no more for it than he would for the shooting of a rabbit. As a psychological study he profoundly interested me, and I sought to learn more of his history, that I might know how much of his fiendishness was due to organic tendency, and how much to evil association. But he would tell nothing of his former life, and I was left to conjecture as to what were the influences that had so completely blasted every bud and blossom of good in one so young. And he was so handsome!

He made several desperate attempts to break jail, and was loaded down with extra irons and put under special guard. The night before his execution he slept soundly, and ate a hearty breakfast next morning. At the gallows he showed no fear

or emotion of any kind. He was brooding on his revenge to the last moment. "It is well for Short that I didn't get out of this—I would like to live long enough to kill him!" were about the last words he uttered, in a sort of soliloquizing way. The black cap was drawn over his fair face, and without a quiver of the nerves or the least tremor of the pulse he was launched into the world of spirits, the rabble looking on with mingled curiosity, awe, and pity.

NORTH BEACH, SAN FRANCISCO.

NORTH BEACH, in its gentle mood, is as quiet as a Quaker maiden, and as lovely; but when fretted by the rude sea wind it is like a virago in her tantrums. I have looked upon it at the close of a bright, clear day, fascinated by the changing glories of a gorgeous sunset. The still ships seemed asleep upon the placid waters. Above the Golden Gate hung a drapery of burning clouds, almost too bright for the naked eye. Tamalpais,* towering above the Marin hills, wrapped in his evening robe of royal purple, sat like a king on his throne. The islands in sight, sunlit and calm, seemed to be dreaming in the soft embrace of the blue waters. Above the golden glow of the breezy Contra Costa hills the sky blushed rosy red, as if conscious of its own charms. As the sun sunk into the Pacific in a blaze of splendor, the bugle of Fort Alcatraz, pealing over the waters, told that the day was done. And then the scene gradually changed. The cloud fires that blazed above the Gate of Gold died out, the purple of Tamalpais deepened into blackness, in the thickening twilight the sunlit islands faded from sight, the rose-tinted sky turned into sober gray, the stars came out one by one, and a night of beauty followed a day of bright-

*A lofty peak of the coast range that shoots its bare summit high into the sky north of the bay, and within a few miles of the Golden Gate, from which the view is one of marvelous scope and surpassing beauty.

ness. Many a time from my bay window, on such evenings as this, have I seen young men and maidens walking side by side, or hand in hand, along the beach, whispering words that only the sea might hear, and uttering vows that only the stars might witness. Here I have seen the weary man of business linger as if he were loath to leave a scene so quiet and go back to the din and rush and worry of the city. And pale, sad-faced women in black have come alone to weep by the seaside, and have gone back with the traces of fresh tears upon their cheeks and the light of renewed hope in their eyes. On bright mornings, new-married couples, climbing the hill whose western declivity overlooks the Golden Gate and the vast Pacific, have felt that the immensity and calm of the ocean were emblematic of the serene and immeasurable happiness they had in each other. They might have remembered that even that Pacific sea is swept by storms, and that beneath its quiet waters lies many a noble ship, wrecked on its way to port. But they felt no fear, for there is no shipwreck of true love, human or divine; it always survives the storm.

North Beach, in its stormy mood, had also its fascination for the storm-tossed and the desolate and the despairing. It was hither that Ralston hurried on that fatal day when the crash came. His death was like his life. He was a strong swimmer, but he ventured too far. The wind sweeping in through the Golden Gate chill and angry, the white-capped waters of the bay in wild unrest, the gathering fog darkening the sky—were all symbolic of the days of struggle and the nights of anguish that preceded the final tragedy. He died struggling. If he had come out of that wrestle with the sea alive, he would have been on his feet

to-day; for he embodied in himself the energy, the dash, the invincible courage of the true Californian. Ralston did not commit suicide. He was not a man of that type.

Sitting in my bay window above the beach one stormy evening about sunset, my attention was arrested by the movements of a man sitting on the rocks in the edge of the water, where the spray drenched his person every time a wave broke against the shore. Suddenly he took a pistol from his pocket, placed the muzzle against his head, and fired. I sprang to my feet as he tumbled forward into the water, and rushed down the long steps, and reached the spot just as a incoming wave bore him back to the beach. Dragging him out of the water, it was found that he was still breathing and had a faint pulse. The blood was oozing from an ugly bullet wound back of his right ear—the ball had struck the bone and slightly glanced. Brandy was brought, which he swallowed in large quantities; his pulse grew quicker and stronger, and, looking around upon the curious and pitying group that had gathered about him, he seemed suddenly to comprehend the whole situation. With a desperate effort he rose to his feet, exclaiming: "Why didn't you let me alone? If you had, it would all have been over now. Am I doomed to live against my will? The very sea refuses me a grave!"

I made some remark, with the view to calm and encourage him.

"You mean well, and I ought to thank you, sir; but you have done me an ill turn. I want to die and get out of it all."

"What is the trouble, my friend?" I inquired, the question prompted by pity and curiosity.

He turned suddenly, stared at me a moment, and said fiercely: "Never mind what my trouble

is. It is what death only can relieve. Why didn't you let me die?"

He was a heavy-set man of fifty, with iron-gray whiskers, a good, open, intelligent face, and neatly dressed in a suit of gray cloth.

He reeled as he spoke, and would have fallen had he not been supported by kind hands. He was taken to the hospital, where the bullet was extracted from his head, and he got well. Who he was, and what was his story, were never found out. He kept his secret.

About sunrise one morning, looking out of my window, I saw a crowd huddled around some object on the beach. Their subdued behavior suggested a tragedy. The North Beach rabble, in its ordinary mood, is rather noisy and demonstrative. The hoodlum reaches his perfection here. The hoodlum is a young Californian in the intermediate stage between a wharf rat and a desperado, combining all the bad qualities of both. He is dishonest, lewd, insolent, and unspeakably vulgar. He glories in his viciousness, and his swagger is inimitable. There is but one thing about him that has the semblance of a virtue, and that is his courageous fidelity to his fellow-hoodlums. He will defend one of his kind to the death in a street fight, or swear to anything to help him in a court of justice. This element is usually largely represented in any popular gathering at North Beach, but they were not numerous at that early hour. They run late at night, and are not early risers. But the women that sold beer on the flat, the men that drove dirt carts, the fishermen who fished in the bay, and the crowd of fellows that lived nobody knew where or how, that appear as by magic when an exciting event calls them forth, were all there as I made my way through the throng

and reached the object that had drawn them to the spot.

It was a man hanging by his neck from the highest tier of a lot of damaged hay bales that had been unloaded on the beach. He had come out there in the night, taken a piece of hay rope, adjusted it to his neck with great skill, fastened it to a topmost bale of hay, and then leaped into eternity. It was a horrid spectacle. The man was a Frenchman, who had slept two nights in a recess of the hay pile. The popular verdict was insanity or starvation. From a look at the ghastly face and poor, thin frame, with its tattered garments fluttering in the breeze, you might think it was both. The previous night had been colder than usual; perhaps hanging was to his mind a shorter and easier death than freezing. Nobody knows. He too kept his secret.

Almost opposite my bay window was a large rock, which was nearly covered by the tide at high water, and over which the surf broke with great violence when a north wind drove the waters upon the beach. The North Beach breakers sometimes run so high as to send their spray over the high embankment of Bay Street, and their thunder makes sublime music on a stormy night. One day when the bay was lashed into anger by a strong wind from the northwest, and the surf was rolling in heavily, a slender young girl was seen hurrying along the beach with downcast look and a veil over her face. Without pausing she waded through the surf and climbed the rock, and, lifting her veil for a moment and disclosing a pale, beautiful face as she cast a look at the sky, she threw herself into the sea, her veil floating away as she sunk. A rush of the waves dashed her body back against the rock, and, as it swayed to and fro, fragments

of her dress were visible. A passing cartman, who had witnessed her wild leap, plunged into the water, and with some difficulty caught the body and brought it to the shore.

"Poor thing! She's only a child," said a red-faced, stout woman, who was the mistress of a notorious beer house on the flat, but whose coarse features were softened into a pitying expression as she looked upon the fair, girlish face and slender form lying at her feet, the blood running from two or three gashes cut upon her temple and forehead by the sharp rocks.

"God pity the child! She's still alive," said another woman of the same class, as she stooped down and put her hand upon the girl's heart.

Lifting her tenderly in their strong arms, she was carried into a house close at hand, and by the use of proper means brought back to consciousness. What were her thoughts when she opened her eyes and in the half-darkened room looked around upon the rough denizens of the flat, I know not. Her first thought may have been that she had awaked in the world so awfully pictured by the grand and gloomy Florentine. Hiding her face with her hands, she gave way to an agony of grief. Her secret was the old story. Though but a schoolgirl, she had loved, sinned, and despaired, her weakness and folly culminating in attempted self-murder. Beyond this no more will be told. I will keep her secret, having reason to hope that the young life which she tried to throw away at North Beach is not wholly blighted. She is scarcely out of her teens now.

Here a famous gambler, Tom H——, came in the early part of an afternoon, and lying down at the foot of the huge sand hill above the beach, shot himself through the breast. A boatman found

him lying on his back, the blood streaming from the wound and crimsoning the white sand. It was a woman that caused him thus to throw up the game of life. He was a handsome fellow, muscular, clean-limbed, and full-chested, but it was a sad spectacle as they drove him away in an open wagon, the blood dripping along the street, the poor fellow gasping and moaning so piteously. Recovering consciousness that night, he tore away the bandages with which his wound had been stanched, declaring he would die, for "the game was up." Before daybreak next morning he had his wish, and died.

Above us, on the hillside, lived a family consisting of the mother and father and three children. One of the children was a bright, active little fellow, five or six years old, who had the quickest foot and merriest laugh of all the little people that were in the habit of gathering on the beach to pick up shells, or play in the moist sand, or toy with the waves as they ended in a fringe of foam at their feet. On a windy day the little fellow had gone down to the beach, and amused himself by watching the waves as they broke upon the embankment of the new street that was rising out of the sea. At one point there was a break in the embankment, leaving a passage for the waters that ebbed and flowed with the tide. A narrow plank was thrown across the place for foot passengers. The little boy started to cross it just as a huge wave rolled in from the sea, and was struck by it and carried by its force into the deep water beyond. His little playmates, paralyzed with terror, instead of giving the alarm at once, stood watching the spot where he went down. But at last the alarm was given, and a score of men plunged into the water and began to search for the child's body.

A crowd gathered on the bank, looking on with the fascination that so singularly attracts men and women to the tragic and the horrible. At length a strong swimmer and good diver found the little body, and brought it to the shore. It was cold and stark, the eyes staring, the sunny curls matted over the marble brow, and his little jacket stained with the mud. One of the men took him in his arms, and, followed by the crowd, slowly ascended the hill. The mother was standing at the gate, wondering what such a procession meant, no one having had the presence of mind to prepare her for the blow. When she caught sight of the little face resting on the shoulder of the rough but kind-hearted man who carried the dead child, she shrieked, as she fell to the earth: "O God! My child! my child!"

The fatal spot was where the poor mother could see it every time she looked from her door or window, and I was glad when the place was filled up.

There is yet another aspect of North Beach that lingers in memory. I have lain awake during many a long night of bodily pain and mental anguish, listening to the plash of the waves as they broke gently upon the beach just below, and the music of the billows soothed my tortured nerves, and the voice of the mighty sea spoke to my troubled soul, as the voice of Him whose footsteps are upon the great waters, and whose paths are in the seas. And it was from our cottage at North Beach that we bore to the grave our child of suffering, our Paul, whose twenty summers were all clouded by affliction, but beautiful in goodness, and whose resting place beside another little grave near San José makes us turn many a wistful look toward the sunset.

MY MINING SPECULATION.

"I BELIEVE the Lord has put me in the way of making a competency for my old age," said the dear old Doctor, as he seated himself in the armchair reserved for him at the cottage at North Beach.

"How?" I asked.

"I met a Texas man to-day, who told me of the discovery of an immensely rich silver mining district in Deep Spring Valley, Mono County, and he says he can get me in as one of the owners."

I laughingly made some remark expressive of incredulity. The honest and benignant face of the old Doctor showed that he was a little nettled.

"I have made full inquiry, and am sure this is no mere speculation. The stock will not be put upon the market, and will not be assessable. They propose to make me a trustee, and the owners, limited in number, will have entire control of the property. But I will not be hasty in the matter. I will make it a subject of prayer for twenty-four hours, and then if there be no adverse indications I will go on with it."

The next day I met the broad-faced Texan, and was impressed by him as the old Doctor had been.

It seemed a sure thing. An old prospector had been equipped and sent out by a few gentlemen, and he had found outcroppings of silver in a range of hills extending not less than three miles. Assays had been made of the ores, and they were found to be very rich. All the timber and water power of Deep Spring Valley had been taken up for the company under the general and local preemption and mining laws. It was a big thing.

The beauty of the whole arrangement was that no "mining sharps" were to be let in; we were to manage it ourselves, and reap all the profits.

We went into it, the old Doctor and I, feeling deeply grateful to the broad-faced Texan who had so kindly given us the chance. I was made a trustee, and began to have a decidedly business feeling as such. At the meetings of "the board" my opinions were frequently called for, and were given with great gravity. The money was paid for the shares I had taken, and the precious evidences of ownership were carefully put in a place of safety. A mill was built near the richest of the claims, and the assays were good. There were delays, and more money was called for, and sent up. The assays were still good, and the reports from our superintendent were glowing. "The biggest thing in the history of California mining," he wrote; and when the secretary read his letter to the board, there was a happy expression on each face.

At this point I began to be troubled. It seemed, from reasonable ciphering, that I should soon be a millionaire. It made me feel solemn and anxious. I lay awake at night, praying that I might not be spoiled by my good fortune. The scriptures that speak of the deceitfulness of riches were called to mind, and I rejoiced with trembling. Many beneficent enterprises were planned, principally in the line of endowing colleges and paying church debts. (I had had an experience in this line.) There were further delays, and more money was called for. The ores were rebellious, and our "process" did not suit them. Fryborg and Deep Spring Valley were not the same. A new superintendent—one that understood rebellious ores—was employed at a higher salary. He reported that all was right, and that we might expect "big

news" in a few days, as he proposed to crush about seventy tons of the best rock "by a new and improved process."

The board held frequent meetings, and in view of the nearness of great results did not hesitate to meet the requisitions made for further outlays of money. They resolved to pursue a prudent but vigorous policy in developing the vast property when the mill should be fairly in operation.

All this time I felt an undercurrent of anxiety lest I might sustain spiritual loss by my sudden accession to great wealth, and continued to fortify myself with good resolutions.

As a matter of special caution, I sent for a parcel of the ore, and had a private assay made of it. The assay was good.

The new superintendent notified us that on a certain date we might look for a report of the result of the first great crushing and clean up of the seventy tons of rock. The day came. On Kearny Street I met one of the stockholders, a careful Presbyterian brother, who loved money. He had a solemn look, and was walking slowly, as if in deep thought. Lifting his eyes as we met, he saw me, and spoke: "*It is lead!*"

"What is lead?"

"Our silver mine in Deep Spring Valley."

Yes; from the seventy tons of rock we got eleven dollars in silver, and about fifty pounds of as good lead as was ever molded into bullets.

The board held a meeting the next evening. It was a solemn one. The fifty-pound bar of lead was placed in the midst, and was eyed reproachfully. I resigned my trusteeship, and they saw me not again. That was my first and last mining speculation. It failed somehow—but the assays were all very good.

DICK.

DICK was a Californian. We made his acquaintance in Sonora about a month before Christmas, *Anno Domini* 1855. This is the way it happened:

At the request of a number of families, the lady who presided in the curious little parsonage near the church on the hillside had started a school for little girls. The public schools might do for the boys, but were too mixed for their sisters—so they thought. Boys could rough it—they were a rough set, anyhow—but the girls must be reared according to the traditions of the old times and the old homes. That was the view taken of the matter then, and from that day to this the average California girl has been superior to the average California boy. The boy gets his bias from the street; the girl, from her mother at home. The boy plunges into the life that surges around him; the girl only feels the touch of its waves as they break upon the embankments of home. The boy gets more of the father; the girl gets more of the mother. This may explain their relative superiority. The school for girls was started on condition that it should be free, the proposed teacher refusing all compensation. That part of the arrangement was a failure, for at the end of the first month every little girl brought a handful of money, and laid it on the teacher's desk. It must have been a concerted matter. That quiet, unselfish woman had suddenly become a money-maker in spite of herself. (Use was found for the coin

in the course of events.) The school was opened with a Psalm, a prayer, and a little song in which the sweet voices of the little Jewish, Spanish, German, Irish, and American maidens united heartily. Dear children! they are scattered now. Some of them have died, and some of them have met with what is worse than death. There was one bright Spanish girl, slender, graceful as a willow, with the fresh Castilian blood mantling her cheeks, her bright eyes beaming with mischief and affection. She was a beautiful child, and her winning ways made her a pet in the little school. But surrounded as the bright, beautiful girl was, Satan had a mortgage on her from her birth, and her fate was too dark and sad to be told in these pages. She inherited evil condition, and perhaps evil blood, and her evil life seemed to be inevitable. Poor child of sin, whose very beauty was thy curse, let the curtain fall upon thy fate and name; we leave thee in the hands of the pitying Christ, who hath said, "Where little is given little will be required." Little was given thee in the way of opportunity, for it was a mother's hand that bound thee with the chains of evil.

Among the children that came to that remarkable academy on the hill was little Mary Kinneth, a thin, delicate child, with mild blue eyes, flaxen hair, a peach complexion, and the blue veins on her temples that are so often the sign of delicacy of organization and the presage of early death. Mike Kinneth, her father, was a drinking Irishman, a good-hearted fellow when sober, but pugnacious and disposed to beat his wife when drunk. The poor woman came over to see me one day. She had been crying, and there was an ugly bruise on her cheek.

"Your Riverence will excuse me," she said,

courtesying, "but I wish you would come over and spake a word to me husband. Mike's a kind, good craythur except when he is dhrinkin', but then he is the very Satan himself."

"Did he give you that bruise on your face, Mrs. Kinneth?"

"Yis. He came home last night mad with the whisky, and was breakin' iverything in the house. I tried to stop him, an' thin he bate me—O! he never did that before! My heart is broke!" Here the poor woman broke down and cried, hiding her face in her apron. "Little Mary was asleep, an' she waked up frightened an' cryin' to see her father in such a way. Seein' the child seemed to sober him a little, an' he stumbled onto the bed, an' fell asleep. He was always kind to the child, dhrunk or sober. An' there is a good heart in him if he will only stay away from the dhrink."

"Would he let me talk to him?"

"Yis; we belong to the old Church, but there is no priest here now, an' the kindness yer lady has shown to little Mary has softened his heart to ye both. An' I think he feels a little sick and ashamed this mornin', an' he will listen to kind words now if iver."

I went to see Mike, and found him half sick and in a penitent mood. He called me "Father Fitzgerald," and treated me with the utmost politeness and deference. I talked to him about little Mary, and his warm Irish heart opened to me at once.

"She is a good child, your Riverence, and shame on the father that would hurt or disgrace her!" The tears stood in Mike's eyes as he spoke the words.

"All the trouble comes from the whisky. Why not give it up?"

"By the help of God I will!" said Mike, grasping my hand with energy.

And he did. I confess that the result of my visit exceeded my hopes. Mike kept away from the saloons, worked steadily, little Mary had no lack of new shoes and neat frocks, and the Kinneth family were happy in a humble way. Mike always seemed glad to see me, and greeted me warmly.

One morning about the last of November there was a knock at the door of the little parsonage. Opening the door, there stood Mrs. Kinneth with a turkey under her arm.

"Christmas will soon be coming, an' I've brought ye a turkey for your kindness to little Mary an' your good talk to Mike. He has not touched a dhrop since the blissed day ye spake to him. Will ye take the turkey, and my thanks wid it?"

The turkey was politely and smilingly accepted, and Mrs. Kinneth went away looking mightily pleased.

I extemporized a little coop for our turkey. Having but little mechanical ingenuity, it was a difficult job, but it resulted more satisfactorily than did my attempt to make a door for the miniature kitchen attached to the parsonage. My object was to nail some cross pieces on some plain boards, hang it on hinges, and fasten it on the inside by a leather strap attached to a nail. The model in my mind was, as the reader sees, of the most simple and primitive pattern. I spent all my leisure time for a week at work on that door. I spoiled the lumber, I blistered my hands, I broke several dollars' worth of carpenter's tools, for which I had to pay, and—then I hired a man to make that door! This was my last effort in that line of things, ex-

cepting the turkey coop, which was the very last. It lasted four days, at the end of which time it just gave way all over, and caved in. Fortunately, it was no longer needed. Our turkey would not leave us. The parsonage fare suited him, and he stayed and throve and made friends.

We named him Dick. He is the hero of this sketch. Dick was intelligent, sociable, and had a good appetite. He would eat anything, from a crust of bread to the pieces of candy that the schoolgirls would give him as they passed. He became as gentle as a dog, and would answer to his name. He had the freedom of the town, and went where he pleased, returning at meal times, and at night to roost on the western end of the kitchen roof. He would eat from our hands, looking at us with a sort of human expression in his shiny eyes. If he were a hundred yards away, all we had to do was to go to the door and call out, "Dick! Dick!" once or twice, and here he would come, stretching his long legs, and saying, "Oot, oot, oot" (is that the way to spell it?). He got to like going about with me. He would go with me to the post office, to the market, and sometimes he would accompany me in a pastoral visit. Dick was well-known and popular. Even the bad boys of the town did not throw stones at him. His ruling passion was the love of eating. He ate between meals. He ate all that was offered to him. Dick was a pampered turkey, and made the most of his good luck and popularity. He was never in low spirits, and never disturbed, except when a dog came about him. He disliked dogs, and seemed to distrust them.

The days rolled by, and Dick was fat and happy. It was the day before Christmas. We had asked two bachelors to take Christmas dinner with us,

having room and chairs for just two more persons. (One of our four chairs was called a stool. It had a bottom and three legs, one of which was a little shaky, and no back.) There was a constraint upon us both all day. I knew what was the matter, but said nothing. About four o'clock in the afternoon Dick's mistress sat down by me, and, after a pause, remarked: "Do you know that to-morrow is Christmas Day?"

"Yes, I know it." Another pause. I had nothing to say just then.

"Well, if—if—if anything is to be done about that turkey, it is time it were done."

"Do you mean Dick?"

"Yes," with a little quiver in her voice.

"I understand you—you mean to kill him—poor Dick! the only pet we ever had."

She broke right down at this, and began to cry.

"What is the matter here?" said our kind, energetic neighbor, Mrs. T——, who came in to pay us one of her informal visits. She was from Philadelphia, and, though a gifted woman, with a wide range of reading and observation of human life, was not a sentimentalist. She laughed at the weeping mistress of the parsonage, and, going to the back door, she called out: "Dick! Dick!"

Dick, who was taking the air high up on the hillside, came at the call, making long strides, and sounding his "Oot, oot, oot," which was the formula by which he expressed all his emotions, varying only the tone.

Dick, as he stood with outstretched neck and a look of expectation in his honest eyes, was scooped up by our neighbor, and carried off down the hill in the most summary manner.

In about an hour Dick was brought back. He was dressed. He was also stuffed.

"THE GRAIN KING."

SO they called him—the "Grain King." Kingly he was in presence and in spirit. Like Saul, he stood head and shoulders higher than other men. His stature was seven feet and his girth to match. His name was often heard in the marts of trade and on the lips of the poor and friendless. What power there was in his head and face!—a massive head that bulged at the points where the phrenologists locate brain force and benevolence, a face whose strong lines were softened by that indefinable touch from within which marks some men as the special almoners of the Heavenly Father's bounty to his needy children. He made money by the million, and spent it like a prince as he was—a prince by right of royalty of soul.

The college folk at Santa Rosa had put on me the duty of raising some money for its urgent need of a scientific apparatus.

I went to the "Grain King" and briefly stated the object of my call.

"How much do you want me to give?" he asked with businesslike quickness.

Disclaiming any wish to do so unusual a thing as to dictate or suggest the precise amount of a donation of this sort, I nevertheless in a good-natured way ventured to name a modest sum that would satisfy me.

"No, no," he replied kindly; "that is not my share; you must get the best, and keep up with

the times. Take this with my good wishes," handing me as he spoke a check for just four times the sum I had named. That was the "Grain King."

During our Civil War—may its passions be buried and may we never have another!—he sent by way of Nassau a monthly gift of five hundred dollars to the poor of his native city, Charleston, S. C. That was the "Grain King."

He was the grain king of the Pacific Coast. The wheat market, it was said, moved up or down at his nod. His warehouses held millions of bushels at a time, his ships dotted all the seas sailed by modern commerce. If he abused his power, and bulled and beared the grain market after the manner of the business kings of our times, I never heard of it. The temptation to do so must have been strong. That would not have been the "Grain King," as I saw him and as he is idealized in my thought.

By a sudden turn of trade he lost some millions of dollars one day, and was thereafter a grain king dethroned. But not soon will fade from the memory of Californians the stately and kindly image of Isaac Friedlander, the "Grain King" of San Francisco.

He was a Jew. Would it be irreverent or in bad taste to say that he was a prince of the house of David?

THE DIGGERS.

THE Digger Indian holds a low place in the scale of humanity. He is not intelligent, he is not handsome, he is not very brave. He stands near the foot of his class, and I fear he is not likely to go up any higher. It is more likely that the places that know him now will soon know him no more, for the reason that he seems readier to adopt the bad white man's whisky and diseases than the good white man's morals and religion. Ethnologically he has given rise to much conflicting speculation, with which I will not trouble the gentle reader. He has been in California a long time, and he does not know that he was ever anywhere else. His pedigree does not trouble him; he is more concerned about getting something to eat. It is not because he is an agriculturist that he is called a Digger, but because he grabbles for wild roots and has a general fondness for dirt. I said he was not handsome, and when we consider his rusty, dark-brown color, his heavy features, fishy black eyes, coarse, black hair, and clumsy gait, nobody will dispute the statement. But one Digger is uglier than another, and an old squaw caps the climax.

The first Digger I ever saw was the best-looking. He had learned a little English, and loafed around the mining camps, picking up a meal where he could get it. He called himself "Captain Charley," and, like a true native American, was proud of his title. If it was self-assumed, he was

still following the precedent set by a vast host of captains, majors, colonels, and generals, who never wore a uniform or hurt anybody. He made his appearance at the little parsonage on the hillside in Sonora one day, and, thrusting his bare head into the door, he said, "Me Cappin Charley," tapping his chest complacently as he spoke.

Returning his salutation, I waited for him to speak again.

"You got grub—*coche carne?*" he asked, mixing his Spanish and English.

Some food was given him, which he snatched rather eagerly, and began to eat at once. It was evident that Capt. Charley had not breakfasted that morning. He was a hungry Indian, and when he got through his meal there was no reserve of rations in the unique repository of dishes and food which has been mentioned heretofore in these "Sketches." Peering about the premises, Capt. Charley made a discovery. The modest little parsonage stood on a steep incline, the upper side resting on the red, gravelly earth, while the lower side was raised three or four feet from the ground. The vacant space underneath had been used by our several bachelor predecessors as a receptacle for cast-off clothing. Malone, Lockley, and Evans had thus disposed of their discarded apparel, and Drury Bond, and one or two other miners, had also added to the treasures that caught the eye of the inquisitive Digger. It was a museum of sartorial curiosities—seedy and ripped broadcloth coats, vests, and pants, flannel mining shirts of gay colors and of different degrees of wear and tear, linen shirts that looked like battle flags that had been through the war, and old shoes and boots of all sorts, from the high rubber waterproofs used by miners to the ragged slippers that had adorned the

feet of the lonely single parsons whose names are written above.

"Me take um?" asked Capt. Charley, pointing to the treasure he had discovered.

Leave was given, and Capt. Charley lost no time in taking possession of the coveted goods. He chuckled to himself as one article after another was drawn forth from the pile, which seemed to be almost inexhaustible. When he had gotten all out and piled up together, it was a rare-looking sight.

"*Mucho bueno!*" exclaimed Capt. Charley, as he proceeded to array himself in a pair of trousers. Then a shirt, then a vest, and then a coat were put on. And then another, and another, and yet another suit were donned in the same order. He was fast becoming a "big Indian" indeed. We looked on and smiled, sympathizing with the evident delight of our visitor in his superabundant wardrobe. He was in full dress, and enjoyed it. But he made a failure at one point: his feet were too large, or were not the right shape, for white men's boots or shoes. He tried several pairs, but his huge flat foot would not enter them, and finally he threw down the last one tried by him with a Spanish exclamation not fit to be printed in these pages. That language is a musical one, but its oaths are very harsh in sound. A battered "stove-pipe" hat was found among the spoils turned over to Capt. Charley. Placing it on his head jauntily, he turned to us, saying, "*Adios!*" and went strutting down the street, the picture of gratified vanity. His appearance on Washington Street, the main thoroughfare of the place, thus gorgeously and abundantly arrayed, created a sensation. It was as good as a "show" to the jolly miners, always ready to be amused. Capt. Charley was known to

most of them, and they had a kindly feeling for the good-natured "fool Injun," as one of them called him in my hearing.

The next Digger I noticed was of the gentler (but in this case not lovelier) sex. She was an old squaw who was in mourning. The sign of her grief was the black *adobe* mud spread over her face. She sat all day motionless and speechless, gazing up into the sky. Her grief was caused by the death of a child, and her sorrowful look showed that she had a mother's heart. Poor, degraded creature! What were her thoughts as she sat there looking so pitifully up into the silent, far-off heavens? All the livelong day she gazed thus fixedly into the sky, taking no notice of the passers-by, neither speaking, eating, nor drinking. It was a custom of the tribe, but its peculiar significance is unknown to me.

It was a great night at an adjoining camp when the old chief died. It was made the occasion of a fearful orgy. Dry wood and brush were gathered into a huge pile, the body of the dead chief was placed upon it, and the mass set on fire. As the flames blazed upward with a roar, the Indians, several hundred in number, broke forth into wild wailings and howlings, the shrill soprano of the women rising high above the din, as they marched around the burning pyre. Fresh fuel was supplied from time to time, and all night long the flames lighted up the surrounding hills, which echoed with the shouts and howls of the savages. It was a touch of Pandemonium. At dawn there was nothing left of the dead chief but ashes. The mourners took up their line of march toward the Stanislaus River, the squaws bearing their papooses on their backs, the "bucks" leading the way.

The Digger believes in a future life, and in

future rewards and punishments. Good Indians and bad Indians are subjected to the same ordeal at death. Each one is rewarded according to his deeds.

The disembodied soul comes to a wide, turbid river, whose angry waters rush on to an unknown destination, roaring and foaming. From high banks on either side of the stream is stretched a pole, smooth and small, over which he is required to walk. Upon the result of this *post mortem* Blondinizing his fate depends. If he was in life a very good Indian, he goes over safely, and finds on the other side a paradise, where the skies are cloudless, the air balmy, the flowers brilliant in color and sweet in perfume, the springs many and cool, the deer plentiful and fat. In this fair clime there are no bad Indians, no briers, no snakes, no grizzly bears. Such is the paradise of good Diggers. The Indian who was in life a mixed character, not all good or bad, but made up of both, starts across the fateful river, gets on very well until he reaches about halfway over, when his head becomes dizzy, and he tumbles into the boiling flood below. He swims for his life. (Every Indian on earth can swim, and he does not forget the art in the world of spirits.) Buffeting the waters, he is carried swiftly down the rushing current, and at last makes the shore, to find a country which, like his former life, is a mixture of good and bad. Some days are fair, and others are rainy and chilly; flowers and brambles grow together; there are some springs of water, but they are few, and not all cool and sweet; the deer are few and shy and lean, and grizzly bears roam the hills and valleys. This is the Limbo of the moderately wicked Digger. The very bad Indian, placing his feet upon the attenuated bridge of doom, makes a few steps for-

ward, stumbles, falls into the whirling waters below, and is swept downward with fearful velocity. At last, with desperate struggles, he half swims and is half washed ashore on the same side from which he started, to find a dreary land where the sun never shines, and the cold rains always pour down from the dark skies, where the water is brackish and foul, where no flowers ever bloom, where leagues may be traversed without seeing a deer, and grizzly bears abound. This is the hell of very bad Indians, and a very bad one it is. The worst Indians of all, at death, are transformed into grizzly bears.

The Digger has a good appetite, and he is not particular about his eating. He likes grasshoppers, clover, acorns, roots, and fish. The flesh of a dead mule, horse, cow, or hog does not come amiss to him—I mean the flesh of such as die natural deaths. He eats what he can get, and all he can get. In the grasshopper season he is fat and flourishing. In the suburbs of Sonora I came one day upon a lot of squaws who were engaged in catching grasshoppers. Stretched along in line, armed with thick branches of pine, they threshed the ground in front of them as they advanced, driving the grasshoppers before them in constantly increasing numbers, until the air was thick with the flying insects. Their course was directed to a deep gully, or gulch, into which they fell exhausted. It was astonishing to see with what dexterity the squaws would gather them up and thrust them into a sort of covered basket, made of willow twigs or tule grass, while the insects would be trying to escape, but would fall back unable to rise above the sides of the gulch in which they had been entrapped. The grasshoppers are dried, or cured, for winter use. A white man who had tried them

told me they were pleasant eating, having a flavor very similar to that of a good shrimp. (I was content to take his word for it.)

When Bishop Soule was in California, in 1853, he paid a visit to a Digger campoody (or village) in the Calaveras hills. He was profoundly interested, and expressed an ardent desire to be instrumental in the conversion of one of these poor kin. It was yet early in the morning when the Bishop and his party arrived, and the Diggers were not astir, save here and there a squaw, in primitive array, who slouched lazily toward a spring of water hard by. But soon the arrival of the visitors was made known, and the bucks, squaws, and papooses swarmed forth. They cast curious looks upon the whole party, but were specially struck with the majestic bearing of the Bishop, as were the passing crowds in London, who stopped in the streets to gaze with admiration upon the great American preacher. The Digger chief did not conceal his delight. After looking upon the Bishop fixedly for some moments, he went up to him, and, tapping first his own chest and then the Bishop's, he said: "Me big man; you big man!" It was his opinion that two great men had met, and that the occasion was a grand one. Moralizing to the contrary notwithstanding, greatness is not always lacking in self-consciousness.

"I would like to go into one of their wigwams, or huts, and see how they really live," said the Bishop.

"You had better drop that idea," said the guide, a white man who knew more about Digger Indians than was good for his reputation and morals, but who was a good-hearted fellow, always ready to do a friendly turn, and with plenty of time on his hands to do it. The genius born to live without

work will make his way by his wits, whether it be in the lobby at Washington City or as a hanger-on at a Digger camp.

The Bishop insisted on going inside the chief's wigwam, which was a conical structure of long tule grass, air-tight and weatherproof, with an aperture in front just large enough for a man's body in a crawling attitude. Sacrificing his dignity, the Bishop went down on all fours, and then a degree lower, and, following the chief, crawled in. The air was foul, the smells were strong, and the light was dim. The chief proceeded to tender to his distinguished guest the hospitalities of the establishment by offering to share his breakfast with him. The bill of fare was grasshoppers, with acorns as a side dish. The Bishop maintained his dignity as he squatted there in the dirt—*his* dignity was equal to any test. He declined the grasshoppers tendered him by the chief, pleading that he had already breakfasted, but watched with peculiar sensations the movements of his host, as handful after handful of the crisp and juicy *gryllus vulgaris* were crammed into his capacious mouth, and swallowed. What he saw and smelled, and the absence of fresh air, began to tell upon the Bishop —he became sick and pale, while a gentle perspiration, like unto that felt in the beginning of sea-sickness, beaded his noble forehead. With slow dignity, but marked emphasis, he spoke: "Brother Bristow, I propose that we retire."

They retired, and there is no record that Bishop Soule ever expressed the least desire to repeat his visit to the interior of a Digger Indian's abode.

The whites had many difficulties with the Diggers in the early days. In most cases I think the whites were chiefly to blame. It is very hard for the strong to be just to the weak. The weakest

creature, pressed hard, will strike back. White women and children were massacred in retaliation for outrages committed upon the ignorant Indians by white outlaws. Then there would be a sweeping destruction of Indians by the excited whites, who in those days made rather light of Indian shooting. The shooting of a "buck" was about the same thing, whether it was a male Digger or a deer.

"There is not much fight in a Digger unless he's got the dead wood on you, an' then he'll make it rough for you. But these Injuns are of no use, an' I'd about as soon shoot one of 'em as a coyote" (ki-o-te).

The speaker was a very red-faced, sandy-haired man, with bloodshot, blue eyes, whom I met on his return to the Humboldt country, after a visit to San Francisco.

"Did you ever shoot an Indian?" I asked.

"I first went up into the Eel River country in '46," he answered. "They give us a lot of trouble in them days. They would steal cattle, an' our boys would shoot. But we've never had much difficulty with 'em since the big fight we had with 'em in 1849. A good deal of devilment had been goin' on all roun', an' some had been killed on both sides. The Injuns killed two women on a ranch in the valley, an' then we sot in just to wipe 'em out. Their camp was in a bend of the river, near the head of the valley, with a deep slough on the right flank. There was about sixty of us, an' Dave —— was our captain. He was a hard rider, a dead shot, an' not very tender-hearted. The boys sorter liked him, but kep' a sharp eye on him, knowin' he was so quick an' handy with a pistol. Our plan was to git to their camp an' fall on 'em at daybreak, but the sun was risin' just as we come

in sight of it. A dog barked, an' Dave sung out: 'Out with your pistols! pitch in, an' give 'em the hot lead!' In we galloped at full speed, an' as the Injuns come out to see what was up, we let 'em have it. We shot forty bucks; about a dozen got away by swimmin' the river."

"Were any of the women killed?"

"A few were knocked over. You can't be particular when you are in a hurry; an' a squaw, when her blood is up, will fight equal to a buck."

The fellow spoke with evident pride, feeling that he was detailing a heroic affair, having no idea that he had done anything wrong in merely killing "bucks." I noticed that this same man was very kind to an old lady who took the stage for Bloomfield—helping her into the vehicle, and looking after her baggage. When we parted, I did not care to take the hand that had held a pistol that morning when the Digger camp was "wiped out."

The scattered remnants of the Digger tribes were gathered into a reservation in Round Valley, Mendocino County, north of the Bay of San Francisco, and were there taught a mild form of agricultural life, and put under the care of government agents, contractors, and soldiers, with about the usual results. One agent, who was also a preacher, took several hundred of them into the Christian Church. They seemed to have mastered the leading facts of the gospel, and attained considerable proficiency in the singing of hymns. Altogether, the result of this effort at their conversion showed that they were human beings, and as such could be made recipients of the truth and grace of God, who is the Father of all the families of the earth. Their spiritual guide told me he had to make one compromise with them—they would dance. Extremes meet: the fashionable white

Christians of our gay capitals and the tawny Digger exhibit the same weakness for the fascinating exercise that cost John the Baptist his head.

There is one thing a Digger cannot bear, and that is the comforts and luxuries of civilized life. A number of my friends, who had taken Digger children to raise, found that as they approached maturity they fell into a decline and died, in most cases of some pulmonary affection. The only way to save them was to let them rough it, avoiding warm bedrooms and too much clothing.

The Digger seems to be doomed. Civilization kills him; and if he sticks to his savagery, he will go down before the bullets, whisky, and vices of his white fellow-sinners.

FATHER FISHER.

HE came to California in 1855. The Pacific Conference was in session at Sacramento. It was announced that the new preacher from Texas would preach at night. The boat was detained in some way, and he just had time to reach the church, where a large and expectant congregation were in waiting. Below medium height, plainly dressed, and with a sort of peculiar shuffling movement as he went down the aisle, he attracted no special notice except for the profoundly reverential manner that never left him anywhere. But the moment he faced his audience and spoke, it was evident to them that a man of mark stood before them. They were magnetized at once, and every eye was fixed upon the strong yet benignant face, the capacious blue eyes, the ample forehead, and massive head, bald on top, with silver locks on either side. His tones in reading the scripture and the hymns were remarkably solemn and very musical. The blazing fervor of the prayer that followed was absolutely startling to some of the preachers, who had cooled down under the depressing influence of the moral atmosphere of the country. It almost seemed as if we could hear the rush of the pentecostal wind and see the tongues of flame. The very house seemed to be rocking on its foundations. By the time the prayer had ended, all were in a glow, and ready for the sermon. The text I do not now call to mind, but the impression made by

the sermon remains. I had seen and heard preachers who glowed in the pulpit; this man blazed. His words poured forth in a molten flood, his face shone like a furnace heated from within, his large blue eyes flashed with the lightning of impassioned sentiment, and anon swam in pathetic appeal that no heart could resist. Body, brain, and spirit—all seemed to feel the mighty afflatus. His very frame seemed to expand, and the little man who had gone into the pulpit with shuffling step and downcast eyes was transfigured before us. When, with radiant face, upturned eyes, an upward sweep of his arm, and trumpet voice, he shouted, "Hallelujah to God!" the tide of emotion broke over all barriers, the people rose to their feet, and the church reëchoed with their responsive hallelujahs. The new preacher from Texas that night gave some Californians a new idea of evangelical eloquence, and took his place as a burning and a shining light among the ministers of God on the Pacific coast.

"He is the man we want for San Francisco!" exclaimed the impulsive B. T. Crouch, who had kindled into a generous enthusiasm under that marvelous discourse.

He was sent to San Francisco. He was one of a company of preachers who have successively had charge of the Southern Methodist Church in that wondrous city inside the Golden Gate—Boring, Evans, Fisher, Fitzgerald, Gober, Brown, Bailey, Wood, Miller, Ball, Hoss, Chamberlin, Mahon, Tuggle, Simmons, Henderson. There was an almost unlimited diversity of temperament, culture, and gifts among these men; but they all had a similar experience in this, that San Francisco gave them new revelations of human nature and of themselves. Some went away crippled and

scarred, some sad, some broken; but perhaps in the Great Day it may be found that for each and all there was a hidden blessing in the heart throes of a service that seemed to demand that they should sow in bitter tears, and know no joyful reaping this side of the grave. O my brothers, who have felt the fires of this furnace heated seven times hotter than usual, shall we not in the resting place beyond the river realize that these fires burned out of us the dross that we did not know was in our souls? The bird that comes out of the tempest with broken wing may henceforth take a lowlier flight, but will be safer because it ventures no more into the region of storms.

Fisher did not succeed in San Francisco, because he could not get a hearing. A little handful would meet him on Sunday mornings in one of the upper rooms of the old City Hall, and listen to sermons that sent them away in a religious glow, but he had no leverage for getting at the masses. He was no adept in the methods by which the modern sensational preacher compels the attention of the novelty-loving crowds in our cities. An evangelist in every fiber of his being, he chafed under the limitations of his charge in San Francisco; and from time to time he would make a dash into the country, where, at camp meetings and other special occasions, he preached the gospel with a power that broke many a sinner's heart, and with a persuasiveness that brought many a wanderer back to the Good Shepherd's fold. His bodily energy, like his religious zeal, was unflagging. It seemed little less than a miracle that he could, day after day, make such vast expenditure of nervous energy without exhaustion. He put all his strength into every sermon and exhortation, whether addressed to admiring and weeping thou-

sands at a great camp meeting, or to a dozen or less "stand-bys" at the Saturday morning service of a quarterly meeting.

He had his trials and crosses. Those who knew him intimately learned to expect his mightiest pulpit efforts when the shadow on his face and the unconscious sigh showed that he was passing through the waters and crying to God out of the depths. In such experiences, the strong man is revealed and gathers new strength; the weak one goes under. But his strength was more than mere natural force of will; it was the strength of a mighty faith in God—that unseen force by which the saints work righteousness, subdue kingdoms, escape the violence of fire, and stop the mouths of lions.

As a flame of fire, Fisher itinerated all over California and Oregon, kindling a blaze of revival in almost every place he touched. He was mighty in the Scriptures, and seemed to know the Book by heart. His was no rose water theology. He believed in a hell, and pictured it in Bible language with a vividness and awfulness that thrilled the stoutest sinner's heart; he believed in heaven, and spoke of it in such a way that it seemed that with him faith had already changed to sight. The gates of pearl, the crystal river, the shining ranks of the white-robed throngs, their songs swelling as the sound of many waters, the holy love and rapture of the glorified hosts of the redeemed, were made to pass in panoramic procession before the listening multitudes, until the heaven he pictured seemed to be a present reality. He lived in the atmosphere of the supernatural; the spirit world was to him most real.

"I have been out of the body," he said to me one day. The words were spoken softly, and his

countenance, always grave in its aspect, deepened in its solemnity of expression as he spoke.

"How was that?" I inquired.

"It was in Texas. I was returning from a quarterly meeting where I had preached one Sunday morning with great liberty and with unusual effect. The horses attached to my vehicle became frightened, and ran away. They were wholly beyond control, plunging down the road at a fearful speed, when, by a slight turn to one side, the wheel struck a large log. There was a concussion, and then a blank. The next thing I knew I was floating in the air above the road. I saw everything as plainly as I see your face at this moment. There lay my body in the road; there lay the log; and there were the trees, the fence, the fields, and everything, perfectly natural. My motion, which had been upward, was arrested, and as, poised in the air, I looked at my body lying there in the road so still, I felt a strong desire to go back to it, and found myself sinking toward it. The next thing I knew I was lying in the road where I had been thrown out, with a number of friends about me, some holding up my head, others chafing my hands, or looking on with pity or alarm. Yes, I was out of the body for a little, and I know there is a spirit world."

His voice had sunk into a sort of whisper, and the tears were in his eyes. I was strangely thrilled. Both of us were silent for a time, as if we heard the echoes of voices and saw the beckonings of shadowy hands from that other world which sometimes seems so far away, and yet is so near to each one of us.

> Surely yon heaven, where angels see God's face,
> Is not so distant as we deem
> From this low earth. 'Tis but a little space,
> 'Tis but a veil the winds might blow aside;

Yes, this all that us of earth divide
From the bright dwellings of the glorified,
The land of which I dream.

But it was no dream to this man of mighty faith, the windows of whose soul opened at all times Godward. To him immortality was a demonstrated fact, an experience. He had been out of the body.

Intensity was his dominating quality. He wrote verses, and whatever they may have lacked of the subtle element that marks poetical genius, they were full of his ardent personality and devotional *abandon*. He compounded medicines whose virtues, backed by his own unwavering faith, wrought wondrous cures. On several occasions he accepted challenge to polemic battle, and his opponents found in him a fearless warrior, whose onset was next to irresistible. In these discussions it was no uncommon thing for his arguments to close with such bursts of spiritual power that the doctrinal duel would end in a great religious excitement, bearing disputants and hearers away on mighty tides of feeling that none could resist.

I saw in the *Texas Christian Advocate* an incident, related by Dr. F. A. Mood, that gives a good idea of what Fisher's eloquence was when in full tide:

"About ten years ago," says Dr. M., "when the train from Houston, on the Central railroad, on one occasion reached Hempstead, it was peremptorily brought to a halt. There was a strike among the employees of the road, on what was significantly called by the strikers the 'Death Warrant.' The road, it seems, had required all of its employees to sign a paper renouncing all claims to moneyed reparation in case of their bodily injury while in its service. The excitement incident to a strike was at its height at Hempstead when our train reached there. The tracks were

blocked with trains that had been stopped as they arrived from the different branches of the road, and the employees were gathered about in groups, discussing the situation—the passengers peering around with hopeless curiosity. When our train stopped, the conductor told us that we would have to lie over all night, and many of the passengers left to find accommodations in the hotels of the town. It was now night, when a man came into the car and exclaimed: 'The strikers are tarring and feathering a poor wretch out here, who has taken sides with the road; come out and see it.' Nearly every one in the car hastened out. I had risen, when a gentleman behind me gently pulled my coat, and said to me: 'Sit down a moment.' He went on to say: 'I judge, sir, that you are a clergyman; and I advise you to remain here. You may be put to much inconvenience by having to appear as a witness; in a mob of that sort, too, there is no telling what may follow.' I thanked him and resumed my seat. He then asked me to what denomination I belonged, and upon my telling him that I was a Methodist preacher, he asked eagerly and promptly if I had ever met a Methodist preacher in Texas by the name of Fisher, describing accurately the appearance of our glorified brother. Finding that I knew him well, he proceeded to give the following incident. I give it as nearly as I can in his own words. Said he:

"'I am a Californian; have practiced law for years in that State, and, at the time I allude to, was district judge. I was holding court at —— [I cannot now recall the name of the town he mentioned], and on Saturday was told that a Methodist camp meeting was being held a few miles from town. I determined to visit it, and reached the place of meeting in good time to hear the great

preacher of the occasion, Father Fisher. The meeting was held in a river canyon. The rocks towered hundreds of feet on either side, rising over like an arch. Through the ample space over which the rocks hung the river flowed, furnishing abundance of cool water, while a pleasant breeze fanned a shaded spot. A great multitude had assembled—hundreds of very hard cases, who had gathered there, like myself, for the mere novelty of the thing. I am not a religious man—never have been thrown under religious influences. I respect religion, and respect its teachers, but have been very little in contact with religious things. At the appointed time, the preacher rose. He was small, with white hair combed back from his forehead, and he wore a venerable beard. I do not know much about the Bible, and I cannot quote from his text, but he preached on the judgment. I tell you, sir, I have heard eloquence at the bar and on the hustings, but I never heard such eloquence as that old preacher gave us that day. At the last, when he described the multitudes calling on the rocks and mountains to fall on them, I instinctively looked up to the arching rocks above me. Will you believe it, sir?—as I looked up, to my horror I saw the walls of the canyon swaying as if they were coming together! Just then the preacher called on all that needed mercy to kneel down. I recollect he said something like this: "'Every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess;' and you might as well do it now as then." The whole multitude fell on their knees — every one of them. Although I had never done so before, I confess to you, sir, that I got down on my knees. I did not want to be buried right then and there by those rocks that seemed to be swaying to destroy me. The old man prayed for us; it was

a wonderful prayer! I want to see him once more; where will I be likely to find him?'

"When he had closed his narrative, I said to him: 'Judge, I hope you have bowed frequently since that day.' 'Alas! no, sir,' he replied, 'not much; but depend upon it, Father Fisher is a wonderful orator—he made me think that day that the walls of the canyon were falling.'"

He went back to Texas, the scene of his early labors and triumphs, to die. His evening sky was not cloudless—he suffered much—but his sunset was calm and bright; his waking in the Morning Land was glorious. If it was at that short period of silence spoken of in the Apocalypse, we may be sure it was broken when Fisher went in.

THE CALIFORNIA MADHOUSE.

ON my first visit to the State Insane Asylum, at Stockton, I was struck by the beauty of a boy of some seven or eight years, who was moving about the grounds clad in a strait-jacket. In reply to my inquiries, the resident physician told me his history:

"About a year ago he was on his way to California with the family to which he belonged. He was a general pet among the passengers on the steamer. Handsome, confiding, and overflowing with boyish spirits, everybody had a smile and a kind word for the winning little fellow. Even the rough sailors would pause a moment to pat his curly head as they passed. One day a sailor, yielding to a playful impulse in passing, caught up the boy in his arms, crying: 'I am going to throw you into the sea!'

"The child gave one scream of terror, and went into convulsions. When the paroxysm subsided, he opened his eyes and gazed around with a vacant expression. His mother, who bent over him with a pale face, noticed the look, and almost screamed: 'Tommy, here is your mother! Don't you know me?

"The child gave no sign of recognition. He never knew his poor mother again. He was literally frightened out of his senses. The mother's anguish was terrible. The remorse of the sailor

for his thoughtless freak was so great that it in some degree disarmed the indignation of the passengers and crew. The child had learned to read, and had made rapid progress in the studies suited to his age, but all was swept away by the cruel blow. He was unable to utter a word intelligently. Since he has been here there have been signs of returning mental consciousness, and we have begun with him as with an infant. He knows and can call his own name, and is now learning the alphabet."

"How is his health?"

"His health is pretty good, except that he has occasional convulsive attacks that can only be controlled by the use of powerful opiates."

I was glad to learn, on a visit made two years later, that the unfortunate boy had died.

This child was murdered by a fool. The fools are always murdering children, though the work is not always done as effectually as in this case. They cripple and half kill them by terror. There are many who will read this sketch who will carry to the grave and into the world of spirits natures out of which half the sweetness and brightness and beauty has been crushed by ignorance or brutality. In most cases it is ignorance. The hand that should guide, smites; the voice that should soothe, jars the sensitive chords that are untuned forever. He who thoughtlessly excites terror in a child's heart is unconsciously doing the devil's work; he that does it consciously is a devil.

"There is a lady here whom I wish you would talk to. She belongs to one of the most respectable families in San Francisco, is cultivated, refined, and has been the center of a large and loving circle. Her monomania is spiritual despair. She thinks she has committed the unpardonable sin.

There she is now. I will introduce you to her. Talk with her, and comfort her if you can."

She was a tall, well-formed woman in black, with all the marks of refinement in her dress and bearing. She was walking the floor to and fro with rapid steps, wringing her hands and moaning piteously. Indescribable anguish was in her face —it was a *hopeless* face. It haunted my thoughts for many days, and it is vividly before me as I write now. The kind physician introduced me, and left the apartment.

There is a sacredness about such an interview that inclines me to veil its details.

"I am willing to talk with you, sir, and appreciate your motive, but I understand my situation. I have committed the unpardonable sin, and I know there is no hope for me."

With the earnestness excited by intense sympathy, I combated her conclusion, and felt certain that I could make her see and feel that she had given way to an illusion.

She listened respectfully to all I had to say, and then said again: "I know my situation. I denied my Saviour after all his goodness to me, and he has left me forever."

There was the frozen calmness of utter despair in look and tone. I left her as I found her.

"I will introduce you to another woman, the opposite of the poor lady you have just seen. She thinks she is a queen, and is perfectly harmless. You must be careful to humor her illusion. There she is; let me present you."

She was a woman of immense size, enormously fat, with broad, red face, and a self-satisfied smirk, dressed in some sort of flaming scarlet stuff, profusely tinseled all over, making a gorgeously ridiculous effect. She received me with a mixture of

mock dignity and smiling condescension, and, surveying herself admiringly, she asked: "How do you like my dress?"

It was not the first time that royalty had shown itself not above the little weaknesses of human nature. On being told that her apparel was indeed magnificent, she was much pleased, and drew herself up proudly, and was a picture of ecstatic vanity. Are the real queens as happy? When they lay aside their royal robes for their graveclothes, will not the pageantry which was the glory of their lives seem as vain as that of this tinseled queen of the madhouse? Where is happiness, after all? Is it in the circumstances, the external conditions? or is it in the mind? Such were the thoughts passing through my mind, when a man approached me with a violin. Every eye brightened, and the queen seemed to thrill with pleasure in every nerve.

"This is the only way we can get some of them to take any exercise. The music rouses them, and they will dance as long as they are permitted to do so."

The fiddler struck up a lively tune, and the queen, with marvelous lightness of step and ogling glances, ambled up to a tall, raw-boned Methodist preacher, who had come with me, and invited him to dance with her. The poor parson seemed sadly embarrassed, as her manner was very pressing; but he awkwardly and confusedly declined, amid the titters of all present. It was a singular spectacle, that dance of the madwomen. The most striking figure on the floor was the queen. Her great size, her brilliant apparel, her astonishing agility, the perfect time she kept, the bows, the smiles, and blandishments she bestowed on an imaginary partner were indescribably ludicrous. Now and then

in her evolutions she would cast a momentary reproachful glance at the ungallant clergyman who had refused to dance with feminine royalty, and who stood looking on with a sheepish expression of face. He was a Kentuckian, and lack of gallantry is not a Kentucky trait.

During the session of the Annual Conference at Stockton, in 1859 or 1860, the resident physician invited me to preach to the inmates of the Asylum on Sunday afternoon. The novelty of the service, which was announced in the daily papers, attracted a large number of visitors, among them the greater part of the preachers. The day was one of those bright, clear, beautiful October days, peculiar to California, that make you think of heaven. I stood on the steps, and the hundreds of men and women stood below me with their upturned faces. Among them were old men crushed by sorrow, and old men ruined by vice; aged women with faces that seemed to plead for pity, women that made you shrink from their unwomanly gaze; lionlike young men, made for heroes, but caught in the devil's trap and changed into beasts; and boys whose looks showed that sin had already stamped them with its foul insignia, and burned into their souls the shame which is to be one of the elements of its eternal punishment. A less impressible man than I would have felt moved at the sight of that throng of bruised and broken creatures. A hymn was read, and when Burnet, Kelsay, Neal, and others of the preachers struck up an old tune, voice after voice joined in the melody until it swelled into a mighty volume of sacred song. I noticed that the faces of many were wet with tears, and there was an indescribable pathos in their voices. The pitying God, amid the rapturous hallelujahs of the heavenly hosts, bent to listen to the

music of these broken harps. This text was announced, "My peace I give unto you;" and the sermon began.

Among those standing nearest to me was "Old Kelley," a noted patient, whose monomania was the notion that he was a millionaire, and who spent most of his time in drawing checks on imaginary deposits for vast sums of money. I held one of his checks for a round million, but it has never yet been cashed. The old man pressed up close to me, seeming to feel that the success of the service somehow depended on him. I had not more than fairly begun my discourse, when he broke in: "That's Daniel Webster!"

I don't mind a judicious "Amen," but this put me out a little. I resumed my remarks, and was getting another good start, when he again broke in enthusiastically: "Henry Clay!"

The preachers standing around me smiled. I think I heard one or two of them titter. I could not take my eyes from Kelley, who stood with open mouth and beaming countenance, waiting for me to go on. He held me with an evil fascination. I did go on in a louder voice, and in a sort of desperation; but again my delighted hearer exclaimed: "Calhoun!"

"Old Kelley" spoiled that sermon, though he meant kindly. He died not long afterward, gloating over his fancied millions to the last.

"If you have steady nerves, come with me and I will show you the worst case we have—a woman half tigress and half devil."

Ascending a stairway, I was led to an angle of the building assigned to patients whose violence required them to be kept in close confinement.

"Hark! don't you hear her? She is in one of her paroxysms now."

The sounds that issued from one of the cells were like nothing I had ever heard before. They were a series of unearthly, fiendish shrieks, intermingled with furious imprecations, as of a lost spirit in an ecstasy of rage and fear.

The face that glared upon me through the iron grating was hideous, horrible. It was that of a woman, or of what had been a woman, but was now a wreck out of which evil passion had stamped all that was womanly or human. I involuntarily shrunk back as I met the glare of those fiery eyes, and caught the sound of words that made me shudder. I never suspected myself of being a coward, but I felt glad that the iron bars of the cell against which she dashed herself were strong. I had read of furies—one was now before me. The bloated, gin-inflamed face, the fiery-red, wicked eyes, the swinish chin, the tangled, coarse hair falling around her like writhing snakes, the tigerlike clutch of her dirty fingers, the horrible words—the picture was sickening, disgust for the time almost extinguishing pity.

"She was the keeper of a beer saloon in San Francisco, and led a life of drunkenness and licentiousness until she broke down, and she was brought here."

"Is there any hope of her restoration?"

"I fear not. Nothing short of a miracle can retune an instrument so fearfully broken and jangled."

I thought of her out of whom were cast the seven devils, and of Him who came to seek and to save the lost, and, resisting the impulse that prompted me to hurry away from the sight and hearing of this lost woman, I tried to talk with her, but had to retire at last amid a volley of such words as I hope never to hear from a woman's lips again.

"Listen! Did you ever hear a sweeter voice than that?"

I had heard the voice before, and thrilled under its power. It was a female voice of wonderful richness and volume, with a touch of something in it that moved you strangely—a sort of intensity that set your pulses to beating faster, while it entranced you. The whole of the spacious grounds were flooded with the melody, and the passing teamsters on the public highway would pause and listen with wonder and delight. The singer was a fair young girl, with dark auburn hair, large brown eyes, that were at times dreamy and sad, and then again lit up with excitement, as her moods changed from sad to gay.

"She will sit silent for hours, gazing listlessly out of the window, and then all at once break forth into a burst of song so sweet and thrilling that the other patients gather near her and listen in rapt silence and delight. Sometimes at a dead hour of the night her voice is heard, and then it seems that she is under a special *afflatus*—she seems to be inspired by the very soul of music, and her songs, wild and sad, wailing and rollicking, by turns, but all exquisitely sweet, fill the long night hours with their melody."

The shock caused by the sudden death of her betrothed lover overthrew her reason and blighted her life. By the mercy of God, the love of music and the gift of song survived the wreck of love and of reason. This girl's voice, pealing forth upon the still summer evening air, is mingled with my last recollection of Stockton and its refuge for the doubly miserable who are doomed to death in life.

THE REBLOOMING.

IT is now more than thirty years since the morning a slender youth of handsome face and modest mien came into my office on the corner of Montgomery and Clay Streets, San Francisco. He was the son of a preacher well known in Missouri and California, a man of rare good sense, caustic wit, and many eccentricities. The young man became an *attaché* of my newspaper office and an inmate of my home. He was as fair as a girl, and refined in his taste and manners. A genial taciturnity, if the expression may be allowed, marked his bearing in the social circle. Everybody had a kind feeling and a good word for the quiet, bright-faced youth. In the discharge of his duties in the office he was punctual and trustworthy, showing not only industry, but unusual aptitude for business. It was with special pleasure that I learned that he was turning his thoughts to the subject of religion. During the services in the little Pine Street church he would sit with thoughtful face, and not seldom with moistened eyes. He read the Bible and prayed in secret. I was not surprised when he came to me one day and opened his heart. The great crisis in his life had come. God was speaking to his soul, and he was listening to his voice. The uplifted cross drew him, and he yielded to the gentle attraction. We prayed together, and henceforth there was a new and sacred bond that bound us to each other. I felt that I was a witness to the most solemn transaction that can take place on earth: the wedding of a soul to a heavenly faith. Soon

thereafter he went to Virginia to attend college. There he united with the Church. His letters to me were full of gratitude and joy. It was the blossoming of his spiritual life, and the air was full of its fragrance, and the earth was flooded with glory. A pedestrian tour among the Virginia hills brought him into communion with nature at a time when it was rapture to drink in its beauty and its grandeur. The light kindled within his soul by the touch of the Holy Spirit transfigured the scenery upon which he gazed, and the glory of God shone round about the young student in the flush and blessedness of his first love. O blessed days! O days of brightness and sweetness and rapture! The soul is then in its blossoming time, and all high enthusiasms, all bright dreams, all thrilling joys, are realities which inwork themselves into the consciousness, to be forgotten never; to remain with us as prophecies of the eternal springtime that awaits the true-hearted on the hills of God beyond the grave, or as accusing voices charging us with the murder of our dead ideals. Amid the dust and din of the battle in after years we turn to this radiant spot in our journey with smiles or tears, according as we have been true or false to the impulses, aspirations, and purposes inspired within us by that first and brightest and nearest manifestation of God. Such a season is as natural to every life as the April buds and June roses are to forest and garden. The springtime of some lives is deferred by unpropitious circumstance to the time when it should be glowing with autumnal glory, and rich in the fruitage of the closing year. The life that does not blossom into religion in youth may have light at noon, and peace at sunset, but misses the morning glory on the hills and the dew that sparkles on grass and

flower. The call of God to the young to seek him early is the expression of a true psychology no less than of a love infinite in its depth and tenderness.

His college course finished, my young friend returned to California, and in one of its beautiful valley towns he entered a law office, with a view to prepare himself for the legal profession. Here he was thrown into daily association with a little knot of skeptical lawyers. As is often the case, their moral obliquities ran parallel with their errors in opinion. They swore, gambled genteelly, and drank. It is not strange that in this icy atmosphere the growth of my young friend in the Christian life was stunted. Such influences are like the dreaded north wind that at times sweeps over the valleys of California in the spring and early summer, blighting and withering the vegetation it does not kill. The brightness of his hope was dimmed, and his soul knew the torture of doubt—a torture that is always keenest to him who allows himself to sink in the region of fogs after he has once stood upon the sunlit summit of faith. Just at this crisis a thing little in itself deepened the shadow that was falling upon his life. A personal misunderstanding with the pastor kept him from attending church. Thus he lost the most effectual defense against the assaults that were being made upon his faith and hope, in being separated from the fellowship and cut off from the activities of the Church of God. Have you not noted these malign coincidences in life? There are times when it seems that the tide of events sets against us—when, like the princely sufferer of the land of Uz, every messenger that crosses the threshold brings fresh tidings of ill, and our whole destiny seems to be rushing to a predoomed perdition.

The worldly call it bad luck; the superstitious call it fate; the believer in God calls it by another name. Always of a delicate constitution, my friend now exhibited symptoms of serious pulmonary disease. It was at that time the fashion in California to prescribe whisky as a specific for that class of ailments. It is possible that there is virtue in the prescription, but I am sure of one thing—namely, that if consumption diminished, drunkenness increased; if fewer died of phthisis, more died of *delirium tremens*. The physicians of California have sent a host of victims raving and gibbering in drunken frenzy or idiocy down to death and hell. I have reason to believe that my friend inherited a constitutional weakness at this point. As flame to tinder, was the medicinal whisky to him. It grew upon him rapidly, and soon this cloud overshadowed all his life. He struggled hard to break the serpent folds that were tightening around him, but the fire that had been kindled seemed to be quenchless. An uncontrolled evil passion is hell fire. He writhed in its burnings in an agony that could be understood only by such as knew how almost morbidly sensitive was his nature, and how vital was his conscience. I became a pastor in the town where he lived, and renewed my association with him as far as I could. But there was a constraint unlike the old times. When under the influence of liquor he would pass me in the streets with his head down, a deeper flush mantling his cheek as he hurried by with unsteady step. Sometimes I met him staggering homeward through a back street, hiding from the gaze of men. He was at first shy of me when sober; but gradually the constraint wore off, and he seemed disposed to draw nearer to me, as in the old days. His struggle went on, days of

drunkenness following weeks of soberness, his haggard face after each debauch wearing a look of unspeakable weariness and wretchedness. One of the lawyers who had led him into the mazes of doubt—a man of large and versatile gifts, whose lips were touched with a noble and persuasive eloquence—sunk deeper and deeper into the black depths of drunkenness, until the tragedy ended in a horror that lessened the gains of the saloon for at least a few days. He was found dead in his bed one morning in a pool of blood, his throat cut by his own guilty hand.

My friend had married a lovely girl, and the cottage in which they lived was one of the cosiest, and the garden in front was a little paradise of neatness and beauty. Ah! I must drop a veil over a part of this true tale. All along I have written under half protest, the image of a sad, wistful face rising at times between my eyes and the sheet on which these words are traced. They loved each other tenderly and deeply, and both were conscious of the presence of the devil that was turning their heaven into hell.

"Save him, Doctor, save him! He is the noblest of men, and the tenderest, truest husband. He loves you, and he will let you talk to him. Save him, O save him! Help me to pray for him! My heart will break!"

Poor child! her loving heart was indeed breaking; and her fresh young life was crushed under a weight of grief and shame too heavy to be borne.

What *he* said to me in the interviews held in his sober intervals I have not the heart to repeat now. He still fought against his enemy; he still buffeted the billows that were going over him, though with feebler stroke. When their little child died, her tears fell freely, but he was like one stunned.

Stony and silent he stood and saw the little grave filled up, and rode away tearless, the picture of hopelessness.

By a coincidence, after my return to San Francisco, he came thither, and again became my neighbor at North Beach. I went up to see him one evening. He was very feeble, and it was plain that the end was not far off. At the first glance I saw that a great change had taken place in him. He had found his lost self. The strong drink was shut out from him, and he was shut in with his better thoughts and with God. His religious life rebloomed in wondrous beauty and sweetness. The blossoms of his early joy had fallen off, the storms had torn its branches and stripped it of its foliage; but its root had never perished, because he had never ceased to struggle for deliverance. Aspiration and hope live or die together in the human soul. The link that bound my friend to God was never wholly sundered. His better nature clung to the better way with a grasp that never let go altogether.

"O Doctor, I am a wonder to myself! It does seem to me that God has given back to me every good thing I possessed in the bright and blessed past. It has all come back to me. I see the light and feel the joy as I did when I first entered the new life. O, it is wonderful! Doctor, God never gave me up, and I never ceased to yearn for his mercy and love, even in the darkest season of my unhappy life!"

His very face had recovered its old look, and his voice its old tone. There could be no doubt of it —his soul had rebloomed in the life of God.

The last night came. They sent for me with the message: "Come quickly! he is dying."

I found him with that look which I have seen

on the faces of others who were nearing death—a radiance and a rapture that awed the beholder. O solemn, awful mystery of death! I have stood in its presence in every form of terror and of sweetness, and in every case the thought has been impressed upon me that it was a passage into the great realities.

"Doctor," he said, smiling, and holding my hand, "I had hoped to be with you in your office again, as in the old days; not as a business arrangement, but just to be with you, and revive old memories, and to live the old life over again. But that cannot be, and I must wait till we meet in the world of spirits, whither I go before you. It seems to be growing dark. I cannot see your face, hold my hand. I am going—going. I am on the waves —on the waves" —

The radiance was still upon his face, but the hand I held no longer clasped mine—the wasted form was still. It was the end. He was launched upon the infinite sea for the endless voyage.

SAN QUENTIN.

"I WANT you to go with me over to San Quentin next Thursday, and preach a thanksgiving sermon to the poor fellows in the State prison."

On the appointed morning I met our party at the Vallejo Street wharf, and we were soon steaming on our way. Passing under the guns of Fort Alcatraz, past Angel Island (why so called I know not, as in early days it was inhabited not by angels, but goats only), all of us felt the exhilaration of the California sunshine and the bracing November air, as we stood upon the guards watching the play of the lazy-looking porpoises, that seemed to roll along, keeping up with the swift motion of the boat in such a leisurely way. The porpoise is a deceiver. As he rolls up to the surface of the water in his lumbering way he looks as if he were a huge lump of unwieldy awkwardness, floating at random and almost helpless; but when you come to know him better, you find that he is a marvel of muscular power and swiftness. I have seen a "school" of porpoises in the Pacific swimming for hours alongside one of our fleetest ocean steamers, darting a few yards ahead now and then, as if by mere volition, cutting their way through the water with the directness of an arrow. The porpoise is playful at times, and his favorite game is a sort of leapfrog. A score or more of the creatures, seemingly full of fun and excitement, will chase one another at full speed, throwing themselves from the water and turning somersaults in the air, the water boiling with the agitation, and

their huge bodies flashing in the light. You might almost imagine that they had found something in the sea that had made them drunk, or that they had inhaled some sort of piscatorial anæsthetic. But here we are at our destination. The bell rings, we round to, and land.

At San Quentin nature is at her best, and man at his worst. Against the rocky shore the waters of the bay break in gentle plashings when the winds are quiet. When the gales from the south-west sweep through the Golden Gate, and set the white caps to dancing to their wild music, the waves rise high, and dash upon the dripping stones with a hoarse roar, as of anger. Beginning a few hundreds of yards from the water's edge, the hills slope up and up and up, until they touch the base of Tamelpais, on whose dark and rugged summit, four thousand feet above the sea that laves his feet on the west, the rays of the morning sun fall with transfiguring glory, while yet the valley below lies in shadow. On this lofty pinnacle linger the last rays of the setting sun, as it drops into the bosom of the Pacific. In stormy weather the mist and clouds roll in from the ocean, and gather in dark masses around his awful head, as if the sea gods had risen from their homes in the deep, and were holding a council of war amid the battle of the elements; at other times, after calm, bright days, the thin, soft white clouds that hang about his crest deepen into crimson and gold, and the mountain top looks as if the angels of God had come down to encamp, and pitched here their pavilions of glory. This is nature at San Quentin, and this is Tamelpais as I have looked upon it many a morning and many an evening from my window above the sea at North Beach.

The gate is opened for us, and we enter the

prison walls. It is a holiday, and the day is fair and balmy; but the chill and sadness cannot be shaken off, as we look around us. The sunshine seems almost to be a mockery in this place where fellow-men are caged and guarded like wild beasts, and skulk about with shaved heads, clad in the striped uniform of infamy. Merciful God! is this what thy creature man was made for? How long, how long?

Seated upon the platform with the prison officials and visitors, I watched my strange auditors as they came in. There were one thousand of them. Their faces were a curious study. Most of them were bad faces. Beast and devil were printed on them. Thick necks, heavy back-heads, and low, square foreheads, were the prevalent types. The least repulsive were those who looked as if they were all animal, creatures of instinct and appetite, good-natured and stupid; the most repulsive were those whose eyes had a gleam of mingled sensuality and ferocity. But some of these faces that met my gaze were startling—they seemed so out of place. One old man with gray hair, pale, sad face, and clear blue eyes, might have passed, in other garb and in other company, for an honored member of the Society of Friends. He had killed a man in a mountain county. If he was indeed a murderer at heart, nature had given him the wrong imprint. My attention was struck by a smooth-faced, handsome young fellow, scarcely of age, who looked as little like a convict as anybody on that platform. He was in for burglary, and had a very bad record. Some came in half laughing, as if they thought the whole affair more a joke than anything else. The Mexicans, of whom there were quite a number, were sullen and scowling. There is gloom in the Spanish blood. The irrepressible

good nature of several ruddy-faced Irishmen broke out in sly merriment. As the service began, the discipline of the prison showed itself in the quiet that instantly prevailed; but only a few, who joined in the singing, seemed to feel the slightest interest in it. Their eyes were wandering, and their faces were vacant. They had the look of men who had come to be talked at and patronized, and who were used to it. The prayer that was offered was not calculated to banish such a feeling—it was dry and cold. I stood up to begin the sermon. Never before had I realized so fully that God's message was to lost men and for lost men. A mighty tide of pity rushed in upon my soul as I looked down into the faces of my hearers. My eyes filled, and my heart melted within me. I could not speak until after a pause, and only then by great effort. There was a deep silence, and every face was lifted to mine as I announced the text. God had touched my heart and theirs at the start. I read the words slowly: "God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ." Then I said: "My fellow-men, I come to you to-day with a message from my Father and your Father in heaven. It is a message of hope. God help me to deliver it as I ought! God help you to hear it as you ought! I will not insult you by saying that because you have an extra dinner, a few hours' respite from your toil, and a little fresh air and sunshine, you ought to have a joyful thanksgiving to-day. If I should talk thus, you would be ready to ask me how I would like to change places with you. You would despise me, and I would despise myself, for indulging in such cant. Your lot is a hard one. The battle of life has gone against you—whether by your own fault or by hard fortune, it matters not, so far as the fact is

concerned; this thanksgiving day finds you locked in here, with broken lives, and wearing the badge of crime. God alone knows the secrets of each throbbing heart before me, and how it is that you have come to this. Fellow-men, children of my Father in heaven, putting myself for the moment in your place, the bitterness of your lot is real and terrible to me. For some of you there is no happier prospect for this life than to toil within these walls by day, and sleep in yonder cells by night, through the weary, slow-dragging years, and then to die, with only the hands of hired attendants to wipe the death sweat from your brows; and then to be put in a convict's coffin, and taken up on the hill yonder, and laid in a lonely grave. My God! this is terrible!"

An unexpected dramatic effect followed these words. The heads of many of the convicts fell forward on their breasts, as if struck with sudden paralysis. They were the men who were in for life, and the horror of it overcame them. The silence was broken by sobbings all over the room. The officers and visitors on the platform were weeping. The angel of pity hovered over the place, and the glow of human sympathy had melted those stony hearts. A thousand strong men were thrilled with the touch of sympathy, and once more the sacred fountain of tears was unsealed. These convicts were men, after all, and deep down under the rubbish of their natures there was still burning the spark of a humanity not yet extinct. It was wonderful to see the softened expression of their faces. Yes, they were men, after all, responding to the voice of sympathy, which had been but too strange to many of them all their evil lives. Many of them had inherited hard conditions; they were literally conceived

"Many hands were extended to grasp mine."

in sin and born in iniquity; they grew up in the midst of vice. For them, pure and holy lives were a moral impossibility. Evil with them was hereditary, organic, and the result of association; it poisoned their blood at the start, and stamped itself on their features from their cradles. Human law, in dealing with these victims of evil circumstance, can make little discrimination. Society must protect itself, treating a criminal as a criminal. But what will God do with them hereafter? Be sure he will do right. Where little is given, little will be required. It shall be better for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment than for Chorazin and Bethsaida. There is no ruin without remedy, except that which a man makes for himself by abusing mercy and throwing away proffered opportunity. Thoughts like these rushed through the preacher's mind, as he stood there looking in the tear-bedewed faces of these men of crime. A fresh tide of pity rose in his heart, that he felt came from the heart of the all-pitying One.

"I do not try to disguise from you or from myself the fact that for this life your outlook is not bright. But I come to you this day with a message of hope from God our Father. He hath not appointed you to wrath. He loves all his children. He sent his Son to die for them. Jesus trod the paths of pain and drained the cup of sorrow. He died as a malefactor, for malefactors. He died for me. He died for each one of you. If I knew the most broken, the most desolate-hearted, despairing man before me, who feels that he is scorned of men and forsaken of God, I would go to where he sits and put my hand on his head and tell him that God hath not appointed him to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us. I would tell him that his Father in heaven

loves him still, loves him more than the mother that bore him. I would tell him that all the wrongs and follies of his past life may from this hour be turned into so much capital of a warning experience, and that a million of years from to-day he may be a child of the Heavenly Father, and an heir of glory, having the freedom of the heavens and the blessedness of everlasting life. O brothers, God does love you! Nothing can ruin you but your own despair. No man has any right to despair who has eternity before him. Eternity! Long, long eternity! Blessed, blessed eternity! That is yours—all of it. It may be a happy eternity for each one of you. From this moment you may begin a better life. There is hope for you, and mercy and love and heaven. This is the message I bring you warm from a brother's heart, and warm from the heart of Jesus, whose lifeblood was poured out for you and me. His loving hand opened the gate of mercy and hope to every man. The proof is that he died for us. O Son of God, take us to thy pitying arms, and lift us up into the light that never, never grows dim—into the love that fills heaven and eternity!"

As the speaker sunk into his seat there was a silence that was almost painful for a few moments. Then the pent-up emotion of the men broke forth in sobs that shook their strong frames. Dr. Lucky, the prisoner's friend, made a brief, tearful prayer, and then the benediction was said, and the service was at an end. The men sat still in their seats. As we filed out of the chapel, many hands were extended to grasp mine, holding it with a clinging pressure. I passed out, bearing with me the impression of an hour I can never forget; and the images of those thousand faces are still painted in memory.

TOD ROBINSON.

THE image of this man of many moods and brilliant genius that rises most distinctly to my mind is that connected with a little prayer meeting in the Minna Street Church, San Francisco, one Thursday night. His thin, silver locks, his dark, flashing eye, his graceful pose, and his musical voice are before me. His words I have not forgotten, but their electric effect must forever be lost to all except the few who heard them: "I have been taunted with the reproach that it was only after I was a broken and disappointed man in my worldly hopes and aspirations that I turned to religion. The taunt is just" —here he bowed his head, and paused with deep emotion—"the taunt is just. I bow my head in shame, and take the blow. My earthly hopes have faded and fallen one after another. The prizes that dazzled my imagination have eluded my grasp. I am a broken, gray-haired man, and I bring to my God only the remnant of a life. But, brethren, it is this very thought that fills me with joy and gratitude at this moment — the thought that when all else fails God takes us up. Just when we need him most, and most feel our need of him, he lifts us up out of the depths where we have groveled, and presses us to his fatherly heart. This is the glory of Christianity. The world turns from us when we fail and fall; then it is that the Lord draws nigher. Such a religion must be from God, for its principles are godlike. It does not require much skill or power to steer a

ship into port when her timbers are sound, her masts all rigged, and her crew at their posts; but the pilot that can take an old hulk, rocking on the stormy waves, with its masts torn away, its rigging gone, its planks loose and leaking, and bring it safe to harbor—that is the pilot for me. Brethren, I am that hulk, and Jesus is that Pilot!"

"Glory be to Jesus!" exclaimed Father Newman, as the speaker, with swimming eyes, radiant face, and heaving chest, sunk into his seat. I never heard anything finer from mortal lips, but it seems cold to me as I read it here. Oratory cannot be put on paper.

He was present once at a camp meeting at the famous Tollgate Camp Ground, in Santa Clara Valley, near the city of San José. It was Sabbath morning, just such a one as seldom dawns on this earth. The brethren and sisters were gathered around "the stand" under the live oaks for a speaking meeting. The morning glory was on the summits of the Santa Cruz Mountains, that sloped down to the sacred spot, the lovely valley smiled under a sapphire sky, the birds hopped from twig to twig of the overhanging branches that scarcely quivered in the still air, and seemed to peer inquiringly into the faces of the assembled worshipers. The bugle voice of Bailey led in a holy song, and Simmons led in prayer that touched the eternal throne. One after another, gray-haired men and saintly women told when and how they began the new life far away on the old hills they would never see again, and how they had been led and comforted in their pilgrimage. Young disciples, in the flush of their first love, and the rapture of newborn hope, were borne out on a tide of resistless feeling into that ocean whose waters encircle the universe. The radiance from the heavenly

hills was reflected from the consecrated encampment, and the angels of God hovered over the spot. Judge Robinson rose to his feet, and stepped into the altar, the sunlight at that moment falling upon his face. Every voice was hushed, as, with the orator's indefinable magnetism, he drew every eye upon him. The pause was thrilling. At length he spoke: "This is a mount of transfiguration. The transfiguration is on hill and valley, on tree and shrub, on grass and flower, on earth and sky. It is on your faces that shine like the face of Moses when he came down from the awful mount where he met Jehovah face to face. The same light is on your faces, for here is God's shekinah. This is the gate of heaven. I see its shining hosts, I hear the melody of its songs. The angels of God encamped with us last night, and they linger with us this morning. Tarry with us, ye sinless ones, for this is heaven on earth!"

He paused, with extended arm, gazing upward entranced. The scene that followed beggars description. By a simultaneous impulse all rose to their feet and pressed toward the speaker with awe-struck faces, and when Grandmother Rucker, the matriarch of the valley, with luminous face and uplifted eyes, broke into a shout, it swelled into a melodious hurricane that shook the very hills. He ought to have been a preacher. So he said to me once: "I felt the impulse and heard the call in my early manhood. I conferred with flesh and blood, and was disobedient to the heavenly vision. I have had some little success at the bar, on the hustings, and in legislative halls, but how paltry has it been in comparison with the true life and high career that might have been mine!"

He was from the hill country of North Carolina, and its flavor clung to him to the last. He had his

gloomy moods, but his heart was fresh as a Blue Ridge breeze in May, and his wit bubbled forth like a mountain spring. There was no bitterness in his satire. The very victim of his thrust enjoyed the keenness of the stroke, for there was no poison in the weapon. At times he seemed inspired, and you thrilled, melted, and soared under the touches of this Western Coleridge. He came to my room at the Golden Eagle, in Sacramento City, one night, and left at two o'clock in the morning. He walked the floor and talked, and it was the grandest monologue I ever listened to. One part of it I could not forget. It was with reference to preachers who turn aside from their holy calling to engage in secular pursuits, or in politics: "It is turning away from angels' food to feed on garbage. Think of spending a whole life in contemplating the grandest things and working for the most glorious ends, instructing the ignorant, consoling the sorrowing, winning the wayward back to duty and to peace, pointing the dying to Him who is the Light and the Life of men, animating the living to seek from the highest motives a holy life and a sublime destiny! O it is a life that might draw an angel from the skies! If there is a special hell for fools, it should be kept for the man who turns aside from a life like this to trade or dig the earth or wrangle in a court of law or scramble for an office."

He looked at me as he spoke, with flashing eyes and curled lip.

"That is all true and very fine, Judge, but it sounds just a little peculiar as coming from you."

"I am the very man to say it, for I am the man who bitterly sees its truth. Do not make the misstep that I did. A man might well be willing to live on bread and water, and walk the world afoot, for

the privilege of giving all his thoughts to the grandest themes, and all his service to the highest objects. As a lawyer, my life has been spent in a prolonged quarrel about money, land, houses, cattle, thieving, slandering, murdering, and other villainy. The little episodes of politics that have given variety to my career have only shown me the baseness of human nature and the pettiness of human ambition. There are men who will fill these places and do this work, and who want and will choose nothing better. Let them have all the good they can get out of such things. But the minister of the gospel who comes down from the height of his high calling to engage in this scramble does that which makes devils laugh and angels weep." This was the substance of what he said on this point. I have never forgotten it. I am glad he came to my room that night. What else he said I cannot write, but the remembrance of it is like to that of a melody that lingers in my soul when the music has ceased.

"I thank you for your sermon to-day; you never told a single lie." This was his remark at the close of a service in Minna Street one Sunday.

"What is the meaning of that remark?"

"That the exaggerations of the pulpit repel thousands from the truth. Moderation of statement is a rare excellence. A deep spiritual insight enables a religious teacher to shade his meanings where it is required. Deep piety is genius for the pulpit. Mediocrity in native endowments, conjoined with spiritual stolidity in the pulpit, does more harm than all the open apostles of infidelity combined. They take the divinity out of religion and kill the faith of those who hear them. None but inspired men should stand in the pulpit. Religion is not in the intellect merely. The world

by wisdom cannot know God. The attempt to find out God by the intellect has always been, and always must be, the completest of failures. Religion is the sphere of the supernatural, and stands not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. It has often happened that men of the first order of talent and the highest culture have been converted by the preaching of men of weak intellect and limited education, but who were directly taught of God, and had drunk deep from the fount of living truth in personal experience of the blessed power of Christian faith. It was through the intellect that the devil seduced the first pair. When we rest in the intellect only, we miss God. With the heart only can man believe unto righteousness. The evidence that satisfies is based on consciousness. Consciousness is the satisfying demonstration. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit.' They can be revealed in no other way."

Here was the secret he had learned, and that had brought a new joy and glory into his life as it neared the sunset. The great change dated from a dark and rainy night as he walked home in Sacramento City. Not more tangible to Saul of Tarsus was the vision, or more distinctly audible the voice that spoke to him on the way to Damascus, than was the revelation of Jesus Christ to this lawyer of penetrating intellect, large and varied reading, and sharp perception of human folly and weakness. It was a case of conversion in the fullest and divinest sense. He never fell from the wonder world of grace to which he had been lifted. His youth seemed to be renewed, and his life had rebloomed, and its winter was turned into spring,

under the touch of Him who maketh all things new. He was a new man, and he lived in a new world. He never failed to attend the class meetings, and in his talks there the flashes of his genius set religious truths in new lights, and the little band of Methodists were treated to bursts of fervid eloquence, such as might kindle the listening thousands of metropolitan churches into admiration, or melt them into tears. On such occasions I could not help regretting anew that the world had lost what this man might have wrought had his path in life taken a different direction at the start. He died suddenly, and when in the city of Los Angeles I read the telegram announcing his death I felt, mingled with the pain at the loss of a friend, exultation that before there was any reaction in his religious life his mighty soul had found a congenial home amid the supernal glories and sublime joys of the world of spirits. The moral of this man's life will be seen by him for whom this imperfect sketch has been penciled.

JACK WHITE.

THE only thing white about him was his name. He was a Piute Indian, and Piutes are neither white nor pretty. There is only one being in human shape uglier than a Piute "buck," and that is a Piute squaw. One I saw at the Sink of the Humboldt haunts me yet. Her hideous face, begrimed with dirt and smeared with yellow paint, bleared and leering eyes, and horrid long, flapping breasts—ugh! it was a sight to make one feel sick. A degraded woman is the saddest spectacle on earth. Shakespeare knew what he was doing when he made the witches in Macbeth of the feminine gender. But as you look at them you almost forget that these Piute hags are women. They seem a cross between brute and devil. The unity of the human race is a fact which I accept; but some of our brothers and sisters are far gone from original loveliness. If Eve could see these Piute women, she would not be in a hurry to claim them as her daughters; and Adam would feel like disowning some of his sons. As it appears to me, however, these repulsive savages furnish an argument in support of two fundamental facts of Christianity. One fact is, God did indeed make of one blood all the nations of the earth; the other is the fact of the fall and depravity of the human race. This unspeakable ugliness of these Indians is owing to their evil living. Dirty as they are, the little Indian children are not at all repulsive in expression. A boy of ten years, who stood half naked, shivering in the

wind, with his bow and arrows, had well-shaped features and a pleasant expression of countenance, with just a little of the look of animal cunning that belongs to all wild tribes. The ugliness grows on these Indians fearfully fast when it sets in. The brutalities of the lives they lead stamp themselves on their faces; and no other animal on earth equals in ugliness the animal called man, when he is nothing but an animal.

There was a mystery about Jack White's early life. He was born in the sage brush desert beyond the Sierras, and, like all Indian babies, doubtless had a hard time at the outset. A Christian's pig or puppy is as well cared for as a Piute papoose. Jack was found in a deserted Indian camp in the mountains. He had been left to die, and was taken charge of by the kind-hearted John M. White, who was then digging for gold in the northern mines. He and his good Christian wife had mercy on the little Indian boy that looked up at them so pitifully with his wondering black eyes. At first he had the frightened and bewildered look of a captured wild creature, but he soon began to be more at ease. He acquired the English language slowly, and never did lose the peculiar accent of his tribe. The miners called him Jack White, not knowing any other name for him.

Moving to the beautiful San Ramon Valley, not far from the Bay of San Francisco, the Whites took Jack with them. They taught him the leading doctrines and facts of the Bible, and made him useful in domestic service. He grew and thrived. Broad-shouldered, muscular, and straight as an arrow, Jack was admired for his strength and agility by the white boys with whom he was brought into contact. Though not quarrelsome, he had a steady courage that, backed by his great strength,

inspired respect and insured good treatment from them. Growing up amid these influences, his features were softened into a civilized expression, and his tawny face was not unpleasing. The heavy under jaw and square forehead gave him an appearance of hardness which was greatly relieved by the honest look out of his eyes, and the smile which now and then would slowly creep over his face, like the movement of the shadow of a thin cloud on a calm day in summer. An Indian smiles deliberately and in a dignified way — at least Jack did.

I first knew Jack at Santa Rosa, of which beautiful town his patron, Mr. White, was then the marshal. Jack came to my Sunday school, and was taken into a class of about twenty boys taught by myself. They were the noisy element of the school, ranging from ten to fifteen years of age— too large to show the docility of the little lads, but not old enough to have attained the self-command and self-respect that come later in life. Though he was much older than any of them, and heavier than his teacher, this class suited Jack. The white boys all liked him, and he liked me. We had grand times with that class. The only way to keep them in order was to keep them very busy. The plan of having them answer in concert was adopted with decided results. It kept them awake —and the whole school with them, for California boys have strong lungs. Twenty boys speaking all at once, with eager excitement and flashing eyes, waked the drowsiest drone in the room. A gentle hint was given now and then to take a little lower key. In these lessons Jack's deep guttural tones came in with marked effect, and it was delightful to see how he enjoyed it all. And the singing made his swarthy features glow with pleas-

ure, though he rarely joined in it, having some misgiving as to the melody of his voice.

The truths of the gospel took strong hold of Jack's mind, and his inquiries indicated a deep interest in the matter of religion. I was therefore not surprised when, during a protracted meeting in the town, Jack became one of the converts; but there was surprise and delight among the brethren at the class meeting when Jack rose in his place and told what great things the Lord had done for him, dwelling with special emphasis on the words, "I am happy, because I know Jesus takes my sins away—I know he takes my sins away." His voice melted into softness, and a tear trickled down his cheek as he spoke; and when Dan Duncan, the leader, crossed over the room and grasped his hand in a burst of joy, there was a glad chorus of rejoicing Methodists over Jack White, the Piute convert.

Jack never missed a service at the church, and in the social meetings he never failed to tell the story of his newborn joy and hope, and always with thrilling effect, as he repeated with trembling voice, "I am happy, because I know Jesus takes my sins away." Sin was a reality with Jack, and the pardon of sin the most wonderful of all facts. He never tired of telling it; it opened a new world to him, a world of light and joy. Jack White in the class meeting or prayer meeting, with beaming face and moistened eyes and softened voice, telling of the love of Jesus, seemed almost of a different race from the wretched Piutes of the Sierras and sage brush.

Jack's baptism was a great event. It was by immersion, the first baptism of the kind I ever performed, and almost the last. Jack had been talked to on the subject by some zealous brethren

of another "persuasion," who magnified that mode; and though he was willing to do as I advised in the matter, he was evidently a little inclined to the more spectacular way of receiving the ordinance. Mrs. White suggested that it might save future trouble and "spike a gun." So Jack, with four others, was taken down to Santa Rosa Creek, that went rippling and sparkling along the southern edge of the town, and duly baptized in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. A great crowd covered the bridge just below, and the banks of the stream; and when Wesley Mock, the Asaph of Santa Rosa Methodism, struck up

> O happy day that fixed my choice
> On thee, my Saviour and my God,

and the chorus,

> Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away,

was swelled by hundreds of voices, it was a glad moment for Jack White and all of us. Religiously, it was a warm time; but the water was very cold, it being one of the chilliest days I ever felt in that genial climate.

"You were rather awkward, Brother Fitzgerald, in immersing those persons," said my stalwart friend, Elder John McCorkle, of the "Christian" (or Campbellite) Church, who had critically, but not unkindly, watched the proceedings from the bridge. "If you will send for me the next time, I will do it for you," he added pleasantly.

I fear it was awkwardly done, for the water was very cold, and a shivering man cannot be very graceful in his movements. I would have done better in a baptistery, with warm water and a rubber suit. But of all the persons I have welcomed into the Church during my ministry, the reception

of no one has given me more joy than that of Jack White, the Piute Indian.

Jack's heart yearned for his own people. He wanted to tell them of Jesus, who could take away their sins; and perhaps his Indian instinct made him long for the freedom of the hills.

"I am going to my people," he said to me; "I want to tell them of Jesus. Will you pray for me?" he added, with a quiver in his voice and a heaving chest.

He went away, and I have never seen him since. Where he is now, I know not. I trust I may meet him on Mount Sion, with the harpers harping with their harps, and singing, as it were, a new song before the throne.

Postscript.—Since this sketch was penciled, the Rev. C. Y. Rankin, in a note dated Santa Rosa, California, August 3, 1880, says: "Mrs. White asked me to send you word of the peaceful death of Jack White (Indian). He died trusting in Jesus."

CAMILLA CAIN.

SHE was from Baltimore, and had the fair face and gentle voice peculiar to most Baltimore women. Her organization was delicate, but elastic—one of the sort that bends easily, but is hard to break. In her eyes was that look of wistful sadness so often seen in holy women of her type. Timid as a fawn, in the class meeting she spoke of her love to Jesus and delight in his service in a voice low and a little hesitating, but with strangely thrilling effect. The meetings were sometimes held in her own little parlor in the cottage on Dupont Street, and then we always felt that we had met where the Master himself was a constant and welcome guest. She was put into the crucible. For more than fifteen years she suffered unceasing and intense bodily pain. Imprisoned in her sick chamber, she fought her long, hard battle. The pain-distorted limbs lost their use, the patient face waxed more wan, and the traces of agony were on it always; the soft, loving eyes were often tear-washed. The fires were hot, and they burned on through the long, long years without respite. The mystery of it all was too deep for me; it was too deep for her. But somehow it does seem that the highest suffer most.

> The sign of rank in nature
> Is capacity for pain,
> And the anguish of the singer
> Makes the sweetness of the strain.

The victory of her faith was complete. If the inevitable *why?* sometimes was in her thought, no

shadow of distrust ever fell upon her heart. Her sick room was the quietest, brightest spot in all the city. How often did I go thither weary and faint with the roughness of the way, and leave feeling that I had heard the voices and inhaled the odors of paradise! A little talk, a psalm, and then a prayer, during which the room seemed to be filled with angel presences; after which the thin, pale face was radiant with the light reflected from our Immanuel's face. I often went to see her, not so much to convey as to get a blessing. Her heart was kept fresh as a rose of Sharon in the dew of the morning. The children loved to be near her; and the pathetic face of the dear crippled boy, the pet of the family, was always brighter in her presence. Thrice death came into the home circle with its shock and mighty wrenchings of the heart, but the victory was not his, but hers. Neither death nor life could separate her from the love of her Lord. She was one of the elect. The elect are those who know, having the witness in themselves. She was conqueror of both—life with its pain and its weariness, death with its terror and its tragedy. She did not endure merely, she triumphed. Borne on the wings of a mighty faith, her soul was at times lifted above all sin and temptation and pain, and the sweet, abiding peace swelled into an ecstasy of sacred joy. Her swimming eyes and rapt look told the unutterable secret. She has crossed over the narrow stream on whose margin she lingered so long; and there was joy on the other side when the gentle, patient, holy Camilla Cain joined the glorified throng.

O though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

CORRALED.

"SO you were *corraled* last night?"

This was the remark of a friend whom I met in the streets of Stockton the morning after my adventure. I knew what the expression meant as applied to cattle, but I had never heard it before in reference to a human being. Yes, I had been *corraled;* and this is how it happened:

It was in the old days, before there were any railroads in California. With a wiry, clean-limbed pinto horse, I undertook to drive from Sacramento City to Stockton one day. It was in the winter season, and the clouds were sweeping up from the southwest, the snow-crested Sierras hidden from sight by dense masses of vapor boiling at their bases and massed against their sides. The roads were heavy from the effects of previous rains, and the plucky little pinto sweated as he pulled through the long stretches of black *adobe* mud. A cold wind struck me in the face, and the ride was a dreary one from the start. But I pushed on confidently, having faith in the spotted mustang, despite the evident fact that he had lost no little of the spirit with which he dashed out of town at starting. When a genuine mustang flags it is a serious business. The hardiness and endurance of this breed of horses almost exceed belief.

Toward night a cold rain began to fall, driving in my face with the head wind. Still many a long mile lay between me and Stockton. Darkness

came on, and it was dark indeed. The outline of the horse in front could not be seen, and the flat country through which I was driving was a great black sea of night. I trusted to the instinct of the horse, and moved on. The bells of a wagon team meeting me fell upon my ear. I called out: "Halloo there!"

"What's the matter?" answered a heavy voice through the darkness.

"Am I in the road to Stockton? and can I get there to-night?"

"You are in the road, but you will never find your way such a night as this. It is ten good miles from here; you have several bridges to cross. You had better stop at the first house you come to, about half a mile ahead. I am going to strike camp myself."

I thanked my adviser, and went on, hearing the sound of the tinkling bells, but unable to see anything. In a little while I saw a light ahead, and was glad to see it. Driving up in front and halting, I repeated the traveler's "Halloo" several times, and at last got a response in a hoarse, gruff voice.

"I am belated on my way to Stockton, and am cold and tired and hungry. Can I get shelter with you for the night?"

"You may try it if you want to," answered the unmusical voice abruptly.

In a few moments a man appeared to take the horse, and, taking my satchel in hand, I went into the house. The first thing that struck my attention on entering the room was a big log fire, which I was glad to see, for I was wet and very cold. Taking a chair in the corner, I looked around. The scene that presented itself was not reassuring. The main feature of the room was a bar, with an

ample supply of barrels, demijohns, bottles, tumblers, and all the *et cæteras*. Behind the counter stood the proprietor, a burly fellow with a buffalo neck, fair skin, and blue eyes, with a frightful scar across his left underjaw and neck. His shirt collar was open, exposing a huge chest, and his sleeves were rolled up above the elbows. I noticed also that one of his hands was minus all the fingers but the half of one—the result, probably, of some desperate encounter. I did not like the appearance of my landlord, and he eyed me in a way that led me to fear that he liked my looks as little as I did his; but the claims of other guests soon diverted his attention from me, and I was left to get warm and make further observations. At a table in the middle of the room several hard-looking fellows were betting at cards, amid terrible profanity and frequent drinks of whisky. They cast inquiring and not very friendly glances at me from time to time, once or twice exchanging whispers and giggling. As their play went on, and tumbler after tumbler of whisky was drunk by them, they became more boisterous. Threats were made of using pistols and knives, with which they all seemed to be heavily armed; and one sottish-looking brute actually drew forth a pistol, but was disarmed in no gentle way by the big-limbed landlord. The profanity and other foul language were horrible. Many of my readers have no conception of the brutishness of men when whisky and Satan have full possession of them. In the midst of a volley of oaths and terrible imprecations by one of the most violent of the set, there was a faint gleam of lingering decency exhibited by one of his companions: "Blast it, Dick, *don't cuss so loud*—that fellow in the corner there is a preacher!"

There was some potency in "the cloth" even

there. How he knew my calling I do not know. The remark directed particular attention to me, and I became unpleasantly conspicuous. Scowling glances were bent upon me by two or three of the ruffians, and one fellow made a profane remark not at all complimentary to my vocation, whereat there was some coarse laughter. In the meantime I was conscious of being very hungry. My hunger, like that of a boy, is a very positive thing—at least it was very much so in those days. Glancing toward the maimed and scarred giant who stood behind the bar, I found he was gazing at me with a fixed expression.

"Can I get something to eat? I am very hungry, sir," I said in my blandest tones.

"Yes, we've plenty of cold goose, and maybe Pete can pick up something else for you, if he is sober and in a good humor. Come this way."

I followed him through a narrow passageway, which led to a long, low-ceiled room, along nearly the whole length of which was stretched a table, around which were placed rough stools for the rough men about the place.

Pete, the cook, came in, and the head of the house turned me over to him, and returned to his duties behind the bar. From the noise of the uproar going on, his presence was doubtless needed. Pete set before me a large roasted wild goose, not badly cooked, with bread, milk, and the inevitable cucumber pickles. The knives and forks were not very bright—in fact, they had been subjected to influences promotive of oxidation; and the dishes were not free from signs of former use. Nothing could be said against the tablecloth—there was no tablecloth there. But the goose was fat, brown, and tender; and a hungry man defers his criticisms until he is done eating. That is what I

did. Pete evidently regarded me with curiosity. He was about fifty years of age, and had the look of a man who had come down in the world. His face bore the marks of the effects of strong drink, but it was not a bad face; it was more weak than wicked.

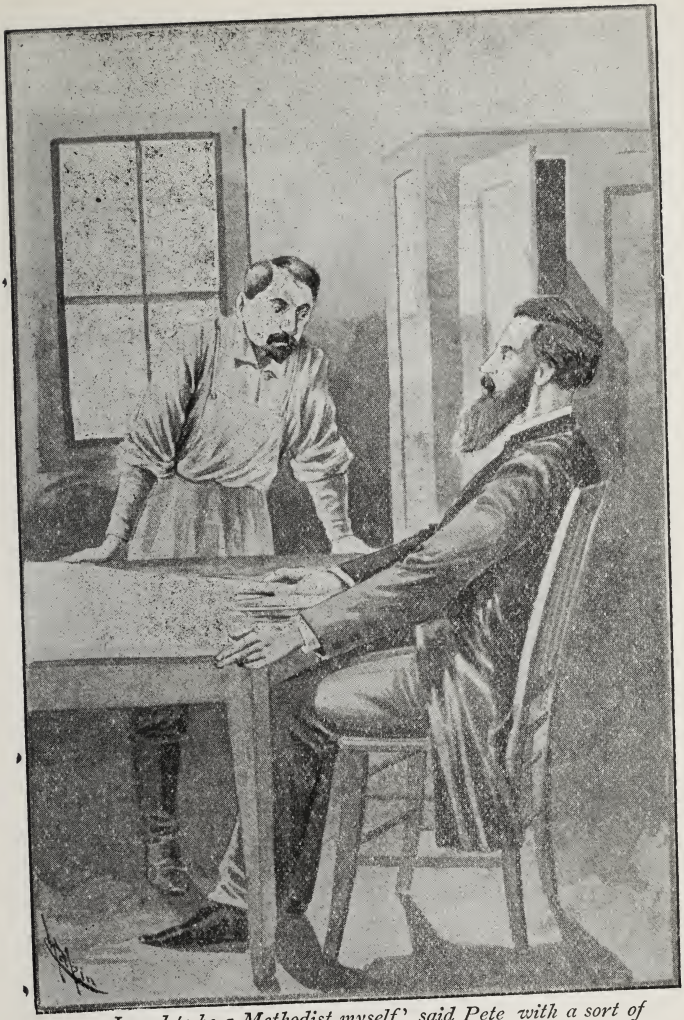
"Are you a preacher?" he asked.

"I thought so," he added, after getting my answer to his question. "Of what persuasion are you?" he further inquired.

When I told him I was a Methodist, he said quickly and with some warmth: "I was sure of it. This is a rough place for a man of your calling. Would you like some eggs? we've plenty on hand. And maybe you would like a cup of coffee," he added, with increasing hospitality.

I took the eggs, but declined the coffee, not liking the looks of the cups and saucers, and not caring to wait.

"I used to be a Methodist myself," said Pete, with a sort of choking in his throat, "but bad luck and bad company have brought me down to this. I have a family in Iowa, a wife and four children. I guess they think I'm dead, and sometimes I wish I was." Pete stood by my chair, actually crying. The sight of a Methodist preacher brought up old times. He told me his story. He had come to California hoping to make a fortune in a hurry, but had only ill luck from the start. His prospectings were always failures, his partners cheated him, his health broke down, his courage gave way, and—he faltered a little, and then spoke it out—he took to whisky, and then the worst came. "I have come down to this—cooking for a lot of roughs at five dollars a week and all the whisky I want. It would have been better for me if I had died when I was in the hospital at San Andreas."



I used to be a Methodist myself,' said Pete with a sort of choking in his throat."

Poor Pete! he had indeed touched bottom. But he had a heart and a conscience still, and my own heart warmed toward my poor backslidden brother.

"You are not a lost man yet. You are worth a thousand dead men. You can get out of this, and you must. You must act the part of a brave man, and not be any longer a coward. Bad luck and lack of success are a disgrace to no man. There is where you went wrong. It was cowardly to give up and not write to your family, and then take to whisky."

"I know all that, Elder. There is no better little woman on earth than my wife"—Pete choked up again.

"You write to her this very night, and go back to her and your children just as soon as you can get the money to pay your way. Act the man, and all will come right yet. I have writing materials here in my satchel—pen, ink, paper, envelopes, stamps, everything; I am an editor, and go fixed up for writing."

The letter was written, I acting as Pete's amanuensis, he pleading that he was a poor scribe at best, and that his nerves were too unsteady for such work. Taking my advice, he made a clean breast of the whole matter, throwing himself on the forgiveness of the wife whom he had so shamefully neglected, and promising, by the help of God, to make all the amends possible in time to come. The letter was duly directed, sealed, and stamped, and Pete looked as if a great weight had been lifted from his soul. He had made me a fire in the little stove, saying it was better than the barroom, in which opinion I was fully agreed.

"There is no place for you to sleep to-night without *corraling* you with the fellows; there is

but one bedroom, and there are fourteen bunks in it."

I shuddered at the prospect—fourteen bunks in one small room, and those whisky-sodden, loud-cursing card players to be my roommates for the night!

"I prefer sitting here by the stove all night," I said; "I can employ most of the time writing, if I can have a light."

Pete thought a moment, looked grave, and then said: "That won't do, Elder; those fellows would take offense, and make trouble. Several of them are out now goose hunting; they will be coming in at all hours from now till daybreak, and it won't do for them to find you sitting up here alone. The best thing for you to do is to go in and take one of those bunks; you needn't take off anything but your coat and boots, and"—here he lowered his voice, looking about him as he spoke—"*if you have any money about, keep it next to your body.*"

The last words were spoken with peculiar emphasis.

Taking the advice given me, I took up my baggage and followed Pete to the room where I was to spend the night. Ugh! it was dreadful. The single window in the room was nailed down, and the air was close and foul. The bunks were damp and dirty beyond belief, grimed with foulness and reeking with ill odors. This was being *corraled.* I turned to Pete, saying: "I can't stand this; I will go back to the kitchen."

"You had better follow my advice, Elder," said he very gravely. "I know things about here better than you do. It's rough, but you had better stand it."

And I did; being *corraled*, I had to stand it. That fearful night! The drunken fellows stag-

gered in one by one, cursing and hiccoughing, until every bunk was occupied. They muttered oaths in their sleep, and their stertorous breathings made a concert fit for Tartarus. The sickening odors of whisky, onions, and tobacco filled the room. I lay there and longed for daylight, which seemed as if it never would come. I thought of the descriptions I had heard and read of hell, and just then the most vivid conception of its horror was to be shut up forever with the aggregated impurity of the universe. By contrast I tried to think of that city of God into which, it is said, "there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." But thoughts of heaven did not suit the situation; it was more suggestive of the other place. The horror of being shut up eternally in hell as the companion of lost spirits was intensified by the experience and reflections of that night when I was *corraled*.

Day came at last. I rose with the first streaks of the dawn, and, not having much toilet to make, I was soon out of doors. Never did I breathe the pure, fresh air with such profound pleasure and gratitude. I drew deep inspirations, and, opening my coat and vest, let the breeze that swept up the valley blow upon me unrestricted. How bright was the face of nature, and how sweet her breath, after the sights, sounds, and smells of the night!

I did not wait for breakfast, but had my pinto and buggy brought out, and, bidding Pete goodbye, hurried on to Stockton.

"So you were *corraled* last night?" was the remark of a friend, quoted at the beginning of this true sketch. "What was the name of the proprietor of the house?"

I gave him the name.

"Dave W——?" he exclaimed with fresh astonishment. "That is the roughest place in the San Joaquin Valley. Several men have been killed and robbed there during the last two or three years."

I trust Pete got back safe to his wife and children in Iowa, and I trust I may never be *corraled* again.

THE RABBI.

SEATED in his library, enveloped in a faded figured gown, a black velvet cap on his massive head, there was an Oriental look about him that arrested your attention at once. Power and gentleness, childlike simplicity and scholarliness, were curiously mingled in this man. His library was a reflex of its owner. In it were books that the great public libraries of the world could not match—black-letter folios that were almost as old as the printing art, illuminated volumes that were once the pride and joy of men who had been in their graves many generations, rabbinical lore, theology, magic, and great volumes of Hebrew literature that looked, when placed beside a modern book, like an old ducal palace alongside a gingerbread cottage of to-day. I do not think he ever felt at home amid the hurry and rush of San Francisco. He could not adjust himself to the people. He was devout; they were intensely worldly. He thundered this sentence from the teacher's desk in the synagogue one morning: "O ye Jews of San Francisco, you have so fully given yourselves up to material things that you are losing the very instinct of immortality. Your only idea of religion is to acquire the Hebrew language, *and you don't know that!*" His port and voice were like those of one of the old Hebrew prophets. Elijah himself was not more fearless. Yet how deep was his love for his race! Jeremiah was not more tender when he wept for the slain of the daughter of his people. His reproofs were resented, and he had a taste of perse-

cution; but the Jews of San Francisco understood him at last. The poor and the little children knew him from the start. He lived mostly among his books, and in his school for poor children, whom he taught without charge. His habits were so simple and his bodily wants so few that it cost him but a trifle to live. When the synagogue frowned on him, he was as independent as Elijah at the brook Cherith. It is hard to starve a man to whom crackers and water are a royal feast.

His belief in God and in the supernatural was startlingly vivid. The Voice that spoke from Sinai was still audible to him, and the Arm that delivered Israel he saw still stretched out over the nations. The miracles of the Old Testament were as real to him as the premiership of Disraeli or the financiering of the Rothschilds. There was, at the same time, a vein of rationalism that ran through his thought and speech. We were speaking one day on the subject of miracles, and with his usual energy of manner he said: "There was no need of any literal angel to shut the mouths of the lions to save Daniel; *the awful holiness of the prophet was enough*. There was so much of God in him that the savage creatures submitted to him as they did to unsinning Adam. Man's dominion over nature was broken by sin, but in the golden age to come it will be restored. A man in full communion with God wields a divine power in every sphere that he touches."

His face glowed as he spoke, and his voice was subdued into a solemnity of tone that told how his reverent and adoring soul was thrilled with this vision of the coming glory of redeemed humanity.

He new the New Testament by heart, as well as the Old. The sayings of Jesus were often on his lips.

One day, in a musing, half-soliloquizing way, I heard him say: "It is wonderful! wonderful! a Hebrew peasant from the hills of Galilee, without learning, noble birth, or power, subverts all the philosophies of the world, and makes himself the central figure of all history. It is wonderful!" He half whispered the words, and his eyes had the introspective look of a man who is thinking deeply.

He came to see me at our cottage on Post Street one morning before breakfast. In grading a street, a house in which I had lived and had the ill luck to own, on Pine Street, had been undermined, and toppled over into the street below, falling on the slate roof and breaking all to pieces. He came to tell me of it, and to extend his sympathy. "I thought I would come first, so you might get the bad news from a friend rather than a stranger. You have lost a house, but it is a small matter. Your little boy there might have put out his eye with a pair of scissors, or he might have swallowed a pin and lost his life. There are many things constantly taking place that are harder to bear than the loss of a house."

Many other wise words did the Rabbi speak, and before he left I felt that a house was indeed a small thing to grieve over.

He spoke with charming freedom and candor of all sorts of people. "Of Christians, the Unitarians have the best heads, and the Methodists the best hearts. The Roman Catholics hold the masses, because they give their people plenty of form. The masses will never receive truth in its simple essence; they must have it in a way that will make it digestible and assimilable, just as their stomachs demand bread and meats and fruits, not their extracts or distilled essences, for daily

food. As to Judaism, it is on the eve of great changes. What these changes will be I know not, except that I am sure the God of our fathers will fulfill his promise to Israel. This generation will probably see great things."

"Do you mean the literal restoration of the Jews to Palestine?"

He looked at me with an intense gaze, and hastened not to answer. At last he spoke slowly: "When the perturbed elements of religious thought crystallize into clearness and enduring forms, the chosen people will be one of the chief factors in reaching that final solution of the problems which convulse this age."

He was one of the speakers at the great Mortara indignation meeting in San Francisco. The speech of the occasion was that of Col. Baker, the orator who went to Oregon, and in a single campaign magnetized the Oregonians so completely by his splendid eloquence that, passing by all their old party leaders, they sent him to the United States Senate. No one who heard Baker's peroration that night will ever forget it. His dark eyes blazed, his form dilated, and his voice was like a bugle in battle. "They tell us that the Jew is accursed of God. This has been the plea of the bloody tyrants and robbers that oppressed and plundered them during the long ages of their exile and agony. But the Almighty God executes his own judgments. Woe to him who presumes to wield his thunderbolts! They fall in blasting, consuming vengeance upon his own head. God deals with his chosen people in judgment; but he says to men: 'Touch them at your peril!' They that spoil them shall be for a spoil; they that carried them away captive shall themselves go into captivity. The Assyrian smote

the Jew, and where is the proud Assyrian Empire? Rome ground them under her iron heel, and where is the empire of the Cæsars? Spain smote the Jew, and where is her glory? The desert sands cover the site of Babylon the Great. The power that hurled the hosts of Titus against the holy city, Jerusalem, was shivered to pieces. The banner of Spain, that floated in triumph over half the world, and fluttered in the breezes of every sea, is now the emblem of a glory that is gone, and the ensign of a power that has waned. The Jews are in the hands of God. He has dealt with them in judgment, but they are still the children of promise. The day of their long exile shall end, and they will return to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads!" The words were something like these, but who could picture Baker's oratory? As well try to paint a storm in the tropics. Real thunder and lightning cannot be put on canvas.

The Rabbi made a speech, and it was the speech of a man who had come from his books and prayers. He made a tender appeal for the mother and father of the abducted Jewish boy, and argued the question as calmly, and in as sweet a spirit, as if he had been talking over an abstract question in his study. The vast crowd looked upon that strange figure with a sort of pleased wonder, and the Rabbi seemed almost unconscious of their presence. He was as free from self-consciousness as a little child, and many a Gentile heart warmed that night to the simple-hearted sage who stood before them pleading for the rights of human nature.

The old man was often very sad. In such moods he would come round to our cottage on Post Street, and sit with us until late at night, un-

burdening his aching heart, and relaxing by degrees into a playfulness that was charming from its very awkwardness. He would bring little picture books for the children, pat them on their heads, and praise them. They were always glad to see him, and would nestle round him lovingly. We all loved him, and felt glad in the thought that he left our little circle lighter at heart. He lived alone. Once, when I playfully spoke to him of matrimony, he smiled quietly, and said: "No, no; my books and my poor school children are enough for me."

He died suddenly and alone. He had been out one windy night visiting the poor, came home sick, and before morning was in that world of spirits which was so real to his faith, and for which he longed. He left his little fortune of a few thousand dollars to the poor of his native village of Posen, in Poland. And thus passed from California life Dr. Julius Eckman, the Rabbi.

AH LEE.

HE was the sunniest of Mongolians. The Chinaman, under favorable conditions, is not without a sly sense of humor of his peculiar sort; but to American eyes there is nothing very pleasant in his angular and smileless features. The manner of his contact with many Californians is not calculated to evoke mirthfulness. The brickbat may be a good political argument in the hands of a hoodlum, but it does not make its target playful. To the Chinaman in America the situation is new and grave, and he looks sober and holds his peace. Even the funny-looking, be-cued little Chinese children wear a look of solemn inquisitiveness, as they toddle along the streets of San Francisco by the side of their queer-looking mothers. In his own land, overpopulated and misgoverned, the Chinaman has a hard fight for existence. In these United States his advent is regarded somewhat in the same spirit as that of the seventeen-year locusts or the cotton worm. The history of a people may be read in their physiognomy. The monotony of Chinese life during these thousands of years is reflected in the dull, monotonous faces of Chinamen.

Ah Lee was an exception. His skin was almost fair, his features almost Caucasian in their regularity; his dark eye lighted up with a peculiar brightness, and there was a remarkable buoyancy and glow about him every way. He was about twenty years old. How long he had been in Cali-

fornia I know not. When he came into my office to see me the first time, he rushed forward and impulsively grasped my hand, saying: "My name Ah Lee—you Doctor Plitzjellie?"

That was the way my name sounded as he spoke it. I was glad to see him, and told him so.

"You makee Christian newspaper? You talkee Jesus? Mr. Taylor tellee me. Me Christian—me love Jesus."

Yes, Ah Lee was a Christian; there could be no doubt about that. I have seen many happy converts, but none happier than he. He was not merely happy; he was ecstatic.

The story of the mighty change was a simple one, but thrilling. Near Vacaville, the former seat of the Pacific Methodist College, in Solano County, lived the Rev. Iry Taylor, a member of the Pacific Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Mr. Taylor was a praying man, and he had a praying wife. Ah Lee was employed as a domestic in the family. His curiosity was first excited in regard to family prayers. He wanted to know what it all meant. The Taylors explained. The old, old story took hold of Ah Lee. He was put to thinking and then to praying. The idea of the forgiveness of sins filled him with wonder and longing. He hung with breathless interest upon the word of the Lord, opening to him a world of new thought. The tide of feeling bore him on, and at the foot of the cross he found what he sought.

Ah Lee was converted—converted as Paul, as Augustine, as Wesley, were converted. He was born into a new life that was as real to him as his consciousness was real. This psychological change will be understood by some of my readers; others may regard it as they do any other inexpli-

cable phenomenon in that mysterious inner world of the human soul, in which are lived the real lives of us all. In Ah Lee's heathen soul was wrought the gracious wonder that makes joy among the angels of God.

The young Chinese disciple, it is to be feared, got little sympathy outside the Taylor household and a few others. The right-hand of Christian fellowship was withheld by many, or extended in a cold, half-reluctant way. But it mattered not to Ah Lee; he had his own heaven. Coldness was wasted on him. The light within him brightened everything without.

Ah Lee became a frequent visitor to our cottage on the hill. He always came and went rejoicing. The Gospel of John was his daily study and delight. To his ardent and receptive nature it was a diamond mine. Two things he wanted to do: he had a strong desire to translate his favorite Gospel into Chinese, and to lead his parents to Christ. When he spoke of his father and mother his voice would soften, his eyes moisten with tenderness. "I go back to China and tellee my fader and mudder allee good news," he said, with beaming face.

This peculiar development of filial reverence and affection among the Chinese is a hopeful feature of their national life. It furnishes a solid basis for a strong Christian nation. The weakening of this sentiment weakens religious susceptibility; its destruction is spiritual death. The worship of ancestors is idolatry, but it is that form of it nearest akin to the worship of the Heavenly Father. The honoring of the father and mother on earth is the commandment with promise, and it is the promise of this life and of life everlasting. There is an interblending of human and divine

loves; earth and heaven are unitary in companionship and destiny. The golden ladder rests on the earth and reaches up into the heavens.

About twice a week Ah Lee came to see us at North Beach. These visits subjected our courtesy and tact to a severe test. He loved little children, and at each visit he would bring with him a gayly painted box filled with Chinese sweetmeats. Such sweetmeats! They were too strong for the palates of even young Californians. What cannot be relished and digested by a healthy California boy must be formidable indeed. Those sweetmeats were—but I give it up—they were indescribable! The boxes were pretty, and, after being emptied of their contents, they were kept.

Ah Lee's joy in his new experience did not abate. Under the touch of the Holy Spirit, his spiritual nature had suddenly blossomed into tropical luxuriance. To look at him made me think of the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. If I had had any lingering doubts of the transforming power of the gospel upon all human hearts, this conversion of Ah Lee would have settled the question forever. The bitter feeling against the Chinese that just then found expression in California, through so many channels, did not seem to affect him in the least. He had his Christianity warm from the heart of the Son of God, and no caricature of its features nor perversion of its spirit could bewilder him for a moment. He knew whom he had believed. None of these things moved him. O blessed mystery of God's mercy, that turns the night of heathen darkness into day, and makes the desert soul bloom with the flowers of paradise! O cross of the Crucified! Lifted up, it shall draw all men to their Saviour! And O blind and slow of heart to be-

lieve! why could we not discern that this young Chinaman's conversion was our Lord's gracious challenge to our faith, and the pledge of success to the Church that will go into all the world with the news of salvation?

Ah Lee has vanished from my observation, but I have a persuasion that is like a burning prophecy, that he will be heard from again. To me he types the blessedness of old China newborn in the life of the Lord, and in his luminous face I read the prophecy of the redemption of the millions who have so long bowed before the great red dragon, but who now wait for the coming of the Deliverer.

THE EMPEROR NORTON.

THAT was his title. He wore it with an air that was a strange mixture of the mock-heroic and the pathetic. He was mad on this one point, and strangely shrewd and well informed on almost every other. Arrayed in a faded-blue uniform, with brass buttons and epaulets, wearing a cocked hat with an eagle's feather, and at times with a rusty sword at his side, he was a conspicuous figure in the streets of San Francisco, and a regular *habitué* of all its public places. In person he was stout, full-chested, though slightly stooped, with a large head heavily coated with bushy black hair, an aquiline nose, and dark gray eyes, whose mild expression added to the benignity of his face. On the end of his nose grew a tuft of long hairs, which he seemed to prize as a natural mark of royalty or chieftainship. Indeed, there was a popular legend afloat that he was of true royal blood—a stray Bourbon, or something of the sort. His speech was singularly fluent and elegant. The Emperor was one of the celebrities that no visitor failed to see. It is said that his mind was unhinged by a sudden loss of fortune in the early days, by the treachery of a partner in trade. The sudden blow was deadly, and the quiet, thrifty, affable man of business became a wreck. By nothing is the inmost quality of a man made more manifest than by the manner in which he meets misfortune. One, when the sky darkens, having strong impulse and weak will, rushes into suicide; another, with a large vein of cowardice, seeks to drown the

sense of disaster in strong drink; yet another, tortured in every fiber of a sensitive organization, flees from the scene of his troubles and the faces of those that know him, preferring exile to shame. The truest man, when assailed by sudden calamity, rallies all the reserved forces of a splendid manhood to meet the shock, and, like a good ship, lifting itself from the trough of the swelling sea, mounts the wave and rides on. It was a curious idiosyncrasy that led this man, when fortune and reason were swept away at a stroke, to fall back upon this imaginary imperialism. The nature that could thus, when the real fabric of life was wrecked, construct such another by the exercise of a disordered imagination, must have been originally of a gentle and magnanimous type. The broken fragments of mind, like those of a statue, reveal the quality of the original creation. It may be that he was happier than many who have worn real crowns. Napoleon at Chiselhurst, or his greater uncle at St. Helena, might have been gainer by exchanging lots with this man, who had the inward joy of conscious greatness without its burden and its perils. To all public places he had free access, and no pageant was complete without his presence. From time to time he issued proclamations, signed "Norton I.," which the lively San Francisco dailies were always ready to print conspicuously in their columns. The style of these proclamations was stately, the royal first person plural being used by him with all gravity and dignity. Ever and anon, as his uniform became dilapidated or ragged, a reminder of the condition of the imperial wardrobe would be given in one or more of the newspapers, and then in a few days he would appear in a new suit. He had the *entrée* of all the restaurants, and he lodged—nobody

knew where. It was said that he was cared for by members of the Freemason society, to which he belonged at the time of his fall. I saw him often in my congregation in the Pine Street church, along in 1858, and into the sixties. He was a respectful and attentive listener to preaching. On the occasion of one of his first visits he spoke to me after the service, saying, in a kind and patronizing tone: "I think it my duty to encourage religion and morality by showing myself at church, and to avoid jealousy I attend them all in turn."

He loved children, and would come into the Sunday school, and sit delighted with their singing. When, in distributing the presents on a Christmas tree, a necktie was handed him as the gift of the young ladies, he received it with much satisfaction, making a kingly bow of gracious acknowledgment. Meeting him one day, in the springtime, holding my little girl by the hand, he paused, looked at the child's bright face, and, taking a rosebud from his buttonhole, he presented it to her with a manner so graceful, and a smile so benignant, as to show that under the dingy blue uniform there beat the heart of a gentleman. He kept a keen eye on current events, and sometimes expressed his views with great sagacity. One day he stopped me on the street, saying: "I have just read the report of the political sermon of Dr. —— [giving the name of a noted sensational preacher, who was in the habit, at times, of discussing politics from his pulpit]. I disapprove political preaching. What do you think?"

I expressed my cordial concurrence.

"I will put a stop to it. The preachers must stop preaching politics, or they must all come into one State Church. I will at once issue a decree to that effect."

For some unknown reason, that decree never was promulgated.

After the war, he took a deep interest in the reconstruction of the Southern States. I met him one day on Montgomery Street, when he asked me in a tone and with a look of earnest solicitude: "Do you hear any complaint or dissatisfaction concerning me from the South?"

I gravely answered in the negative.

"I was for keeping the country undivided, but I have the kindest feeling for the Southern people, and will see that they are protected in all their rights. Perhaps if I were to go among them in person, it might have a good effect. What do you think?"

I looked at him keenly as I made some suitable reply, but could see nothing in his expression but simple sincerity. He seemed to feel that he was indeed the father of his people. George Washington himself could not have adopted a more paternal tone.

Walking along the street behind the Emperor one day, my curiosity was a little excited by seeing him thrust his hand with sudden energy into the hip pocket of his blue trousers. The hip pocket, by the way, is a modern American stupidity, associated in the popular mind with rowdyism, pistol shooting, and murder. Hip pockets should be abolished wherever there are courts of law and civilized men and women. But what was the Emperor after? Withdrawing his hand just as I overtook him, the mystery was revealed. It grasped a thick Bologna sausage, which he began to eat with unroyal relish. It gave me a shock, but he was not the first royal personage who has exhibited low tastes and carnal hankerings.

He was seldom made sport of or treated rudely.

I saw him on one occasion when a couple of passing hoodlums jeered at him. He turned and gave them a look so full of mingled dignity, pain, and surprise that the low fellows were abashed, and uttering a forced laugh, with averted faces they hurried on. The presence that can bring shame to a San Francisco hoodlum must indeed be kingly, or in some way impressive. In that genus the beastliness and devilishness of American city life reach their lowest denomination. When the brutality of the savage and the lowest forms of civilized vice are combined, human nature touches bottom.

The Emperor never spoke of his early life. The veil of mystery on this point increased the popular curiosity concerning him, and invested him with something of a romantic interest. There was one thing that excited his disgust and indignation. The Bohemians of the San Francisco press got into the practice of attaching his name to their satires and hits at current follies, knowing that the well-known "Norton I." at the end would insure a reading. This abuse of the liberty of the press he denounced with dignified severity, threatening extreme measures unless it were stopped. But nowhere on earth did the press exhibit more audacity, or take a wider range, and it would have required a sterner heart and a stronger hand than that of Norton I. to put a hook into its jaws.

The end of all human grandeur, real or imaginary, comes at last. The Emperor became thinner and more stooped as the years passed. The humor of his hallucination retired more and more into the background, and its pathetic side came out more strongly. His step was slow and feeble, and there was that look in his eyes so often seen

in the old and sometimes in the young, just before the great change comes—a rapt, far-away look, suggesting that the invisible is coming into view, the shadows vanishing and the realities appearing. The familiar face and form were missed on the streets, and it was known that he was dead. He had gone to his lonely lodging, and quietly laid down and died. The newspapers spoke of him with pity and respect, and all San Francisco took time, in the midst of its roar-and-rush fever of perpetual excitement, to give a kind thought to the dead man who had passed over to the life where all delusions are laid aside, where the mystery of life shall be revealed, and where we shall see that through all its tangled web ran the golden thread of mercy. His life was an illusion, and the thousands who sleep with him in Lone Mountain waiting the judgment day were his brothers.

BUFFALO JONES.

THAT is what the boys called him. His real Christian name was Zachariah. The way he got the name he went by was this: He was a Methodist, and prayed in public. He was excitable, and his lungs were of extraordinary power. When fully aroused, his voice sounded, it was said, like the bellowing of a whole herd of buffaloes. It had peculiar reverberations — rumbling, roaring, shaking the very roof of the sanctuary, or echoing among the hills when let out at its utmost strength at a camp meeting. This is why they called him Buffalo Jones. It was his voice. There never was such another. In Ohio he was a blacksmith and a fighting man. He had whipped every man who would fight him, in a whole tier of counties. He was converted after the old way—that is to say, he was "powerfully" converted. A circuit rider preached the sermon that converted him. His anguish was awful. The midnight hour found him in tears. The Ohio forest resounded with his cries for mercy. When he found peace, it swelled into rapture. He joined the Church militant among the Methodists, and he stuck to them, quarreled with them, and loved them all his life. He had many troubles, and gave much trouble to many people. The old Adam died hard in the fighting blacksmith. His pastor, his family, his friends, his fellow-members in the Church, all got a portion of his wrath in due season, if they swerved a hairbreadth from the straight line of duty as he saw it. I was his pastor, and I never had a truer friend or a severer

censor. One Sunday morning he electrified my congregation, at the close of the sermon, by rising in his place and making a personal application of a portion of it to individuals present, and insisting on their immediate expulsion from the Church. He had another side to his character, and at times was as tender as a woman. He acted as class leader. In his melting moods he moved every eye to tears, as he passed round among the brethren and sisters, weeping, exhorting, and rejoicing. At such times, his great voice softened into a pathos that none could resist, and swept the chords of sympathy with resistless power. But when his other mood was upon him, he was fearful. He scourged the unfaithful with a whip of fire. He would quote with a singular fluency and aptness every passage of Scripture that blasted hypocrites, reproved the lukewarm, or threatened damnation to the sinner. At such times his voice sounded like the shout of a warrior in battle, and the timid and wondering hearers looked as if they were in the midst of the thunder and lightning of a tropical storm. I remember the shock he gave a quiet and timid lady whom I had persuaded to remain for the class meeting after service. Fixing his stern and fiery gaze upon her, and knitting his great bushy eyebrows, he thundered the question: "Sister, do you ever pray?"

The startled woman nearly sprang from her seat in a panic as she stammered hurriedly: "Yes, sir; yes, sir." She did not attend his class meeting again.

At a camp meeting he was present, and in one of his bitterest moods. The meeting was not conducted in a way to suit him. He was grim, critical, and contemptuous, making no concealment of his dissatisfaction. The preaching dis-

pleased him particularly. He groaned, frowned, and in other ways showed his feelings. At length he could stand it no longer. A young brother had just closed a sermon of a mild and persuasive kind, and no sooner had he taken his seat than the old man arose. Looking forth upon the vast audience, and then casting a sharp and scornful glance at the preachers in and around "the stand," he said: "You preachers of these days have no gospel in you. You remind me of a man going into his barn yard early in the morning to feed his stock. He has a basket on his arm, and here come the horses nickering, the cows lowing, the calves and sheep bleating, the hogs squealing, the turkeys gobbling, the hens clucking, and the roosters crowing. They all gather round him, expecting to be fed, and lo! his basket is empty. You take texts, and you preach, but you have no gospel. Your baskets are empty."

Here he darted a defiant glance at the astonished preachers, and then, turning to one, he added in a milder and patronizing tone: "You, Brother Sim, do preach a little gospel—in your basket there is *one little nubbin!*"

Down he sat, leaving the brethren to meditate on what he had said. The silence that followed was deep.

At one time his conscience became troubled about the use of tobacco, and he determined to quit. This was the second great struggle of his life. He was running a sawmill in the foothills at the time, and lodged in a little cabin near by. Suddenly deprived of the stimulant to which it had so long been accustomed, his nervous system was wrought up to a pitch of frenzy. He would rush from the cabin, climb along the hillside, run leaping from rock to rock, now and then screaming

like a maniac. Then he would rush back to the cabin, seize a plug of tobacco, smell it, rub it against his lips, and away he would go again. He smelled, but never tasted it again.

"I was resolved to conquer, and by the grace of God I did," he said.

That was a great victory for the fighting blacksmith.

When a melodeon was introduced into the church he was sorely grieved and furiously angry. He argued against it, he expostulated, he protested, he threatened, he stayed away from church. He wrote me a letter, in which he expressed his feelings thus:

SAN JOSE, 1860.

Dear Brother: They have got the devil into the church now! Put your foot on its tail, and it squeals. Z. JONES.

This was his figurative way of putting it. I was told that he had, on a former occasion, dealt with the question in a more summary way, by taking his ax and splitting a melodeon to pieces.

Neutrality in politics was, of course, impossible to such a man. In the Civil War his heart was with the South. He gave up when Stonewall Jackson was killed.

"It is all over—the praying man is gone," he said, and he sobbed like a child. From that day he had no hope for the Confederacy, though once or twice, when feeling ran high, he expressed a readiness to use carnal weapons in defense of his political principles. For all his opinions on the subject he found support from the Bible, which he read and studied with unwearying diligence. He took its words literally on all occasions, and the Old Testament history had a wonderful charm for him. He would have been ready to hew any modern Agag in pieces before the Lord.

He finally found his way to the Insane Asylum. The reader has already seen how abnormal was his mind, and will not be surprised that his storm-tossed soul lost its rudder at last. But mid all its veerings he never lost sight of the Star that had shed its light upon his checkered path of life. He raved and prayed and wept, by turns. The horrors of mental despair would be followed by gleams of seraphic joy. When one of his stormy moods was upon him, his mighty voice could be heard above all the sounds of that sad and pitiful company of broken and wrecked souls. The old class meeting instinct and habit showed itself in his semilucid intervals. He would go round among the patients questioning them as to their religious feeling and behavior in true class meeting style. Dr. Shurtleff one day overheard a colloquy between him and Dr. Rogers, a freethinker and reformer, whose vagaries had culminated in his shaving close one side of his immense whiskers, leaving the other side in all its flowing amplitude. Poor fellow! Pitiable as was his case, he made a ludicrous figure walking the streets of San Francisco half shaved, and defiant of the wonder and ridicule he excited. The old class leader's voice was earnest and loud, as he said: "Now, Rogers, you must pray. If you will get down at the feet of Jesus, and confess your sins, and ask him to bless you, he will hear you, and give you peace. But if you won't do it," he continued, with growing excitement and kindling anger at the thought, "you are the most infernal rascal that ever lived, and I'll beat you into a jelly!"

The good Doctor had to interfere at this point, for the old man was in the very act of carrying out his threat to punish Rogers bodily, on the bare possibility that he would not pray as he was told

to do. And so that extemporized class meeting came to an abrupt end.

"Pray with me," he said to me the last time I saw him at the asylum. Closing the door of the little private office, we knelt side by side, and the poor old sufferer, bathed in tears, and docile as a little child, prayed to the once suffering, once crucified, but risen and interceding Jesus. When he arose from his knees his eyes were wet, and his face showed that there was a great calm within. We never met again. He went home to die. The storms that had swept his soul subsided, the light of reason was rekindled, and the light of faith burned brightly; and in a few weeks he died in great peace, and another glad voice joined in the anthems of the blood-washed millions in the city of God.

SUICIDE IN CALIFORNIA.

A HALF protest rises within me as I begin this Sketch. The page almost turns crimson under my gaze, and shadowy forms come forth out of the darkness into which they wildly plunged out of life's misery into death's mystery. Ghostly lips cry out: "Leave us alone! Why call us back to a world where we lost all, and in quitting which we risked all? Disturb us not to gratify the cold curiosity of unfeeling strangers. We have passed on beyond human jurisdiction to the realities we dared to meet. Give us the pity and courtesy of your silence, O living brother, who didst escape the wreck!" The appeal is not without effect, and if I lift the shroud that covers the faces of these dead, self-destroyed, it will be tenderly, pityingly. These simple Sketches of real California life would be imperfect if this characteristic feature were entirely omitted, for California was (and is yet) the land of suicides. In a single year there were one hundred and six in San Francisco alone. The whole number of suicides in the State would, if the horror of each case could be even imperfectly imagined, appall even the dryest statistician of crime. The causes for this prevalence of self-destruction are to be sought in the peculiar conditions of the country and the habits of the people. California, with all its beauty, grandeur, and riches, has been to the many who have gone thither a land of great expectations, but small results. This was specially the case in the earlier period of its history, after

the discovery of gold and its settlement by "Americans," as we call as ourselves, *par excellence*. Hurled from the topmost height of extravagant hope to the lowest deep of disappointment, the shock is too great for reaction; the rope, razor, bullet, or deadly drug, finishes the tragedy. Materialistic infidelity in California is the avowed belief of multitudes, and its subtle poison infects the minds and unconsciously the actions of thousands who recoil from the dark abyss that yawns at the feet of its adherents with its fascination of horror. Under some circumstances, suicide becomes logical to a man who has neither hope nor dread of a hereafter. Sins against the body, and especially the nervous system, were prevalent; and days of pain, sleepless nights, and weakened wills were the precursors of the tragedy that promised change, if not rest. The devil gets men inside a fiery circle, made by their own sin and folly, from which there seems to be no escape but by death, and they will unbar its awful door with their own trembling hands. There is another door of escape for the worst and most wretched, and it is opened to the penitent by the hand that was nailed to the rugged cross. These crises do come, when the next step must be death or life, penitence or perdition. Do sane men and women ever commit suicide? Yes and No. Yes, in the sense that they sometimes do it with even pulse and steady nerves. No, in the sense that there cannot be perfect soundness in the brain and heart of one who violates a primal instinct of human nature. Each case has its own peculiar features, and must be left to the all-seeing and all-pitying Father. Suicide, where it is not the greatest of crimes, is the greatest of misfortunes. The righteous Judge will classify its victims.

A noted case in San Francisco was that of a French Catholic priest. He was young, brilliant, and popular—beloved by his flock, and admired by a large circle outside. He had taken the solemn vows of his Order in all sincerity of purpose, and was distinguished as well for his zeal in his pastoral work as for his genius. But temptation met him, and he fell. It came in the shape in which it assailed the young Hebrew in Potiphar's house, and in which it overcame the poet-king of Israel. He was seized with horror and remorse, though he had no accuser save that voice within, which cannot be hushed while the soul lives. He ceased to perform the sacred functions of his office, making some plausible pretext to his superiors, not daring to add sacrilege to mortal sin. Shutting himself in his chamber, he brooded over his crime; or, no longer able to endure the agony he felt, he would rush forth, and walk for hours over the sand dunes or along the seabeach. But no answer of peace followed his prayers, and the voices of nature soothed him not. He thought his sin unpardonable—at least, he would not pardon himself. He was found one morning lying dead in his bed in a pool of blood. He had severed the jugular vein with a razor, which was still clutched in his stiffened fingers. His handsome and classic face bore no trace of pain. A sealed letter, lying on the table, contained his confession and his farewell.

Among the lawyers in one of the largest mining towns of California was H. B——. He was a native of Virginia, and an *alumnus* of its noble university. He was a scholar, a fine lawyer, handsome and manly in person and bearing, and had the gift of popularity. Though the youngest lawyer in the town, he took a front place at the bar at

once. Over the heads of several older aspirants, he was elected county judge. There was no ebb in the tide of his general popularity, and he had qualities that won the warmest regard of his inner circle of special friends. But in this case, as in many others, success had its danger. Hard drinking was the rule in those days. Horace B—— had been one of the rare exceptions. There was a reason for this extra prudence. He had that peculiar susceptibility to alcoholic excitement which has been the ruin of so many gifted and noble men. He knew his weakness, and it is strange that he did not continue to guard against the danger that he so well understood. Strange? No. This infatuation is so common in everyday life that we cannot call it strange. There is some sort of fatal fascination that draws men with their eyes wide open into the very jaws of this hell of strong drink. The most brilliant physician in San Francisco, in the prime of his magnificent young manhood, died of *delirium tremens*, the victim of a self-inflicted disease, whose horrors no one knew or could picture so well as himself. Who says man is not a fallen, broken creature, and that there is not a devil at hand to tempt him? This devil, under the guise of sociability, false pride, or moral cowardice, tempted Horace B——, and he yielded. Like tinder touched by flame, he blazed into drunkenness, and again and again the proud-spirited, manly, and cultured young lawyer and jurist was seen staggering along the streets, maudlin or mad with alcohol. When he had slept off his madness, his humiliation was intense, and he walked the streets with pallid face and downcast eyes. The coarser-grained men with whom he was thrown in contact had no conception of the mental tortures he suffered, and their rude jests stung him to the

"Was found next morning with a bullet through his head."

quick. He despised himself as a weakling and a coward, but he did not get more than a transient victory over his enemy. The spark had struck a sensitive organization, and the fire of hell, smothered for the time, would blaze out again. He was fast becoming a common drunkard, the accursed appetite growing stronger, and his will weakening in accordance with that terrible law by which man's physical and moral nature visits retribution on all who cross its path. During a term of the court over which he presided, he was taken home one night drunk. A pistol shot was heard by persons in the vicinity sometime before daybreak; but pistol shots, at all hours of the night, were then too common to excite special attention. Horace B—— was found next morning lying on the floor with a bullet through his head. Many a stout, heavy-bearded man had wet eyes when the body of the ill-fated and brilliant young Virginian was let down into the grave, which had been dug for him on the hill overlooking the town from the southeast.

In the same town there was a portrait painter, a quiet, pleasant fellow, with a good face and easy, gentlemanly ways. As an artist he was not without merit, but his gift fell short of genius. He fell in love with a charming girl, the eldest daughter of a leading citizen. She could not return his passion. The enamored artist still loved, and hoped against hope, lingering near her like a moth around a candle. There was another and more favored suitor in the case, and the rejected lover had all his hopes killed at one blow by her marriage to his rival. He felt that without her life was not worth living. He resolved to kill himself, and swallowed the contents of a two-ounce bottle of laudanum. After he had done the rash deed

a reaction took place. He told what he had done, and a physician was sent for. Before the doctor's arrival the deadly drug asserted its power, and this repentant suicide began to show signs of going into a sleep from which it was certain he would never awake.

"My God! What have I done?" he exclaimed in horror. "Do your best, boys, to keep me from going to sleep before the doctor gets here."

The doctor came quickly, and by the prompt and very vigorous use of the stomach pump he was saved. I was sent for, and found the would-be suicide looking very weak, sick, silly, and sheepish. He got well, and went on making pictures; but the picture of the fair, sweet girl, for love of whom he came so near dying, never faded from his mind. His face always wore a sad look, and he lived the life of a recluse, but he never attempted suicide again—he had had enough of that.

"It always makes me shudder to look at that place," said a lady, as we passed an elegant cottage on the western side of Russian Hill, San Francisco.

"Why so? To me the place looks specially cheerful and attractive, with its graceful slope, its shrubbery, flowers, and thick greensward."

"Yes, it is a lovely place, but it has a history that it shocks me to think of. Do you see that tall pumping apparatus, with water tank on top, in the rear of the house?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"A woman hanged herself there a year ago. The family consisted of the husband and wife and two bright, beautiful children. He was thrifty and prosperous, she was an excellent housekeeper, and the children were healthy and well-behaved. In appearance a happier family could not be found

on the hill. One day Mr. P—— came home at the usual hour, and, missing the wife's customary greeting, he asked the children where she was. The children had not seen their mother for two or three hours, and looked startled when they found she was missing. Messengers were sent to the nearest neighbors to make inquiries, but no one had seen her. Mr. P——'s face began to wear a troubled look as he walked the floor, from time to time going to the door and casting anxious glances about the premises.

"About dusk a sudden shriek was heard issuing from the water tank in the yard, and the Irish servant girl came rushing from it, with eyes distended and face pale with terror. 'Holy Mother of God! It's the Missus that's hanged herself!'

"The alarm spread, and soon a crowd, curious and sympathetic, had collected. They found the poor lady suspended by the neck from a beam at the head of the staircase leading to the top of the inclosure. She was quite dead, and a horrible sight to see. At the inquest no facts were developed throwing any light on the tragedy. There had been no cloud in the sky portending the lightning stroke that laid the happy little home in ruins. The husband testified that she was as bright and happy the morning of the suicide as he had ever seen her, and had parted with him at the door with the usual kiss. Everything about the house that day bore the marks of her deft and skillful touch. The two children were dressed with accustomed neatness and good taste. And yet the bolt was in the cloud, and it fell before the sun had set!" What was the mystery? Ever afterwards I felt something of the feeling expressed by my lady friend when, in passing, I looked upon the structure which had been the scene of this singular tragedy.

One of the most energetic business men living in one of the foothill towns, on the northern edge of the Sacramento Valley, had a charming wife, whom he loved with deep and tender devotion. As in all true love matches, the passion of youth had ripened into a yet stronger and purer love with the lapse of years and participation in the joys and sorrows of wedded life. Their union had been blessed with five children, all intelligent, sweet, and full of promise. It was a very affectionate and happy household. Both parents possessed considerable literary taste and culture, and the best books and current magazine literature were read, discussed, and enjoyed in that quiet and elegant home amid the roses and evergreens. It was a little paradise in the hills, where Love, the home angel, brightened every room and blessed every heart. But trouble came in the shape of business reverses, and the worried look and wakeful nights of the husband told how heavy were the blows that had fallen upon this hard and willing worker. The course of ruin in California was fearfully rapid in those days. When a man's financial supports began to give way, they went with a crash. So it was in this case. Everything was swept away, a mountain of unpaid debts was piled up, credit was gone, clamor of creditors deafened him, and the gaunt wolf of actual want looked in through the door of the cottage upon the dear wife and little ones. Another shadow, and a yet darker one, settled upon them. The unhappy man had been tampering with the delusion of spiritualism, and his wife had been drawn with him into a partial belief in its vagaries. In their troubles they sought the aid of the "familiar spirits" that peeped and muttered through speaking, writing, and rapping mediums. This kept

them in a state of morbid excitement that increased from day to day until they were wrought up to a tension that verged on insanity. The lying spirits, or the frenzy of his own heated brain, turned his thought to death as the only escape from want.

"I see our way out of these troubles, wife," he said one night, as they sat hand in hand in the bedchamber, where the children were lying asleep. "We will all die together! This has been revealed to me as the solution of all our difficulties. Yes, we will enter the beautiful spirit world together! This is freedom! It is only getting out of prison. Bright spirits beckon and call us. I am ready." There was a gleam of madness in his eyes, and, as he took a pistol from the bureau drawer, an answering gleam flashed forth from the eyes of the wife, as she said: "Yes, love; we will all go together. I too am ready."

The children were sleeping sweetly, unmindful of the horror that the devil was hatching. "The children first, then you, and then me," he said, his eye kindling with increasing excitement.

He penciled a short note addressed to one of his old friends, asking him to attend to the burial of the bodies, then they kissed each of the sleeping children, and then—but let the curtain fall on the scene that followed. The seven were found next day lying dead, a bullet through the brain of each, the murderer, by the side of the wife, still holding the weapon of death in his hand, its muzzle against his right temple.

Other pictures of real life and death crowd upon my mind, among them noble forms and faces that were near and dear to me; but again I hear the appealing voices. The page before me is wet with tears—I cannot see to write.

MIKE REESE.

I HAD business with him, and went at a business hour. No introduction was needed, for he had been my landlord, and no tenant of his ever had reason to complain that he did not get a visit from him, in person or by proxy, at least once a month. He was a punctual man—as a collector of what was due him. Seeing that he was intently engaged, I paused and looked at him. A man of huge frame, with enormous hands and feet, massive head, receding forehead, and heavy cerebral development, full sensual lips, large nose, and peculiar eyes that seemed at the same time to look through you and to shrink from your gaze—he was a man at whom a stranger would stop in the street to get a second look. There he sat at his desk, too much absorbed to notice my entrance. Before him lay a large pile of one-thousand-dollar United States Government bonds, and he was clipping off the coupons. That face! it was a study as he sat using the big pair of scissors. A hungry boy in the act of taking into his mouth a ripe cherry, a mother gazing down into the face of her pretty sleeping child, a lover looking into the eyes of his charmer, are but faint figures by which to express the intense pleasure he felt in his work. But there was also a feline element in his joy—his handling of those bonds was somewhat like a cat toying with its prey. When at last he raised his head, there was a fierce gleam in his eye and a flush in his face. I had come upon a devotee engaged in worship. This was Mike

Reese, the miser and millionaire. Placing his huge left hand on the pile of bonds, he gruffly returned my salutation: "Good morning."

He turned as he spoke, and cast into my face a look of scrutiny which said plain enough that he wanted me to make known my business with him at once.

I told him what was wanted. At the request of the official board of the Minna Street Church I had come to ask him to make a contribution toward the payment of its debt.

"O yes; I was expecting you. They all come to me. Father Gallagher, of the Catholic Church, Dr. Wyatt, of the Episcopal Church, and all the others, have been here. I feel friendly to the Churches, and I treat all alike—it won't do for me to be partial—*I don't give to any!*"

That last clause was an anticlimax, dashing my hopes rudely; but I saw he meant it, and left. I never heard of his departing from the rule of strict impartiality he had laid down for himself.

We met at times at a restaurant on Clay Street. He was a hearty feeder, and it was amusing to see how skillfully in the choice of dishes and the thoroughness with which he emptied them he could combine economy with plenty. On several of these occasions, when we chanced to sit at the same table, I proposed to pay for both of us, and he quickly assented, his hard, heavy features lighting up with undisguised pleasure at the suggestion, as he shambled out of the room amid the smiles of the company present, most of whom knew him as a millionaire, and me as a Methodist preacher.

He had one affair of the heart. Cupid played a prank on him that was the occasion of much merriment in the San Francisco newspapers, and of

much grief to him. A widow was his enslaver and tormentor—the old story. She sued him for breach of promise of marriage. The trial made great fun for the lawyers, reporters, and the amused public generally; but it was no fun for him. He was mulcted for six thousand dollars and costs of the suit. It was during the time I was renting one of his offices on Washington Street. I called to see him, wishing to have some repairs made. His clerk met me in the narrow hall, and there was a mischievous twinkle in his eye as he said: "You had better come another day. The old man has just paid that judgment in the breach of promise case, and he is in a bad way."

Hearing our voices, he said: "Who is there? Come in."

I went in, and found him sitting leaning on his desk, the picture of intense wretchedness. He was all unstrung, his jaw fallen, and a most pitiful face met mine as he looked up and said, in a broken voice: "Come some other day—I can do no business to-day; I am very unwell."

He was indeed sick—sick at heart. I felt sorry for him. Pain always excites my pity, no matter what may be its cause. He was a miser, and the payment of those thousands of dollars was like tearing him asunder. He did not mind the gibes of the newspapers, but the loss of the money was almost killing. He had not set his heart on popularity, but cash.

He had another special trouble, but with a different sort of ending. It was discovered by a neighbor of his that, by some mismeasurement of the surveyors, he (Reese) had built the wall of one of his immense business houses on Front Street six inches beyond his own proper line, taking in just so much of that neighbor's lot. Not being on

friendly terms with Reese, his neighbor made a peremptory demand for the removal of the wall, or the payment of a heavy price for the ground. Here was misery for the miser. He writhed in mental agony, and begged for easier terms, but in vain. His neighbor would not relent. The business men of the vicinity rather enjoyed the situation, humorously watching the progress of the affair. It was a case of diamond cut diamond, both parties bearing the reputation of being hard men to deal with. A day was fixed for Reese to give a definite answer to his neighbor's demand, with notice that, in case of noncompliance, suit against him would be begun at once. The day came, and with it a remarkable change in Reese's tone. He sent a short note to his enemy, breathing profanity and defiance.

"What is the matter?" mused the puzzled citizen. "Reese has made some discovery that makes him think he has the upper hand, else he would not talk this way."

And he sat and thought. The instinct of this class of men where money is involved is like a miracle.

"I have it!" he suddenly exclaimed; "Reese has the same hold on me that I have on him."

Reese happened to be the owner of another lot adjoining that of his enemy, on the other side. It occurred to him that, as all these lots were surveyed at the same time by the same party, it was most likely that as his line had gone six inches too far on the one side, his enemy's had gone as much too far on the other. And so it was. He had quietly a survey made of the premises, and he chuckled with inward joy to find that he held this winning card in the unfriendly game. With grim politeness the neighbors exchanged deeds for

the two half feet of ground, and their war ended. The moral of this incident is for him who hath wit enough to see it.

For several seasons he came every morning to North Beach to take sea baths. Sometimes he rode his well-known white horse, but oftener he walked. He bathed in the open sea, making, as one expressed it, twenty-five cents out of the Pacific Ocean by avoiding the bath house. Was this the charm that drew him forth so early? It not seldom chanced that we walked down town together. At times he was quite communicative, speaking of himself in a way that was peculiar. It seems he had thoughts of marrying before his episode with the widow.

"Do you think a young girl of twenty could love an old man like me?" he asked me one day, as we were walking along the street.

I looked at his huge and ungainly bulk, and into his animal face, and made no direct answer. Love! Six millions of dollars is a great sum. Money may buy youth and beauty, but love does not come at its call. God's highest gifts are free; only the second-rate things can be bought with money. Did this sordid old man yearn for pure human love amid his millions? Did such a dream cast a momentary glamour over a life spent in raking among the muck heaps? If so, it passed away, for he never married.

He understood his own case. He knew in what estimation he was held by the public, and did not conceal his scorn for its opinion.

"My love of money is a disease. My saving and hoarding as I do is irrational, and I know it. It pains me to pay five cents for a street car ride, or a quarter of a dollar for a dinner. My pleasure in accumulating property is morbid, but I have

felt it from the time I was a foot peddler in Charlotte, Campbell, and Pittsylvania Counties, in Virginia, until now. It is a sort of insanity, and it is incurable; but it is about as good a form of madness as any, and all the world is mad in some fashion."

This was the substance of what he said of himself when in one of his moods of free speech, and it gave me a new idea of human nature—a man whose keen and penetrating brain could subject his own consciousness to a cool and correct analysis, seeing clearly the folly which he could not resist. The autobiography of such a man might furnish a curious psychological study, and explain the formation and development in society of those moral monsters called misers. Nowhere in literature has such a character been fully portrayed, though Shakespeare and George Eliot have given vivid touches of some of its features.

He always retained a kind feeling for the South, over whose hills he had borne his peddler's pack when a youth. After the war, two young ex-Confederate soldiers came to San Francisco to seek their fortunes. A small room adjoining my office was vacant, and the brothers requested me to secure it for them as cheap as possible. I applied to Reese, telling him who the young men were, and describing their broken and impecunious condition.

"Tell them to take the room free of rent, but it ought to bring five dollars a month."

It took a mighty effort, and he sighed as he spoke the words. I never heard of his acting similarly in any other case, and I put this down to his credit, glad to know that there was a warm spot in that mountain of mud and ice. A report of this generous act got afloat in the city, and many

were the inquiries I received as to its truth. There was general incredulity.

His health failed, and he crossed the seas. Perhaps he wished to visit his native hills in Germany, which he had last seen when a child. There he died, leaving all his millions to his kindred, save a bequest of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the University of California. What were his last thoughts, what was his final verdict concerning human life, I know not. Empty-handed he entered the world of spirits, where, the film fallen from his vision, he saw the eternal realities. What amazement must have followed his awakening!

UNCLE NOLAN.

HE was black and ugly, but it was ugliness that did not disgust nor repel you. His face had a touch both of the comic and the pathetic. His mouth was wide, his lips very thick and the color of a ripe damson, blue-black; his nose made up in width what it lacked in elevation; his ears were big, and bent forward; his eyes were a dull white, on a very dark ground; his wool was white and thick. His age might be anywhere along from seventy onward. A black man's age, like that of a horse, becomes dubious after reaching a certain stage.

He came to the class meeting in the Pine Street Church, in San Francisco, one Sabbath morning. He asked leave to speak, which was granted.

"Bruthren, I come here sometime ago, from Vicksburg, Miss., where I has lived for forty year, or more. I heered dar was a culud church op on de hill, an' I thought I'd go an' washup wid 'em. I went dar three or fo' Sundays, but I foun' deir ways didn't suit me, an' my ways didn't suit dem. Dey was Yankees' niggers, an' [proudly] I's a Southern man myself. Sumbody tole me dar was a Southern Church down here on Pine Street, an' I thought I'd cum an' look in. Soon's I got inside de church, an' look roun' a minit, I feels at home. Dey look like home folks, de preacher preach like home folks, de people sing like home folks. Yer see, chillun, I's a Southern man myself [emphatically], and I's a Southern Methodis'. Dis is de Church I was borned

in, an' dis is de Church I was *rarred* in, an' [with great energy] dis is de Church which de Scripter says de gates uv hell shall not prevail agin it! ["Amen!" from Father Newman and others.] When dey heerd I was comin' to dis Church, some uv 'em got arter me 'bout it. Dey say dis Church was a enemy to de black people, and dat dey was in favor uv slavery. I tole 'em de Scripter said, 'Love your enemies,' an' den I took de Bible an' read what it says about slavery—I can read some, chillun—'Servants, obey yer masters in all things, not wid eye-service, as men pleasers, but as unto de Lord;' and so on. But, bless yer souls, chillun, dey wouldn't lis'en to dat—*so I foun' out dey was abberlishen niggers, an' I lef' 'em!*"

Yes, he left them, and came to us. I received him into the Church in due form, and with no little eclat, he being the only son of Ham on our roll of members in San Francisco. He stood firm to his Southern Methodist colors under a great pressure.

"Yer ought ter be killed for goin' ter dat Southern Church," said one of his colored acquaintances one day, as they met in the street.

"Kill me, den," said Uncle Nolan, with proud humility; "kill me, den; yer can't cheat me out uv many days, nohow."

He made a living, and something over, by ragpicking at North Beach and elsewhere, until the Chinese entered into competition with him, and then it was hard times for Uncle Nolan. His eyesight partially failed him, and it was pitiful to see him on the beach, his threadbare garments fluttering in the wind, groping amid the rubbish for rags, or shuffling along the streets with a huge sack on his back, and his old felt hat tied under his nose

with a string, picking his way carefully to spare his swollen feet, which were tied up with bagging and woolens. His religious fervor never cooled; I never heard him complain. He never ceased to be joyously thankful for two things: his freedom and his religion. But, strange as it may seem, he was a proslavery man to the last. Even after the war, he stood to his opinion.

"Dem niggers in de South thinks dey is free, but dey ain't. 'Fore it's all ober, all dat ain't dead will be glad to git back to deir masters," he would say.

Yet he was very proud of his own freedom, and took the utmost care of his free papers. He had no desire to resume his former relation to the peculiar and patriarchal institution. He was not the first philosopher who had one theory for his fellows, and another for himself.

Uncle Nolan would talk of religion by the hour. He never tired of that theme. His faith was simple and strong, but, like most of his race, he had a tinge of superstition. He was a dreamer of dreams, and he believed in them. Here is one which he recited to me. His weird manner, and low, chanting tone, I must leave to the imagination of the reader.

Uncle Nolan's Dream.

A tall black man come along, an' took me by de arm, an' tole me he had come for me. I said: "Wha' yer want wid me?"

"I come to carry yer down into de darkness."

"What for?"

"'Cause you didn't follow de Lord."

Wid dat, he pulled me 'long de street till he come to a big black house, de biggest house an' de thickest walls I ever seed. We went in a little

do', an' den he took me down a long sta'rs in de dark, till we come to a big do'; we went inside, an' den de big black man locked de do' behin' us. An' so we kep' on, goin' down, an' goin' down, an' goin' down, an' he kep' lockin' dem big iron do's behin' us, an' all de time it was pitch dark, so I couldn't see him, but he still hel' on ter me. At las' we stopped, an' den he started to go 'way. He locked de do' behin' him, an' I heered him goin' up de steps de way we come, lockin' all de do's behin' him as he went. I tell you, dat was dreadful when I heerd dat big key turn on de outside, an' me 'way down, down dar in de dark all alone, an' no chance ever to git out! An' I knowed it was 'cause I didn't foller de Lord. I felt roun' de place, an' dar was nothin' but de thick walls an' de great iron do'. Den I sot down an' cried, 'cause I knowed I was a los' man. Dat was de same as hell [his voice sinking into a whisper], an' all de time I knowed I was dar 'cause I hadn't followed de Lord. Bymeby somethin' say: "Pray." Somethin' keep sayin': "Pray." Den I drap on my knees an' prayed. I tell you, no man ever prayed harder'n I did! I prayed, an' prayed, an' prayed! What's dat? Dar's somebody a comin' down dem steps; dey's unlockin' de do'; an' de fus' thing I knowed, de place was all lighted up bright as day, an' a white-faced man stood by me, wid a crown on his head, an' a golden key in his han'. Somehow I knowed it was Jesus, an' right den I waked up all of a tremble, an' knowed it was a warnin' dat I mus' foller de Lord. An', bless Jesus, I has been follerin' him fifty year since I had dat dream."

In his prayers, and class meeting and love feast talks, Uncle Nolan showed a depth of spiritual insight truly wonderful, and the effects of these talks

were frequently electrical. Many a time have I seen the Pine Street brethren and sisters rise from their knees, at the close of one of his prayers, melted into tears, or thrilled to religious rapture, by the power of his simple faith and the vividness of his sanctified imagination.

He held to his proslavery views and guarded his own freedom papers to the last; and when he died, in 1875, the last colored Southern Methodist in California was transferred from the Church militant to the great company that no man can number, gathered out of every nation and tribe and kindred on earth.

OLD MAN LOWRY.

I HAD marked his expressive physiognomy among my hearers in the little church in Sonora for some weeks before he made himself known to me. As I learned afterwards, he was weighing the young preacher in his critical balances. He had a shrewd Scotch face, in which there was a mingling of keenness, benignity, and humor. His age might be sixty, or it might be more. He was an old bachelor, and wide guesses are sometimes made as to the ages of that class of men. They may not live longer than married men, but they do not show the effects of life's wear and tear so early. He came to see us one evening. He fell in love with the mistress of the parsonage, just as he ought to have done, and we were charmed with the quaint old bachelor. There was a piquancy, a sharp flavor, in his talk that was delightful. His aphorisms often crystallized a neglected truth in a form all his own. He was an original character. There was nothing commonplace about him. He had his own way of saying and doing everything.

Society in the mines was limited in that day, and we felt that we had found a real treasure in this old man of unique mold. His visits were refreshing to us, and his plain-spoken criticisms were helpful to me.

He had left the Church because he did not agree with the preachers on some points of Christian ethics, and because they used tobacco. But he was unhappy on the outside; and, finding

that my views and habits did not happen to cross his peculiar notions, he came back. His religious experience was out of the common order. Bred a Calvinist, of the good old Scotch-Presbyterian type, he had swung away from that faith, and was in danger of rushing into Universalism or infidelity. That once famous and much-read little book, "John Nelson's Journal," fell into his hands, and changed his whole life. It led him to Christ and to the Methodists. He was a true spiritual child of the unflinching Yorkshire stonecutter. Like him, he despised halfway measures; and like him, he was aggressive in thought and action. What he liked he loved; what he disliked he hated. Calvinism he abhorred, and he let no occasion pass for pouring into it hot shot of his scorn and wrath. One night I preached from the text: "Should it be according to thy mind?"

"The first part of your sermon," he said to me as we passed out of the church, "distressed me greatly. For a full half hour you preached straight-out Calvinism, and I thought you had ruined everything; but you had left a little slip-gap, and crawled out at the last."

His ideal of a minister of the gospel was Dr. Keener, whom he knew at New Orleans before coming to California. He was the first man I ever heard mention Dr. Keener's name for the episcopacy. There was much in common between them. If my eccentric California bachelor friend did not have as strong and cool a head, he had as brave and true a heart as the incisive and chivalrous Louisiana preacher, upon whose head the miter was placed by the suffrage of his brethren at Memphis in 1870. He became very active as a worker in the Church. I made him class leader, and there have been few in that office who

brought to its sacred duties as much spiritual insight, candor, and tenderness. At times his words flashed like diamonds, showing what the Bible can reveal to a solitary thinker who makes it his chief study day and night. When needful, he could apply caustic that burned to the very core of an error of opinion or of practice. He took a class in the Sunday school; and his freshness, acuteness, humor, and deep knowledge of the Scriptures made him far more than an ordinary teacher. A fine pocket Bible was offered as a prize to the scholar who should, in three months, memorize the greatest number of Scripture verses. The wisdom of such a contest is questionable to me now, but it was the fashion then, and I was too young and self-distrustful to set myself against the current in such matters. The contest was an exciting one—two boys, Robert A—— and Jonathan R——, and one girl, Annie P——, leading all the school. Jonathan suddenly fell behind, and was soon distanced by his two competitors. Lowry, who was his teacher, asked him what was the reason of his sudden breakdown. The boy blushed, and stammered out: "I didn't want to beat Annie."

Robert won the prize, and the day came for its presentation. The house was full, and everybody was in a pleasant mood. After the prize had been presented in due form and with a little flourish, Lowry arose, and, producing a costly Bible, in a few words telling how magnanimously and gallantly Jonathan had retired from the contest, presented it to the pleased and blushing boy. The boys and girls applauded California fashion, and the old man's face glowed with satisfaction. He had in him curiously mingled the elements of the Puritan and the Cavalier—the uncompromising

persistency of the one, and the chivalrous impulse and open-handedness of the other.

The old man had too many crotchets and too much combativeness to be popular. He spared no opinion or habit he did not like. He struck every angle within reach of him. In the state of society then existing in the mines there were many things to vex his soul and keep him on the war-path. The miners looked upon him as a brave, good man, just a little daft. He worked a mining claim on Wood's Creek, north of town, and lived alone in a tiny cabin on the hill above. That was the smallest of cabins, looking like a mere box from the trail which wound through the flat below. Two little scrub oaks stood near it, under which he sat and read his Bible in leisure moments. There, above the world, he could commune with his own heart and with God undisturbed, and look down upon a race he half pitied and half despised. From the spot the eye took in a vast sweep of hill and dale: Bald Mountain, the most striking object in the near background, and beyond its dark, rugged mass the snowy summits of the Sierras, rising one above another, like gigantic stairsteps, leading up to the throne of the Eternal. This lonely height suited Lowry's strangely compounded nature. As a cynic, he looked down with contempt upon the petty life that seethed and frothed in the camps below; as a saint, he looked forth upon the wonders of God's handiwork around and above him. There was an intensity in all that he did. Passing his mining claim on horseback one day, I paused to look at him in his work. Clad in a blue flannel mining suit, he was digging as for life. The embankment of red dirt and gravel melted away rapidly before his vigorous strokes, and he seemed to feel a sort of fierce de-

light in his work. Pausing a moment, he looked up and saw me.

"You dig as if you were in a hurry," I said.

"Yes, I have been digging here three years. I have a notion that I have just so much of the earth to turn over before I am turned under," he replied with a sort of grim humor.

He was still there when we visited Sonora in 1857. He invited us out to dinner, and we went. By skillful circling around the hill, we reached the little cabin on the summit with horse and buggy. The old man had made preparations for his expected guests. The floor of the cabin had been swept, and its scanty store of furniture put to rights, and a dinner was cooking in and on the little stove. His lady guest insisted on helping in the preparation of the dinner, but was allowed to do nothing further than to arrange the dishes on the primitive table, which was set out under one of the little oaks in the yard. It was a miner's feast: can-fruits, can-vegetables, can-oysters, can-pickles, can-everything nearly, with tea distilled from the Asiatic leaf by a recipe of his own. It was a hot day, and from the cloudless heavens the sun flooded the earth with his glory, and the shimmer of the sunshine was in the still air. We tried to be cheerful, but there was a pathos about the affair that touched us. He felt it too. More than once there was a tear in his eye. At parting, he kissed little Paul, and gave us his hand in silence. As we drove down the hill, he stood gazing after us with a look fixed and sad. The picture is still before me—the lonely old man standing sad and silent, the little cabin, the rude dinner service under the oak, and the overarching sky. That was our last meeting; the next will be on the other side.

THE CALIFORNIA POLITICIAN.

THE California politician of the early days was plucky. He had to be so, for faint heart won no votes in those rough times. One of the Marshalls (Tom or Ned, I forget which), at the beginning of a stump speech one night in the mines, was interrupted by a storm of hisses and execrations from a turbulent crowd of fellows, many of whom were full of whisky. He paused a moment, drew himself up to his full height, coolly took a pistol from his pocket, laid it on the stand before him, and said: "I have seen bigger crowds than this many a time. I want it to be fully understood that I came here to make a speech to-night, and I am going to do it, or else there will be a funeral or two."

That touch took with that crowd. The one thing they all believed in was courage. Marshall made one of his grandest speeches, and at the close the delighted miners bore him in triumph from the rostrum.

That was a curious exordium of "Uncle Peter Mehan," when he made his first stump speech at Sonora: "Fellow-citizens, *I was born an orphan at a very early period of my life.*" He was a candidate for supervisor, and the good-natured miners elected him triumphantly. He made a good supervisor, which is another proof that book learning and elegant rhetoric are not essential where there are integrity and native good sense. Uncle Peter never stole anything, and he was usually on the right side of all questions that

claimed the attention of county fathers of Tuolumne.

In the early days the Virginians, New Yorkers, and Tennesseeans led in politics. Trained to the stump at home, the Virginians and Tennesseeans were ready on all occasions to run a primary meeting, a convention, or a canvass. There was scarcely a mining camp in the State in which there was not a leading local politician from one or both of these States. The New Yorker understood all the inside management of party organization, and was up to all the smart tactics developed in the lively struggles of parties in the times when Whiggery and Democracy fiercely fought for rule in the Empire State. Broderick was a New Yorker, trained by Tammany in its palmy days. He was a chief, who rose from the ranks, and ruled by force of will. Thick-set, strong-limbed, full-chested, with immense driving power in his backhead, he was an athlete whose stalwart *physique* was of more value to him than the gift of eloquence, or even the power of money. The sharpest lawyers and the richest money kings alike went down before this uncultured and moneyless man, who dominated the clans of San Francisco simply by right of his manhood. He was not without a sort of eloquence of his own. He spoke right to the point, and his words fell like the thud of a shillalah or rang like the clash of steel. He dealt with the rough elements of politics in an exciting and turbulent period of California politics, and was more of a border chief than an Ivanhoe in his modes of warfare. He reached the United States Senate, and in his first speech in that august body he honored his manhood by an allusion to his father, a stone mason, whose hands, said Broderick, had helped to erect the very walls

of the chamber in which he spoke. When a man gets as high as the United States Senate, there is less tax upon his magnanimity in acknowledging his humble origin than while he is lower down the ladder. You seldom hear a man boast how low he began until he is far up toward the summit of his ambition. Ninety-nine out of every hundred self-made men are at first more or less sensitive concerning their low birth; the hundredth man who is not is a man indeed.

Broderick's great rival was Gwin. The men were antipodes in everything except that they belonged to the same party. Gwin still lives, the most colossal figure in the history of California. He looks the man he is. Of immense frame, ruddy complexion, deep-blue eyes that almost blaze when he is excited, rugged yet expressive features, a massive head crowned with a heavy suit of silver-white hair, he is marked by nature for leadership. Common men seem dwarfed in his presence. After he had dropped out of California politics for awhile, a Sacramento hotel keeper expressed what many felt during a legislative session: "I find myself looking around for Gwin. I miss the chief."

Broderick and Gwyn were both, by a curious turn of political fortune, elected by the same Legislature to the United States Senate. Broderick sleeps in Lone Mountain, and Gwin still treads the stage of his former glory, a living monument of the days when California politics was half romance and half tragedy.* The friend and *protégé* of Gen. Andrew Jackson, a member of the first Constitutional Convention of California, twice

*Senator Gwin has been dead many years, but was living when the foregoing Sketch was written. The reader will pardon the anachronism therein.—THE AUTHOR.

United States Senator, a prominent figure in the Civil War, the father of the great Pacific Railway, he is the front figure on the canvas of California history.

Gwin was succeeded by McDougall. What a man was he! His face was as classic as a Greek statue. It spoke the student and the scholar in every line. His hair was snow-white, his eyes bluish-gray, and his form sinewy and elastic. He went from Illinois, with Baker and other men of genius, and soon won a high place at the bar of San Francisco. I heard it said by an eminent jurist that when McDougall had put his whole strength into the examination of a case his side of it was exhausted. His reading was immense, his learning solid. His election was doubtless a surprise to himself, as well as to the California public. The day before he left for Washington City, I met him in the street, and as we parted I held his hand a moment, and said: "Your friends will watch your career with hope and with fear."

He knew what I meant, and said quickly: "I understand you. You are afraid that I will yield to my weakness for strong drink; but you may be sure that I will play the man, and California shall have no cause to blush on my account."

That was his fatal weakness. No one looking upon his pale, scholarly face, and noting his faultlessly neat apparel, and easy, graceful manners, would have thought of such a thing. Yet he was a—I falter in writing it—a drunkard. At times he drank deeply and madly. When half intoxicated he was almost as brilliant as Hamlet, and as rollicking as Falstaff. It was said that even when fully drunk his splendid intellect never entirely gave way.

"McDougall commands as much attention in

the Senate when drunk as any other Senator does when sober," said a Congressman in Washington in 1866. It is said that his great speech on the question of "Confiscation," at the beginning of the war, was delivered when he was in a state of semiintoxication. Be that as it may, it exhausted the whole question, and settled the policy of the government.

I never saw him again. For the first few months he wrote me often, and then his letters came at longer intervals, and then they ceased. And then the newspapers disclosed the shameful secret—California's brilliant Senator was a drunkard. The temptations of the capital were too strong for him. He went down into the black waters a complete wreck. He returned to the old home of his boyhood in New Jersey to die. I learned that he was lucid and penitent at the last. They brought his body back to San Francisco to be buried, and when at his funeral the words "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in clear soprano, rang through the vaulted cathedral like a peal of triumph, I indulged the hope that the spirit of my gifted and fated friend had, through the mercy of the Friend of sinners, gone from his boyhood hills up to the hills of God.

The typical California politician was Coffroth. The "boys" fondly called him "Jim" Coffroth. There is no surer sign of popularity than a popular abbreviation of this sort, unless it is a pet nickname. Coffroth was from Pennsylvania, where he had gained an inkling of politics and general literature. He gravitated into California politics by the law of his nature. He was born for this, having what a friend calls the gift of popularity. His presence was magnetic; his laugh was contagious; his enthusiasm was irresistible. No one ever

thought of taking offense at Jim Coffroth. He could change his politics with impunity, without losing a friend—he never had a personal enemy—but I believe he only made that experiment once. He went off with the Know-nothings in 1855, and was elected by them to the State Senate, and was called to preside over their State Convention. He hastened back to his old party associates, and at the first convention that met in his county on his return from the Legislature he rose and told them how lonesome he had felt while astray from the old fold, how glad he was to get back, and how humble he felt, concluding by advising all his late supporters to do as he had done by taking "a straight chute" for the old party. He ended amid a storm of applause, was reinstated at once, and was made President of the next Democratic State Convention. There he was in his glory. His tact and good humor were unbounded, and he held those hundreds of excitable and explosive men in the hollow of his hand. He would dismiss a dangerous motion with a witticism so apt that the mover himself would join in the laugh, and give it up. His broad face in repose was that of a Quaker, at other times that of a Bacchus. There was a religious streak in this jolly partisan, and he published several poems that breathed the sweetest and loftiest religious sentiment. The newspapers were a little disposed to make a joke of these ebullitions of devotional feeling, but they now make the light that casts a gleam of brightness upon the background of his life. I take from an old volume of the *Christian Spectator* one of these poems as a literary curiosity. Every man lives two lives. The rollicking politician, "Jim Coffroth," every Californian knew; the au-

thor of these lines was another man of the same name:

AMID THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT.

"Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." (Ps. cxxi. 4.)

Amid the silence of the night,
Amid its lonely hours and dreary,
When we close the aching sight,
Musing sadly, lorn and weary,
Trusting that to-morrow's light
May reveal a day more cheery;

Amid affliction's darker hour,
When no hope beguiles our sadness,
When death's hurtling tempests lower,
And forever shroud our gladness,
While grief's unrelenting power
Goads our stricken hearts to madness;

When from friends beloved we're parted,
And from scenes our spirits love,
And are driven, broken-hearted,
O'er a heartless world to rove;
When the woes by which we've smarted,
Vainly seek to melt or move;

When we trust and are deluded,
When we love and are denied,
When the schemes o'er which we brooded
Burst like mist on mountain's side,
And, from ev'ry hope excluded,
We in dark despair abide—

Then, and ever, God sustain us,
He whose eye no slumber knows,
Who controls each throb that pains us,
And in mercy sends our woes,
And by love severe constrains us
To avoid eternal throes.

Happy he whose heart obeys him!
Lost and ruined who disown!
O if idols e'er displace him,
Tear them from his chosen throne!
May our lives and language praise him!
May our hearts be his alone!

He took defeat with a good nature that robbed it of its sting, and made his political opponents

half sorry for having beaten him. He was talked of for Governor at one time, and he gave as a reason why he would like the office that "a great many of his friends were in the State prison, and he wanted to use the pardoning power in their behalf." This was a jest, of course, referring to the fact that as a lawyer much of his practice was in the criminal courts. He was never suspected of treachery or dishonor in public or private life. His very ambition was unselfish: he was always ready to sacrifice himself in a hopeless candidacy if he could thereby help his party or a friend.

His good nature was tested once while presiding over a party convention at Sonora for the nomination of candidates for legislative and county offices. Among the delegates was the eccentric John Vallew, whose mind was a singular compound of shrewdness and flightiness and was stored with the most out-of-the-way scraps of learning, philosophy, and poetry. Some one proposed Vallew's name as a candidate for the Legislature. He rose to his feet with a clouded face, and in an angry voice said: "Mr. President, I am surprised and mortified. I have lived in this county more than seven years, and I have never had any difficulty with my neighbors. I did not know that I had an enemy in the world. What have I done, that it should be proposed to send me to the Legislature? What reason has any one to think I am that sort of a man? To think I should have come to this! To propose to send me to the Legislature, when it is a notorious fact that you have never sent a man thither from this county *who did not come back morally and pecuniarily ruined!*"

The crowd saw the point, and roared with laughter, Coffroth, who had served the previous session, joining heartily in the merriment. Vallew was excused.

Coffroth died suddenly, and his destiny was transferred to another sphere. So there dropped out of California life a partisan without bitterness, a satirist without malice, a wit without a sting, the jolliest, freest, readiest man that ever faced a California audience on the hustings—the typical politician of California.

Here they come trooping—the men that ruled and represented California in those early days. Only a kinetoscopic glance can be given to some of them who figured largely in their day, and whose footprints are still seen.

There was Henry S. Foote, ex-United States Senator from Mississippi, who had within him a rich vein of satire with a declamatory sweep that was almost irresistible. He canvassed the state of California against what was then its ruling political party, and mightily stirred its voters from San Francisco to its farthest borders. What a speech was that made by him to a dense mass of miners in front of the old "Placer Hotel" in Sonora, the silver-tongued Henry P. Barber being his antagonist! Barber was the idol of that crowd, but he met more than his match in the eloquent ex-Mississippian. Foote's party was defeated, and he missed the United States Senatorship, but he made a name as a master of popular assemblies that is still bright.

There was Henry Haight, a lawyer by profession, a Presbyterian in religion, a Democrat in politics. He lacked popular eloquence and magnetism; but he had a brain that was strong and clear, and a will to do the right thing as he saw it. The Democrats elected him Governor, and at the end of one term he went back to the practise of law and to the duties of a ruling elder in his church. He was a New Yorker, and a graduate

of Yale College. If it be said that he was more successful as a lawyer and as a Presbyterian elder than as a Democratic leader at that time, the reader may construe the remark to suit himself.

There was George Hearst, the wizard of the ore bank, a man whose intuitive genius lifted him above all the experts from Heidelburg and everywhere else. He died possessor of as many millions of dollars as would equal the number of years he had lived on the earth. "When I look at a hill and see its size and the way it lies, and get a glimpse of the ore taken from it, something seems to tell me how much there is of it," I once heard him say. He was a man of affairs, and went in a straight line to his object. In his person he was tall, spare-built, clear-skinned, full-whiskered, with features of almost feminine delicacy, yet with something in the lines of his face that told you that he was a man who was apt to do what he undertook or promised. His party sent him to the United States Senate, and he was true to it and to California.

There was Leland Stanford, who was in some sense Hearst's rival; a heavy-built, dark-skinned man, with the driving power of one of his own railway engines, who pushed his way to the front and kept his place by sheer force of will backed by mother wit that enabled him to know men and use them. He too went to the United States Senate at a time when the Californians seemed inclined to honor men who did something and had something. The university that he founded will bear his name to coming times.

BISHOP KAVANAUGH IN CALIFORNIA.

HE came first in 1856. The Californians "took to" him at once. It was almost as good as a visit to the old home to see and hear this rosy-faced, benignant, and solid Kentuckian. His power and pathos in the pulpit were equaled by his humor and magnetic charm in the social circle. Many consciences were stirred. All hearts were won by him, and he holds them unto this day. We may hope, too, that many souls were won that will be stars in his crown of rejoicing in the day of Jesus Christ.

At San José, his quality as a preacher was developed by an incident that excited no little popular interest. The (Northern) Methodist Conference was in session at that place, the venerable and saintly Bishop Scott presiding. Bishop Kavanaugh was invited to preach, and it so happened that he was to do so on the night following an appointment for Bishop Scott. The matter was talked of in the town, and not unnaturally a spirit of friendly rivalry was excited with regard to the approaching pulpit performances by the Northern and Southern bishops respectively. One enthusiastic but not pious Kentuckian offered to bet a hundred dollars that Kavanaugh would preach the better sermon. Of course the two venerable men were unconscious of all this, and nothing of the kind was in their hearts. The church was thronged to hear Bishop Scott, and his humility, strong sense, deep earnestness, and holy emotion

made a profound and happy impression on all present. The church was again crowded the next night. Among the audience were a considerable number of Southerners—wild fellows, who were not often seen in such places, among them the enthusiastic Kentuckian already alluded to. Kavanaugh, after going through with the preliminary services, announced his text, and began his discourse. He seemed not to be in a good preaching mood. His wheels drove heavily. Skirmishing around and around, he seemed to be reconnoitering his subject, finding no salient point for attack. The look of eager expectation in the faces of the people gave way to one of puzzled and painful solicitude. The heads of the expectant Southerners drooped a little, and the betting Kentuckian betrayed his feelings by a lowering of the under jaw and sundry nervous twitchings of the muscles of his face. The good Bishop kept talking, but the wheels revolved slowly. It was a solemn and "trying time" to at least a portion of the audience, as the Bishop, with head bent over the Bible and his broad chest stooped, kept trying to coax a response from that obstinate text. It seemed a lost battle. At last a sudden flash of thought seemed to strike the speaker, irradiating his face and lifting his form as he gave it utterance, with a characteristic throwing back of his shoulders and upward sweep of his arms. Those present will never forget what followed. The afflatus of the true orator had at last fallen upon him; the mighty ship was launched, and swept out to sea under full canvas. Old Kentucky was on her feet that night in San José. It was indescribable. Flashes of spiritual illumination, explosive bursts of eloquent declamation, sparkles of chastened wit, appeals of overwhelming inten-

sity, followed like the thunder and lightning of a Southern storm. The church seemed literally to rock. "Amens" burst from the electrified Methodists of all sorts; these were followed by "hallelujahs" on all sides; and when the sermon ended with a rapturous flight of imagination half the congregation were on their feet, shaking hands, embracing one another, and shouting. In the tremendous religious impression made, criticism was not thought of. Even the betting Kentuckian showed by his heaving breast and tearful eyes how far he was borne out of the ordinary channels of his thought and feeling.

The Bishop came to Sonora, where I was pastor, to preach to the miners. It was our second year in California, and the paternal element in his nature fell on us like a benediction. He preached three noble sermons to full houses in the little church on the red hillside, but his best discourses were spoken to the young preacher in the tiny parsonage. Catching the fire of the old polemics that led to the battles of the giants in the West, he went over the points of difference between the Arminian and Calvinistic schools of theology in a way that left a permanent deposit in a mind which was just then in its most receptive state. We felt very lonesome after he had left. It was like a touch of home to have him with us then, and in his presence we have had the feeling ever since. What a home will heaven be where all such men will be gathered in one company!

It was a warm day when he went down to take the stage for Mariposa. The vehicle seemed to be already full of passengers, mostly Mexicans and Chinamen. When the portly Bishop presented himself, and essayed to enter, there were frowns and expressions of dissatisfaction.

"Mucho malo!" exclaimed a dark-skinned *señorita* with flashing black eyes.

"Make room in there—he's got to go," ordered the bluff stage driver in a peremptory tone.

There were already eight passengers inside, and the top of the coach was covered as thick as robins on a sumac bush. The Bishop mounted the step and surveyed the situation. The seat assigned him was between two Mexican women, and as he sunk into the apparently insufficient space there was a look of consternation in their faces, and I was not surprised at it; but, *scrouging* in, the newcomer smiled, and addressed first one and then another of his fellow-passengers with so much friendly pleasantness of manner that the frowns cleared away from their faces, even the stolid, phlegmatic Chinamen brightening up with the contagious good humor of the "big Mellican man." When the driver cracked his whip, and the spirited mustangs struck off in the California gallop—the early Californians scorned any slower gait—everybody was smiling. Staging in California in those days was often an exciting business. There were "opposition" lines on most of the thoroughfares, and the driving was furious and reckless in the extreme. Accidents were strangely seldom when we consider the rate of speed, the nature of the roads, and the quantity of bad whisky consumed by most of the drivers. Many of these drivers made it a practice to drink at every stopping place. Seventeen drinks were counted in one forenoon ride by one of these thirsty Jehus. The racing between the rival stages was exciting enough. Lashing the wiry little horses to full speed, there was but one thought, and that was, to "get in ahead." A driver named White upset his stage between Montezu-

ma and Knight's Ferry on the Stanislaus, breaking his right leg above the knee. Fortunately, none of the passengers were seriously hurt, though some of them were a little bruised and frightened. The stage was righted, White resumed the reins, whipped his horses into a run, and, with his broken limb hanging loose, ran into town ten minutes ahead of his rival, fainting as he was lifted from the seat.

"Old man Holden told me to go in ahead or smash everything, and I made it!" exclaimed White, with professional pride.

The Bishop was fortunate enough to escape with unbroken bones as he dashed from point to point over the California hills and valleys, though that heavy body of his was mightily shaken up on many occasions.

He came to California on his second visit, in 1863, when the war was raging. An incident occurred that gave him a very emphatic reminder that those were troublous times.

He was at a camp meeting in the San Joaquin Valley, near Linden—a place famous for gatherings of this sort. The Bishop was to preach at eleven o'clock, and a great crowd was there, full of high expectation. A stranger drove up just before the hour of service—a broad-shouldered man in blue clothes, and wearing a glazed cap. He asked to see Bishop Kavanaugh privately.

They retired to "the preachers' tent," and the stranger said: "My name is Jackson—Col. Jackson, of the United States Army. I have a disagreeable duty to perform. By order of Gen. McDowell, I am to place you under arrest, and take you to San Francisco."

"Can you wait until I preach my sermon?" asked the Bishop good-naturedly. "The people

expect it, and I don't want to disappoint them if it can be helped."

"How long will it take you?"

"Well, I am a little uncertain when I get started, but I will try not to be too long."

"Very well; go on with your sermon, and if you have no objection I will be one of your hearers."

The secret was known only to the Bishop and his captor. The sermon was one of his best—the vast crowd of people were mightily moved, and the Colonel's eyes were not dry when it closed. After a prayer and a song and a collection, the Bishop stood up again before the people, and said: "I have just received a message which makes it necessary for me to return to San Francisco immediately. I am sorry that I cannot remain longer, and participate with you in the hallowed enjoyments of the occasion. The blessing of God be with you, my brethren and sisters."

His manner was so bland, and his tone so serene, that nobody had the faintest suspicion as to what it was that called him away so suddenly. When he drove off with the stranger, the popular surmise was that it was a wedding or a funeral that called for such haste. There are two events in human life that admit no delays: people must be buried, and they will be married.

The Bishop reported to Gen. Mason, provost marshal general, and was told to hold himself as in duress until further orders, and to be ready to appear at headquarters at short notice when called for. He was put on parole, as it were. He came down to San José and stirred my congregation with several of his powerful discourses. In the meantime the arrest had gotten into the newspapers. Nothing that happens escapes the Califor-

nia journalists, and they have even been known to get hold of things that never happened at all. It seems that some one in the shape of a man had made an affidavit that Bishop Kavanaugh had come to the Pacific Coast as a secret agent of the Southern Confederacy, to intrigue and recruit in its interest. Five minutes' inquiry would have satisfied Gen. McDowell of the silliness of such a charge; but it was in war times, and he did not stop to make the inquiry. In Kentucky the good old Bishop had the freedom of the whole land, coming and going without hindrance; but the fact was, he had not been within the Confederate lines since the war began. To make such an accusation against him was the climax of absurdity.

About three weeks after the date of his arrest, I was with the Bishop one morning on our way to Judge Moore's beautiful country seat, near San José, situated on the far-famed Alameda. The carriage was driven by a black man named Henry. Passing the post office, I found, addressed to the Bishop in my care, a huge document bearing the official stamp of the provost marshal's office, San Francisco. He opened and read it, and as he did so he brightened up and, turning to Henry, said: "Henry, were you ever a slave?"

"Yes, sah; in Mizzoory," said Henry, showing his white teeth.

"Did you ever get your free papers?"

"Yes, sah—got 'em now."

"Well, I have got mine; let's shake hands."

And the Bishop and Henry had quite a handshaking over this mutual experience. Henry enjoyed it greatly, as his frequent chucklings evinced while the judge's fine bays were trotting along the Alameda.

(I linger on the word "Alameda" as I write it.

It is at least one beneficent trace of the early Jesuit fathers who founded the San José and Santa Clara Missions a hundred years ago. They planted an avenue of willows the entire three miles, and in that rich, moist soil the trees have grown until their trunks are of enormous size, and their branches, overarching the highway with their dense shade, make a drive of unequaled beauty and pleasantness. The horse cars have now taken away much of its romance, but in the early days it was famous for moonlight drives and their concomitants and consequences. A long-limbed four-year-old California colt gave me a romantic touch of a different sort, nearly the last time I was on the Alameda, by running away with the buggy, and breaking it and me—almost—to pieces. I am reminded of it by the pain in my crippled right shoulder as I write these lines in July, 1881. But still I say, Blessings on the memory of the fathers who planted the willows on the Alameda!)

An intimation was given the Bishop that if he wanted the name of the false swearer who had caused him to be arrested he could have it.

"No; I don't want to know his name," said he; "it will do me no good to know it. May God pardon his sin, as I do most heartily!"

A really strong preacher preaches a great many sermons, each of which the hearers claim to be the greatest sermon of his life. I have heard of at least a half dozen "greatest" sermons by Bascom and Pierce, and other noted pulpit orators. But I heard *one* sermon by Kavanaugh that was probably indeed his master effort. It had a history. When the Bishop started to Oregon, in 1863, I placed in his hands Bascom's "Lectures," which, strange to say, he had never read. Of these lectures the elder Dr. Bond said "they would be the

colossal pillars of Bascom's fame when his printed sermons were forgotten." Those lectures wonderfully anticipated the changing phases of the materialistic infidelity developed since his day, and applied to them the *reductio ad absurdum* with relentless and resistless power. On his return from Oregon, Kavanaugh met and presided over the Annual Conference at San José. One of his old friends, who was troubled with skeptical thoughts of the materialistic sort, requested him to preach a sermon for his special benefit. This request, and the previous reading of the lectures, directed his mind with intense earnestness to the topic suggested. The result was, as I shall always think, the sermon of a lifetime. The text was, "There is a spirit in man: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth . . . understanding." (Job xxxii. 8.) That mighty discourse was a demonstration of the truth of the affirmation of the text. I will not attempt to reproduce it here, though many of its passages are still vivid in my memory. It tore to shreds the sophistries by which it was sought to sink immortal man to the level of the brutes that perish; it appealed to the consciousness of his hearers in red-hot logic that burned its way to the inmost depths of the coldest and hardest hearts; it scintillated now and then sparkles of wit like the illuminated edges of an advancing thunder cloud; borne on the wings of his imagination, whose mighty sweep took him beyond the bounds of earth, through whirling worlds and burning suns, he found the culmination of human destiny in the bosom of eternity, infinity, and God. The peroration was indescribable. The rapt audience reeled under it. Inspiration! The man of God was himself its demonstration, for the power of his word was not his own.

"I thank God that he sent me here this day to hear that sermon! I never heard anything like it, and I shall never forget it, nor cease to be thankful that I heard it," said the Rev. Dr. Charles Wadsworth, of Philadelphia, the great Presbyterian preacher—a man of genius and a true prose-poet, as any one will concede after reading his published sermons. As he spoke, the tears were in his eyes, the muscles of his face quivering, and his chest heaving with irrepressible emotion. Nobody who heard that discourse will accuse me of too high coloring in this brief description of it.

"Don't you wish you were a Kentuckian?" was the enthusiastic exclamation of a lady who brought from Kentucky a matchless wit and the culture of Science Hill Academy, which has blessed and brightened so many homes from the Ohio to the Sacramento.

I think the Bishop was present on another occasion when the compliment he received was a left-handed one. It was at the Stone Church in Suisun Valley. The Bishop and a number of the most prominent ministers of the Pacific Conference were present at a Saturday-morning preaching appointment. They had all been engaged in protracted labors, and, beginning with the Bishop, one after another declined to preach. The lot fell at last upon a boyish-looking brother of very small stature, who labored under the double disadvantage of being a very young preacher and of having been reared in the immediate vicinity. The people were disappointed and indignant when they saw the little fellow go into the pulpit. None showed their displeasure more plainly than Uncle Ben Brown, a somewhat eccentric old brother, who was one of the founders of that society, and one of its best official members. He sat as usual

on a front seat, his thick eyebrows fiercely knit, and his face wearing a heavy frown. He had expected to hear the Bishop, and this was what it had come to! He drew his shoulders sullenly down, and, with his eyes bent upon the floor, nursed his wrath. The little preacher began his sermon, and soon astonished everybody by the energy with which he spoke. As he proceeded, the frown on Uncle Ben's face relaxed a little; at length he lifted his eyes and glanced at the speaker in surprise. He did not think it was in him. With abnormal fluency and force, the little preacher went on with the increasing sympathy of his audience, who were feeling the effects of a generous reaction in his favor. Uncle Ben, touched a little with honest obstinacy as he was, gradually relaxed in the sternness of his looks, straightened up by degrees until he sat upright facing the speaker in a sort of half-reluctant, pleased wonder. Just at the close of a specially vigorous burst of declamation, the old man exclaimed, in a loud voice: "Bless God! *he uses the weak things of this world to confound the mighty!*" casting around a triumphant glance at the Bishop and other preachers.

This impromptu remark was more amusing to the hearers than helpful to the preacher, I fear; but it was a way the dear old brother had of speaking out in meeting.

I must end this sketch. I have dipped my pen in my heart in writing it. The subject of it has been friend, brother, father, to me since the day he looked in upon us in the little cabin on the hill in Sonora, in 1855. When I greet him on the hills of heaven, he will not be sorry to be told that among the many in the far West to whom he was helpful was the writer of this imperfect Sketch.

A DAY.

AH, that blessed, blessed day! I had gone to the White Sulphur Springs, in Napa County, to get relief from the effects of the California poison oak. Gay deceiver! With its tender green and pink leaves, it looks as innocent and smiling as sin when it wooes youth and ignorance. Like sin, it is found everywhere in that beautiful land. Many antidotes are used, but the only sure way of dealing with it is to keep away from it. Again there is an analogy: it is easier to keep out of sin than to get out when caught. These soft, pure white sulphur waters work miracles of healing, and attract all sorts of people. The weary and broken down man of business comes here to sleep and eat and rest; the woman of fashion, to dress and flirt; the loudly dressed and heavily bejeweled gambler, to ply his trade; happy bridal couples, to have the world to themselves; successful and unsuccessful politicians, to plan future triumphs or brood over defeats; pale and trembling invalids, to seek healing or a brief respite from the grave; families escaping from the wind and fog of the bay, to spend a few weeks where they can find sunshine and quiet. It is a little world in itself. The spot is every way beautiful, but its chief charm is its isolation. Though within a few hours' ride from San Francisco, and only two miles from a railroad station, you feel as if you were in the very heart of nature—and so you are. Winding along the banks of a sparkling stream,

the mountains—great masses of leafy green—rise abruptly on either hand; the road bends this way and that until a sudden turn brings you to a little valley hemmed in all around by the giant hills. A bold, rocky projection just above the main hotel gives a touch of ruggedness and grandeur to the scene. How delicious the feeling of rest that comes over you at once! the world shut out, the hills around, and the sky above.

It was in 1863, when the Civil War was at its white heat. Circumstances had given me undesired notoriety in that connection. I had been thrust into the very vortex of its passion, and my name made the rallying cry of opposing elements in California. The guns of Manassas, Cedar Mountain, and the Chickahominy were echoed in the foothills of the Sierras and in the peaceful valleys of the far-away Pacific Coast. The good sense of a practical people prevented any flagrant outbreak on a large scale, but here and there a too ardent Southerner said or did something that gave him a few weeks' or months' duress at Fort Alcatraz, and the honors of a bloodless martyrdom. I was then living at North Beach, in full sight of that fortress. It was kindly suggested by several of my brother editors that it would be a good place for me. When, as my eye swept over the bay in the early morning, the first sight that met my gaze were its rocky ramparts and bristling guns, the poet's line would come to mind: "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." I was just as near as I wanted to be. "I have good quarters for you," said the brave and courteous Capt. McDougall, who was in command at the fort; "and knowing your *penchant*, I will let you have the freedom of a sunny corner of the island for fishing in good weather." He was a true gentleman.

The name and image of another Federal officer rise before me as I write. It is that of the heroic soldier, Gen. Wright, who went down with the "Brother Jonathan" on the Oregon coast in 1865. He was in command of the Department of the Pacific during this stormy period of which I am speaking. I had never seen him, and I had no special desire to make his acquaintance. Somehow Fort Alcatraz had become associated with his name for reasons already intimated. But, though unsought by me, an interview did take place.

"It has come at last!" was my exclamation as I read the note left by an orderly in uniform notifying me that I was expected to report at the quarters of the commanding general the next day at ten o'clock. Conscious of my innocence of treason or any other crime against the government or society, my pugnacity was roused by this summons. Before the hour set for my appearance at the military headquarters, I was ready for martyrdom or anything else — except Alcatraz. I didn't like that. The island was too small, and too foggy and windy, for my taste. I thought it best to obey the order I had received, and so, punctually at the hour, I repaired to the headquarters on Washington Street, and, ascending the steps with a firm tread and defiant feeling, I entered the room. Gen. Mason, provost marshal, a scholar and polished gentleman, politely offered me a seat.

"No; I prefer to stand," I said stiffly.

"The General will see you in a few minutes," said he, resuming his work, while I stood nursing my indignation and sense of wrong.

In a little while Gen. Wright entered—a tall, and striking figure, silver-haired, blue-eyed, ruddy-

faced, with a mixture of the dash of the soldier and the benignity of a bishop.

Declining also his cordial invitation to be seated, I stood and looked at him, still nursing defiance, and getting ready to wear a martyr's crown. The General spoke: "Did you know, sir, that I am perhaps the most attentive reader of your paper to be found in California?"

"No; I was not aware that I had the honor of numbering the commanding general of this department among my readers." This was spoken with severe dignity.

"A lot of hot-heads have for some time been urging me to have you arrested on the ground that you are editing and publishing a disloyal newspaper. Not wishing to do any injustice to a fellow-man, I have taken means every week to obtain a copy of your paper, the *Pacific Methodist;* and allow me to say, sir, that no paper has ever come into my family which is such a favorite with all of us."

I bowed, feeling that the spirit of martyrdom was cooling within me. The General continued: "I have sent for you, sir, that I might say to you, Go on in your present prudent and manly course, and while I command this department you are as safe as I am."

There I stood, a whipped man, my pugnacity all gone, and the martyr's crown away out of my reach. I walked softly downstairs, after bidding the General an adieu in a manner in marked contrast to that in which I had greeted him at the beginning of the interview. Now that it is all over, and the ocean winds have wailed their dirges for him so many long years, I would pay a humble tribute to the memory of as brave and knightly a man as ever wore epaulets or fought under the

stars and stripes. He was of the type of Sidney Johnston, who fell at Shiloh, and of McPherson, who fell at Kennesaw—both Californians, both Americans, true soldiers, who had a sword for the foe in fair fight in the open field, and a shield for woman, and for the noncombatant, the aged, the defenseless. They fought on different sides to settle forever a quarrel that was bequeathed to their generation, but their fame is the common inheritance of the American people. The reader is beginning to think I am digressing, but he will better understand what is to come after getting this glimpse of those stormy days in the sixties.

The guests at the springs were about equally divided in their sectional sympathies. The gentlemen were inclined to avoid all exciting discussions, but the ladies kept up a fire of small arms. When the mails came in, and the latest news was read, comments were made with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks.

The Sabbath morning dawned without a cloud. I awoke with the earliest song of the birds, and was out before the first rays of the sun had touched the mountain tops. The coolness was delicious, and the air was filled with the sweet odors of aromatic shrubs and flowers, with a hint of the pine forests and balsam thickets from the higher altitudes. Taking a breakfast *solus*, pocket Bible in hand, I bent my steps up the gorge, often crossing the brook that wound its way among the thickets or sung its song at the foot of the great overhanging cliffs. A shining trout would now and then flash like a silver bar for a moment above the shaded pools. With light step a doe descending the mountain came upon me, and, gazing at me a moment or two with its soft eyes, tripped away. In a narrow pass where the stream rippled over

the pebbles between two great walls of rock, a spotted snake crossed my path, hurrying its movement in fright. Fear not, humble ophidian. The war declared between thee and me in the fifteenth verse of the third chapter of Genesis is suspended for this one day. Let no creature die to-day but by the act of God. Here is the lake. How beautiful! how still! A landslide had dammed the stream where it flowed between steep, lofty banks, backing the waters over a little valley three or four acres in extent, shut in on all sides by the wooded hills, the highest of which rose from its northern margin. Here is my sanctuary, pulpit, choir, and altar. A gigantic pine had fallen into the lake, and its larger branches served to keep the trunk above the water as it lay parallel with the shore. Seated on its trunk, and shaded by some friendly willows that stretch their graceful branches above, the hours pass in a sort of subdued ecstasy of enjoyment. It is peace, the peace of God. No echo of the world's discords reaches me. The only sound I hear is the cooing of a turtledove away off in a distant gorge of the mountain. It floats down to me on the Sabbath air with a pathos as if it voiced the pity of Heaven for the sorrows of a world of sin and pain and death. The shadows of the pines are reflected in the pellucid depths, and ever and anon the faintest hint of a breeze sighs among their branches overhead. The lake lies without a ripple below, except when from time to time a gleaming trout throws himself out of the water, and, falling with a splash, disturbs the glassy surface, the concentric circles showing where he went down. Sport on, ye shiny denizens of the deep; no angler shall cast his deceitful hook into your quiet haunts this day. Through the foliage of the overhanging

boughs the blue sky is spread, a thin, fleecy cloud at times floating slowly along like a watching angel, and casting a momentary shadow upon the watery mirror below. That sky, so deep and so solemn, wooes me—lifts my thought till it touches the Eternal. What mysteries of being lie beyond that sapphire sea? What wonders shall burst upon the vision when this mortal shall put on immortality? I open the Book and read. Isaiah's burning song makes new music to my soul attuned. David's harp sounds a sweeter note. The words of Jesus stir to diviner depths. And when I read in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation the apocalyptic promise of the new heavens and the new earth, and of the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven, a new glory seems to rest upon sky, mountain, forest, and lake, and my soul is flooded with a mighty joy. I am swimming in the Infinite Ocean. Not beyond that vast blue canopy is heaven; it is within my own ravished heart! Thus the hours pass, but I keep no note of their flight, and the evening shadows are on the water before I come back to myself and the world. O hallowed day! O hallowed spot! foretaste and prophecy to the weary and burden-bowed soul of the new heavens and the new earth where its blessed ideal shall be a more blessed reality!

It is nearly dark when I get back to the hotel. Supper is over, but I am not hungry—I have feasted on the bread of angels.

"Did you know there was quite a quarrel about you this morning?" asks one of the guests.

The words jar. In answer to my look of inquiry, he proceeds: "There was a dispute about your holding a religious service at the picnic grounds. They made it a political matter—one

party threatened to leave if you did preach, the other threatened to leave if you did not preach. There was quite an excitement about it until it was found that you were gone, and then everybody quieted down.''

There is a silence. I break it by telling them how I spent the day, and then they are very quiet.

The next Sabbath every soul at the place united in a request for religious service, the list headed by a high-spirited and brilliant Pennsylvania lady who had led the opposing forces the previous Sunday.

CALIFORNIA TRAITS.

CALIFORNIANS of the olden decades have never been surpassed in spontaneous, princely generosity. If a miner were killed by a "cave," or premature explosion, it only took a few hours to raise five hundred or a thousand dollars for his widow. The veriest sot or tramp had only to get sick to be supplied with all that money could buy. There never was another people so open-handed to poverty, sickness, or the stranger. They were wild, wicked fellows, and made sad havoc of the greater part of the Decalogue; but if deeds of charity are put to the credit of the sinner, the recording angel smiled with inward joy as he put down many an item on the credit side of the eternal ledger. This trait distinguished all alike—saints and sinners, merchants and miners, gamblers and politicians, Jews and Gentiles, yankees and Southerners, natives and foreigners. Here and there would be found a mean, close-fisted fellow, who never responded to the appeals of that heavenly charity which kept the hearts of those feverish, excited, struggling men alive. But such a man was made to feel that he was an object of intense scorn. The hot-tempered adventurer who shot down his enemy in fair fight could be tolerated, but not the miserly wretch who hoarded the dollar needed to save a fellow-man from want. Those Californians of the earlier days showed two traits in excess—a princely courage and a princely generosity; and their descendants will have in their traditions of them a source of inspiration that

will serve to perpetuate among them a brave and generous manhood.

A notable exhibition of this spontaneous and princely generosity in the Californians took place in 1867. The war had left the South decimated, broken, impoverished—a land of grief and of graves. Already in 1866 the gaunt specter of famine hovered over the fated South. The next year a general drought completed the catastrophe. The crops failed, there was no money, the war had stripped the Southern people of all but their lives and their land. It was a dark day. Starvation menaced hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children.

A poor widow in Sonoma County, reading in the newspapers the accounts given of the suffering in the South, sent me six dollars and fifty cents, with a note saying that she had earned the money by taking in washing. She added that it was but a mite, but it would help a little, leaving it to my discretion to send it where it was most needed. Her modest note was published in the *Christian Spectator*, of which I was then editor. The publication of that little note was like touching a spark to dry prairie grass. The hearts of the Californians were ready for the good work, and the poor Sonoma widow showed them the way to do it. From all parts of the State money poured in—by hundreds, by thousands, by tens of thousands of dollars, until directly and indirectly over ninety thousand dollars in gold was sent to the various relief committees in Baltimore, Macon, Nashville, Richmond, and other cities. The transmission of all this money cost not a dollar. The express companies carried the coin free of charge, the bankers remitted all charges on exchange—all services were rendered gratuitously.

The whole movement was carried out in true California style. A single incident will illustrate the spirit in which it was done. A week or two after the widow's note had been published I had occasion to visit San José. It was Saturday, the great day for traffic in that flourishing inland city. The streets were thronged with vehicles and horses and men and women, sauntering, trading, talking, gazing. The great center of resort was the junction of Santa Clara and First Streets. As I was pushing my way through the dense mass of human beings at this point, I met Frank Stewart* —filibuster, philosopher, mineralogist, and editor.

"Wait here a moment," said Stewart to me.

Springing into an empty express wagon, he cried, "O yes, O yes, O yes," after the manner of auctioneers. A crowd gathered around him with inquiring looks. I stood looking on, wondering what he meant. "Fellow-citizens," said Stewart, "while you are here enjoying prosperity and plenty, there is want in the homes of the South. Men, women, and children there are starving. They are our own countrymen, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. We must send them help, and we must send it promptly. I tell you they are starving! In many homes this very night hungry children will sob themselves to sleep without food! But yonder I see an old neighbor, whom you all know," pointing to me. "He has recently visited the South, is in direct communication with it, and will be able to give us the facts in the case. Get up here where you can be seen and heard, and tell us what you know of the distress in the South."

* Stewart was with Walker in Nicaragua, and wrote an entertaining narrative of that romantic and tragic historical episode, entitled "The Last of the Filibusters."

I attempted a retreat, but in vain. Almost before I knew it they had me on the express wagon, talking to the crowd. It was a novel situation to me, and I felt awkward at first. The whole proceeding was a surprise. But there was sympathy and encouragement in the upturned faces of those Californians, and I soon felt at ease standing in my strange pulpit in the open air. My audience kept growing, the people deserting the street auctioneers, the stores, the saloons, and the sidewalks, and pressing close around the express wagon. After describing scenes I had witnessed, I was giving some details of the latest news from the distressed localities, when a dark-skinned, grave-looking little man pressed his way through the crowd and silently laid a five-dollar gold piece on the seat of the express wagon at my feet. Another, another, and another followed. Not a word was spoken, but strong breasts heaved with emotion, and many a bronzed cheek was wet. I could not go on with my speech, but broke down completely. Still the money poured in. It seemed as if every man in that vast throng had caught the feeling of the moment. Never, even in the consecrated temple, amid worshiping hundreds and pealing anthems and fervent prayers, have I felt that God was nearer than at that moment. At length there was a pause. Mr. Spring, the lively and good-natured auctioneer, rushed into his store across the street, and bringing out a gayly painted little cask of California wine, put it into my hands, saying: "Sell this for the benefit of the cause."

This was indeed a new rôle to me. Taking the cask in my hands, and lifting it up before the crowd, I asked: "Who will give five dollars for this cask of wine, the money to go to help the starving?"

"I will," said a man from Ohio, standing directly in front of me, advancing and laying down the money as he spoke.

"Who else will give five dollars for it?"

"I will"—"And I"—"And I"—"And I"—the responses came thick and fast, until the gallon cask of wine had brought in eighty-five dollars. The last purchaser, a tall, good-natured fellow from Maine, said to me as he turned and walked off: "Take the cask home with you, and keep it as a memento of this day."

The crowd scattered, and I gathered and counted the silver and gold that lay at my feet. It filled the canvas sack furnished by a friendly storekeeper, and ran high up into the hundreds. That was California; the California in which still lingered the spirit of the early days. I descended from my impromptu rostrum, invoking a benediction upon them and their children and their children's children, and it is reëchoing in my heart as I write these lines, thousands of miles away on the banks of the Cumberland in Tennessee.

It ought to be added here that in this work of relief for the South Northern men and women were not a whit behind those from the South. The first subscriber to the fund, and the most active worker in its behalf in San Francisco, was Thomas H. Selby, a New Yorker of noble and princely spirit, whose subsequent death robbed California of one of its richest jewels. I am glad to claim national kinship with such people.

On the afternoon before Thanksgiving Day, in eighteen hundred and sixty-something, two little girls came into my office, on Washington Street. One was a chubby, curly-headed little beauty, about five years old. The other was a crippled child, about ten, with a pale, suffering face and

earnest, pleading blue eyes. She walked with crutches, and was out of breath when she got to the top of the long, narrow staircase in the third story of Reese's building, where I dispensed "copy" for the printer and school law for the pedagogues in those days. The older girl handed me a note which she had brought in her thin, white hand. I opened the paper, and read these words: "I am lying sick on Larkin Street, near Sacramento, and there is not a mouthful to eat nor a cent of money in the house."

I recognized the signature as that of a man I had met at the Napa Springs two years before. He was then, as now, an invalid.

I took my hat and cane, and followed the children. It was painful work for the crippled girl, climbing the hill in the face of the heavy wind from the sea. Often she had to pause and rest a few moments, panting for breath and trembling from weakness. When we reached the house, which was a rickety shanty, partly buried in the sand, a hollow-eyed, hopeless-looking woman met us at the door. She had the dull, weary look of a woman worn out with care and the loss of rest. On a coarse bedstead lay the invalid. As soon as he saw me he pulled the quilt over his head, and gave way to his feelings. Looking around, I was shocked to see the utter absence of everything necessary to the comfort of a family. They had parted with every article that would bring a little money with which to buy food. Where the children, five in number, slept I could not conceive. Making a short stay, I went forth to send them relief. A genial, red-bearded New Hampshire man kept a grocery and provision store on the corner of Jackson and Stockton Streets. I liked him, and sometimes patronized him. I gave him

the address of the needy family, and instructed him to send them everything they needed. Before sunset a heavy-laden wagon deposited such stores of eatables at the sand hill shanty as made the inmates thereof wonder. When the bill was presented it was evident that he had not charged half price. I knew my man.

The next day my purpose was to go to Calvary Church and hear a sermon from the brilliant Dr. Charles Wadsworth, with whom striking and eloquent Thanksgiving sermons had long been a specialty. On my way to church I thought of the helpless family in the sand hills, and I resolved to change my Thanksgiving programme. The thought was suggested to my mind that I would go up one side of Montgomery Street and down the other, and ask every acquaintance I should happen to meet for a contribution to the family on Larkin Street. The day was lovely, and all San Francisco was on the streets. (You must go to California to learn how delightful a November day can be.) Before I had gone two squares so much specie had been given me that I found it necessary to get a sack to hold it. On the corner of California Street I came upon Col. Eyre and a knot of other brokers, ten in number, every one of whom gave me a five-dollar gold piece. By the time I had gotten back to my starting point the canvas sack was full of gold and silver. I took it at once to Larkin Street.

The sad, hollow-eyed woman met me at the door. I handed her the sack. She felt its weight, began to tremble, staggered to the bed, and sinking down upon it burst into a fit of violent weeping. The reaction was too sudden for her—poor, worn creature! The sick man also cried, and the children cried; and I am not sure that my own

eyes were dry. I left them very soon, and wended my way homeward to my cottage on the western edge of Russian Hill, above the sea. My Thanksgiving dinner was enjoyed that day.

About seven years afterwards a man overtook me on the street in San Francisco, and, grasping my hand warmly, called me by name: "Don't you know me? Don't you remember the man to whom you brought that money on Thanksgiving Day, seven years ago? I'm the man. That money made my fortune. I was able to obtain medicines and comforts which before I had not the means to buy; my mind was relieved of its load of anxiety; my health began to improve from that day, and now I am a well man, prosperous in business, and with as happy a family around me as there is on earth." What more he said as he held and pressed my hand need not be repeated.

If we search for the cause of this California trait of character, perhaps it may be found in the fact that the early Californians were mostly adventurers. (Please remember that this word has a good as well as a bad sense.) Their own vicissitudes and wrestlings with fortune gave them a vivid realization of the feelings of a fellow-man struggling with adversity. It was a great Brotherhood of Adventure, from whose fellowship no man was excluded. They would fight to the death over a disputed claim; they would too often make the strong hand the test of right; they gave their animal passions free play and enacted bloody tragedies; but they never shut their purses against the distressed, nor turned a deaf ear to the voice of sorrow. Doubtless the ease and rapidity with which fortunes were made in the early days also contributed to produce this free-handedness. A man who made, or hoped to make, a fortune in a

week did not stop to count the money he spent on his schemes, his passions, or his charities. Cases came to my knowledge in which princely fortunes were squandered by a week of debauch with cards, wine, and women.

A sailor struck a "pocket" on Wood's Creek, and took out forty thousand dollars in two days. He went into town, deposited the dust, drew several thousand dollars in coin, and entered upon a debauch. In a day or two the coin was exhausted, the gamblers, saloon keepers, and bad women having divided it between them. Half crazed with drink, he called for his gold dust, and, taking it to the "Long Tom," he began to bet heavily against a faro bank. Staking handfuls of the shining dust, he alternately won and lost until, becoming excited beyond control, he staked the entire sack of gold dust, valued at twenty-eight thousand dollars, on a single card, and—lost, of course. He went to bed and slept off the fumes of his drunkenness, got money enough to take him to San Francisco, where he shipped as a common sailor on a vessel bound for Shanghai. He expressed no regret for the loss of his treasure, but boasted that he had a jolly time while it lasted.

In Sonora there was a rough, whisky-loving fellow named Bill Ford, who divided his time between gambling, drinking, and deer hunting. One day he took his rifle and sallied forth in search of venison. He wandered among the hills for several hours without finding any game. Reaching a projection of Bald Mountain, a few hundred yards below the summit, tired and hot, he threw himself on the ground to rest under the shade of a stunted tree. In an idle way he began to dig into the rotten quartz with his hunting

"It's gold!"

knife, thinking such thoughts as would come into the mind of such a harum-scarum fellow under the circumstances. "What's this?" he suddenly exclaimed. "Hurrah! I have struck it! It's gold! It's gold!"

And so it was gold. Bill had struck a "pocket," and a rich one. His deer hunt was a lucky one after all. Marking well the spot, he lost no time in getting back to Sonora, where he provided himself with a strong, iron-bound water bucket, and then returned with his treasure, which amounted to forty thousand dollars. The "pocket" was exhausted. Though much labor and money were expended in the search, no more gold could be found there. Bill took his gold to town, and was the hero of the hour. Only one way of celebrating his good fortune occurred to his mind. He went on a big spree—whisky, cards, etc. He was a quarrelsome and ugly fellow when drinking. The very next day he got into a fight at the City Hotel and was shot dead, leaving the most of his bucketful of gold dust unspent. The time and manner of Bill's death was, in its result, the best thing known of his history. A strange thing happened: the money found its way to his mother in Pennsylvania, every dollar of it. Public sentiment aided the public administrator in doing his duty in this case. It was a common saying among the Californians in those days that when an estate was taken charge of by that functionary the legal heirs had small show of getting any part of it. It is but just to say, however, that there was a latent moral sense among the Californians that never failed to condemn the faithless public servant. They did not take time to prosecute him, but they made him feel that he was despised.

FATHER ACOLTI.

I FIRST met him one day in 1857 in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Stopping at a sort of wayside inn near the summit to water my horse, a distinguished-looking man, who stood by his buggy with a bucket in his hand, saluted me: "Good morning, sir. You wish to water your horse; may I wait on you?"

His manner would have melted in a moment a whole mountain of conventional ice, it was so cordial and so spontaneous. Disregarding my mild protest against being waited on by my senior, he filled the bucket from the sparkling fountain, and gave it to the thirsty animal, still panting from the long climb up the mountain side. In the meantime we had exchanged names and occupations. He, Father Acolti, a priest and teacher in the Jesuit College at Santa Clara; and I, the writer of these humble Sketches. As he stood there before me, he looked like anything rather than a disciple of Ignatius Loyola. He was sturdy and fat, yet refined and graceful in appearance. His features were large, his head massive, his expression one of great benignity, illuminated with frequent flashes of good humor. There was also about him a something that suggested that he had suffered. I fell in love with Father Acolti on the spot. When he drove down the mountain on the one side, and I on the other, it really seemed as if the grand redwoods had caught a friendlier look and the wild honeysuckles a richer fragrance from the sunny-faced old priest. The tone of human

companionship wonderfully modifies the aspects of external nature.

Father Acolti and I met often after this. On the highway, in the social circles of the lovely Santa Clara Valley, and especially in the abodes of sickness and poverty, I crossed his path. He seemed to have an instinct that guided him to the needy and the sorrowing. It is certain that the instinct of suffering souls led them to the presence of the old priest, whose face was so fatherly, whose voice was so gentle, whose eye melted so readily with pity, and whose hand was so quick to extend relief.

There was a tinge of romance in Father Acolti's history, as it was told to me. He was an Italian of noble birth. A beautiful woman had given him her heart and hand, and before one year of wedded happiness had passed she died. The young nobleman's earthly hope and ambition died with her. He sold his estates, visited her tomb for the last time, and then, renouncing the world, applied for admission into the mysterious order of the Society of Jesus, an organization whose history makes the most curious chapter in the record of modern religious conflict. Having served his novitiate, he was ready for work. His scientific attainments and tastes naturally drew him to the work of education, and doubtless he heartily responded to the command to repair to California as one of a corps of teachers who were to lay the foundations of an educational system for the Roman Catholic Church. But in reality the Jesuits had entered California nearly ninety years before, and laid the foundations upon which their successors are now building. The old mission churches, with their vineyards and orchards, are the monuments of their zeal and devotion. The California

Digger Indians were the subjects of the missionary zeal of the early Jesuit fathers; and whether the defect was in the methods of the teachers or in the capabilities of their Indian neophytes, the effort to elevate these poor red brethren of ours to the plane of Christian civilization failed. They are still savages, and on the path to extinction. The Digger will become neither a citizen nor a Christian. In the conflict of vigorous races on the Pacific Coast he has no chance to survive. The Jesuits deserve credit for what they attempted in behalf of the Indians. We Protestants, who claim a purer faith and better methods, have as yet done but little to arrest the process of their extirpation, or elevate them in the scale of humanity. I fear we have been but too ready to conclude that these poor people are not included in the command to preach the gospel to every creature. The sight of a Digger Indian camp makes a heavy draft upon Christian faith—but did not Christ die for them?

One fact in Father Acolti's history invested him with peculiar interest in the minds of the people: he was of noble blood. I do not know how many persons in the Santa Clara Valley whispered this secret to me as a fact of great importance. Democrats and Republicans as they are in theory, no people on earth have in their secret hearts a profounder reverence for titles of nobility than the Americans. From Father Acolti himself no hint of anything of the kind was ever heard. He never talked of himself. Nor did I ever hear him mention his religious views, except in very general terms. It is said, and perhaps truly, that the Jesuits are all propagandists by profession; but this old priest made you forget that he was anything but a genial and lovable old gentleman with fine manners and a magnetic presence.

After my removal to San Francisco, he too was transferred to the metropolis, and assigned to duty in connection with the Jesuit church and college, on Market Street. Here again I found his tracks wherever I went among the poor and the miserable. Whether it was a dying foreigner in the sand hills, a young man without money hunting for work, a poor widow bewildered and helpless in her grief, a woman with a drunken husband and a house full of hungry children, a prisoner in the jail, or a sick man in the hospital—Father Acolti's hand was sure to be found in any scheme of relief. Meeting him on the street, you would catch a glow from his kind face and friendly voice, and in most instances leave him with a smile at some little pleasantry that rippled forth as he stood with his hand resting familiarly on your shoulder. He loved his little joke, but it was never at the expense of any human being, and his merriment never went farther than a smile that brightened all over his broad face. There was that about him that repelled the idea of boisterous mirth. The shadow of a great sorrow still lay in the background of his consciousness, shading and softening his sky, but not obscuring its light. As his step grew feebler, and it became evident that his strength was failing, this shadow seemed to deepen. There was a wistful look in his eyes that spoke of a longing for Italy, for his buried love, or for heaven. There were tears in his eyes when we parted in the street for the last time, as he silently pressed my hand and walked slowly away. I was not surprised when the news reached me soon after that he was dead. I trust that our next meeting will be where no shadow shall dim the light that shines on us both.

CALIFORNIA WEDDINGS.

IF the histories connected with the California weddings that I have attended could be written out in full, what tragedies, comedies, and farces would excite the tears and smiles of the susceptible reader! Orange blossoms and pistols are mingled in the matrimonial retrospect. The sound of merry wedding bells, the wails of heart-broken grief, and the imprecations of desperate hate echo in the ear of memory as I begin this chapter on "California Weddings." Nothing else could give a better picture of the vanishing phases of the social life of California. But prudence and good taste restrain my pencil. Too many of the parties are still living, and the subject is too delicate to allow entire freedom of delineation. A guarded glance is all that may be allowed. No real names will be called.

Mounted on "Old Frank" one clear, bracing morning in 1856, I was galloping along the highway between Peppermint Gulch and Sonora, when I overtook a lawyer named G——, who was noted for his irascible temper and too ready disposition to fight, but whose talents and energy had won for him a leading position at the bar. It was an exhilarating ride as we dashed on at a swinging pace, the cool breeze kissing our faces, the blue sky above, the surrounding hills softened by shadows at their bases and glowing with sunshine on their tops. The reader who has never had a gallop among the foothills of California in clear weather has missed one of life's supremest pleas-

ures. The air is electric, every nerve tingles, the blood seems turned to ether. You feel as you do when you fly in dreaming. It is not merely pleasure; it is ecstasy.

But little was said by us. The pace was too rapid for conversation, and neither of us was in the mood for commonplaces. My fellow-horseman's face, usually wearing half a sneer and half a frown, bore an expression I had never seen on it before. It was an expression of gentleness and thoughtfulness, and it became him so well that I found myself frequently turning to look at him. Suddenly reining in his horse, he cried to me: "Stop, parson; I have something to say to you."

Checking "Old Frank," I waited for him to come up with me.

"Will you be at home to-morrow?"

"Yes, I shall be at home."

"Then come to this address at one o'clock, prepared to perform a marriage ceremony."

Penciling the address on a slip of paper, he handed it to me, and we rode on, resuming the rapid gallop which was the only gait known to the early Californians.

The next day I was punctual to the appointment. In the parlor of one of the coziest little cottages in the lower part of the city I found a number of lawyers and other well-known citizens, with several women. The room was tastefully decorated with flowers of exquisite odor. A beautiful little girl about four years old came into the apartment. Richly and tastefully dressed, perfectly formed, elastic and graceful in her movements, with dark eyes, brilliant and large, and cheeks glowing with health, she was a sweet picture of fresh and innocent childhood. She looked around upon the guests, shyly declining the caresses that

"I waited for him to come up."

were offered her. Taking a seat by one of the women, she sat silent and wondering.

"Isn't she a perfect beauty!" said Dr. A——, whose own subsequent marriage made a strange chapter in the social annals of the place.

"Yes; she is a little queen. And I am glad for her sake that this affair is to come off," said another.

In a few minutes G—— entered the room with a woman on his arm. She was fair and slender, with a weak mouth and nervous manner. Traces of tears were on her cheeks, but she was smiling. The company rose as I advanced to meet them, and remained standing while the solemn ceremony was being pronounced which made them husband and wife. When the last words were said they kissed each other, and then G——, yielding to a sudden impulse, caught up the little girl in his arms and almost smothered her with passionate kisses. Not a word was spoken, but many eyes were wet.

The guests were soon led into another room, in which a sumptuous repast was spread, and when I left champagne corks were popping, and it was evident that the lately silent company had found their tongues. Toasts, songs, and speeches were said and sung in honor of the joyful event just consummated—the marriage of this couple which ought to have taken place five years sooner. A little child had led the sinners back into the path from which, through passion and weakness, they had strayed.

It was after nine o'clock one night in the fall of the same year that, hearing a knock at the door, I opened it, and found that my visitor was Edward C——, a young man who was working a mining claim on Dragoon Gulch, near town.

"Annie B—— and I intend to get married to-night, and we want you to perform the ceremony," he said, not waiting for ordinary salutations.

"Isn't this a strange and sudden affair?"

"Yes; it's a runaway match. Annie is under age, and her guardian will not give his consent."

"If that is the case, you will have to go to somebody else. The law is plain, and I cannot violate it."

"When you know all the facts you will think differently."

He then proceeded to give me the facts in the case, which, briefly told, were these: He and Annie B—— loved each other, and had been engaged for several months, with the understanding that they were to be married when she should come of age. Annie had a few thousand dollars in the hands of her brother-in-law, who was also her legal guardian. This brother-in-law had a brother, a drunken, gambling, worthless fellow, whom he wished Annie to marry. She loathed him, and repelled the proposition with indignation and scorn. The brother and brother-in-law persisted in urging the hateful suit, having, it was thought, fixed a covetous eye on Annie's convenient little patrimony. Force had even been used, and Annie was deprived of her liberty and locked in her room. Her repugnance to the fellow increased the more he tried to make himself agreeable to her. A stormy scene had taken place that day.

"I will never marry him—never! I will die first!" Annie had exclaimed in a burst of passion, at the close of a long altercation.

"You are a foolish, undutiful girl, and will be made to do it," was the angry reply of the brother-in-law, as he turned the key in the door and closed the interview.

Late that afternoon Annie was on the street with her sister; and meeting her lover, they arranged to be married at once. She went to the house of a friendly family, while he undertook to get a minister and make other preparations for the event.

"This is the situation," said the expectant bridegroom. "The only way by which I can get the right to protect Annie is to marry her. If you will not perform the ceremony, we'll get a justice of the peace to do it. Annie shall never go back to that house. We intend to be married this night, come what may!"

I confess that I liked his spirit, and my sympathies responded to the appeal made to them. He seemed to read as much in my face, for he added in an offhand way: "Get your hat and come along. They are all waiting for you at D——'s."

On reaching the house I found that quite a little company of intimate friends had been summoned, and the diminutive sitting room was crowded with men, women, and children. The bride was seated in the midst, a pretty, blue-eyed, fair-complexioned girl of seventeen. As I looked at her I could not blame her lover for risking something for such a prize. Women were then at a premium in the mines, and such lovely specimens as Annie would have been in demand anywhere. She blushed and smiled at the rather rough jokes of the good-natured company present, and when she stood up with C—— to take the vows that were to unite them for life they were a handsome and happy pair.

The ceremony finished, the congratulations were hearty, the blushing bride having to stand a regular osculatory fire, according to the custom. Refreshments were then distributed; and seated on the bed, on chairs, stools, and boxes, drafted

for the occasion, the delighted guests gave themselves up to social enjoyment.

"What is that?" exclaimed a dozen voices at once as the most terrific sounds burst forth all around the house, as if pandemonium had broken loose. The bride, whose nerves had already been under high tension all day, fainted, the women screamed, and the children yelled with fright.

"It's only a *charivari*" (*shivaree* Anglice), said the tall, red-haired head of the family, grinning. "I was afraid the boys would find out what was going on."

In the meantime the discord raged outside. It seemed as if everything that could make a particularly unpleasant sound had been brought into service—tin pans, cracked horns, crippled drums, squeaking whistles, fiddles out of tune, accordions not in accord, bagpipes that seemed to know that they must do their worst—the whole culminating in the notes of a single human voice, the most vile and discordant ever heard. It was equally impossible not to be angry, and not to laugh. The bridegroom, an excitable man of Celtic blood, taking the demonstration as an insult, threatened to shoot into the crowd of musicians, but was persuaded to adopt a milder course—namely, to treat. That was the law in the mines, and it was a bold man who would try to evade it. The only means of escape was utter secrecy, and somehow or other it is next to impossible to conceal an impending wedding. It is a sweet secret that the birds of the air will whisper, and it becomes the confidential possession of the entire community. Opening the door, C—— was greeted by a cheer, the music ceasing for a moment. "Come, boys, let's go to the Placer Hotel and take something," said he, forcing a cheerful tone.

Three cheers for the bridegroom and bride were proposed and given with a will, and the party filed away in the darkness, their various instruments of discord emitting desultory farewell notes, the last heard being the tootings of a horn that seemed to possess a sort of ventriloquial quality, sounding as if it were blown under ground.

The brother-in-law made no objection to the wedding. Public opinion was too clearly against him. All went smoothly with the young married couple. It was a love match, and they were content in their little one-roomed cottage at the foot of the hill. When I last heard from them they were living near the same spot, poor but happy, with a family of eleven children, ranging from a fair-haired girl of nineteen, the counterpart of Annie B—— in 1856, to a chubby little Californian of three summers, who bears the image and takes the name of his father.

While busily engaged one day in mailing the weekly issue of the *Pacific Methodist*, at the office near the corner of Montgomery and Jackson Streets, San Francisco, a dusty, unshaved man with a slouch hat came into the room. His manner was sheepish and awkward, and my first impression was that he wanted to borrow money. There is a peculiar manner about habitual borrowers which is readily recognized after some experience with them. My visitor sat and toyed with his hat, making an occasional remark about the weather and other commonplaces. I answered affably, and kept on writing. At length, with a great effort, he said: "Do you know anybody about here that can marry folks?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Maybe you *mought* do it?" he said inquiringly.

I told him I thought I "mought," being a minister of the gospel.

"Well, come right along with me. The woman is waiting at the hotel, and there's no time to lose. The boat leaves at two o'clock."

Seeing me making some adjustment of a disordered necktie, he said impatiently: "Don't wait to fix up. I tell you the boat leaves at two o'clock."

I followed him to the Tremont House, and as we entered the parlor he said, "Git up, old lady; that thing can be put through now," addressing a very stout, middle-aged woman with a frowsy head, sitting near a window.

The lady addressed in this offhand way rose to her feet and took her place by the side of the not very bridegroomish gentleman who had been my conductor.

"Do you not want any witnesses?" I asked.

"We haven't time to wait for witnesses; the boat will leave at two o'clock," said the man. "Go on with your ceremony."

I began the ceremony, she looking triumphant and defiant, and he subdued and despondent. There were two children in the room, a freckle-faced boy and a girl, the boy minus an eye, and their peculiar behavior attracted my attention. They kept circling around the bridal party, eying me curiously and resentfully, the one eye of the boy giving him a look both comic and sinister. The woman's responses were loud and strong, the man's feeble and low. Evidently he did not enjoy the occasion—he was marrying under inward protest. (The landlord's explanation accounted for that, but it is withheld here.)

"What do you charge for that?" said the bridegroom as I concluded the ceremony.

I made some conventional remark about "the pleasure of the occasion being an ample compensation," or words to that effect. In the meantime he had with some difficulty untied a well-worn buckskin purse, from which he took a ten-dollar gold piece, which he tendered me with the remark: "Will that do?"

I took it. It would not have been respectful to decline.

"You may go now," said the newly married man. "The boat will start at two o'clock, and we must be off."

The whole transaction did not take more than ten minutes. I trust the bridal party did not miss that boat. The one-eyed boy gave me a malevolent look as I started down the stairs.

One day in 1869 a well-known public man came to my office and asked a private interview. Taking him into the rear room and closing the door, I invited him to unfold his errand.

"There is trouble between my wife and me. The fact is, I have done wrong, and she has found it out. She is a good woman, but very peculiar, and if something is not done speedily I fear she will become deranged. I am uneasy about her now. She says that nothing will satisfy her but for me to solemnly repeat, in the presence of a minister of the gospel, the marriage vows I have violated. I am willing to do anything I can to satisfy her. Will you name an hour for us to call at your office for the purpose of being re-married?"

"The suggestion is such a strange one that I must have a little time to consider it. Come back at four this afternoon, and I will give you an answer."

I laid the case before a shrewd lawyer of my

acquaintance, and asked his advice as to the legal effect.

"Marry them, of course," said he at once. "The ceremony has no legal quality whatever, but it is the business of a clergyman to minister to a mind diseased, and it is your duty to comply with the unhappy woman's wish."

The gentleman returned at four, and I told him to come at ten the next morning, promising to perform the wished-for ceremony.

They came, punctual to the minute. Excluding a number of visitors, I locked my office door on the inside, and gave my attention to the strange business before me. They both began to weep as I began solemnly to read the marriage service. What tender recollections of earlier and happier days crowded upon their minds I know not. Their emotion increased, and they were sobbing in each other's arms when I had finished. She was radiant through her tears, and he looked like a repenting sinner who had received absolution. The form for the celebration of the office of holy matrimony as laid down in the ritual of my Church never sounded so exquisitely beautiful nor seemed so impressive before; and when he put a twenty-dollar gold piece in my hand and departed, I thought remarriage might be wise and proper under some circumstances.

I had the pleasure of officiating at the nuptials of a goodly number of my colored friends in San Francisco from about 1857 to 1861. One of these occasions impressed me particularly. A venerable black man, who was a deacon in the colored Baptist Church on Dupont Street, called at my office with a message requesting me to visit a certain number on Sacramento Street at a given hour for the purpose of uniting his brother and a

colored lady in marriage. Remembering the crude old English couplet which says that

> When a wedding's in the case
> All else must give place,

I did not fail to be on time. The company were assembled in the large basement room of a substantial brick house. A dozen or fifteen colored people were present, and several white ladies had gathered in the hall to witness the important ceremony. When the bridegroom and bride presented themselves I was struck with their appearance. The bridegroom was a little old negro, not less than seventy years old, with very crooked legs, short forehead, and eyes scarcely larger than a pea, with a weird, "varmintlike" face, showing that it would not take many removes to trace his pedigree back to Guinea. The bride was a tall, well-formed young black woman, scarcely twenty years old, whose hair (or wool) was elaborately carded and arranged, and who wore a white dress with a large red rose in her bosom. The aged bridegroom scarcely reached her shoulders as she stood by him in gorgeous array. They made a ludicrous couple, and I observed a smile on the faces of the intelligent colored people standing around. He was the queerest bridegroom I had ever met, as he stood there peering about him with those curious little eyes. The bride herself seemed to take in the comic element of the occasion, for her fat face wore a broad grin. I began the ceremony, keeping down any tendency to unseemly levity by throwing extra emphasis and solemnity into my voice. This is a device to which others have resorted under similar circumstances. Mastering my risibles, I was proceeding with elevated voice and special emphasis, when the bridegroom, looking up at me with those

little beads of eyes, broke in with this remark, chuckling as he spoke: "I ain't scared. *I's been 'long here befo'*."

It was the first time that I ever broke down in a serious service. We all laughed, the bridegroom and bride joining in heartily, and the tittering did not subside until the ceremony was ended. Evidently the old sinner had a history. How often he had been married—after a fashion—it would have been hazardous to guess. No doubt he had been there before.

HOW THE MONEY CAME.

IT was in the early seventies. I was living on Bay Street, North Beach, San Francisco. Not long before, while driving on the Alameda—that beautiful avenue, shaded by the wide-branching willows planted by the first Jesuit fathers of San José and Santa Clara, for which good work I hereby give my humble thanks—I had met with an accident that nearly ended my earthly experiences. The long-limbed, four-year-old trotter, taking fright by the collision of a hind wheel of the buggy with a heavily loaded lumber wagon, plunged forward, tearing off the entangled wheel; and then with a few frantic leaps came a crash, and I found myself describing a circle in the air. When I came down there was a blank in my recollection of events for I know not how long. When I regained my consciousness, a badly dislocated shoulder, and many bruises and wrenches, attested the combined effects of gravity, propulsion, and concussion on my *corpus*. I was taken to the house of my old friend, P. T. McCabe, where Drs. Caldwell and Thorne adjusted the dislocation and mollified my bruises. Blessings on the memory of the master and mistress of that hospitable home, where true hospitality always smiled a welcome, and from which no needy man, woman, or child was ever turned away empty-handed!

Long weeks of pain followed the accident. The surgeons of San Francisco even talked of amputation at the shoulder joint, doubtless a very

interesting operation scientifically considered, but one that I felt I would rather read of than endure in person. I objected, the doctors desisted, and this Sketch is penned with that same right arm, with an occasional twinge that reminds me of that ride and smash-up twenty years ago.

I was just able to move about the house, with my arm in a sling, walking softly, and trying to exhibit the patience that I had so often commended to other persons. One day as I stood looking out of the bay window upon the ever restless, ever changing sea, it suddenly occurred to me that on that very day I had to make a payment at the bank of one hundred and eighty dollars, or serious trouble would result. The money was not at hand; I was unable to go down into the city to attend to that or any other business matter; there was nobody to send; the hour for the bank to close for the day would soon come—what could I do? To my inner ear a voice seemed to speak: "You profess to believe in prayer; so you have been teaching others for many years; why not pray?" Heeding the voice still and small—this voice is always still and small—I sank into a chair, and, bowing my head upon the window sill, prayed. A calm indescribably sweet came upon me. It was the answering touch. (Whoso hath felt it will understand.) Lifting my head, I looked out, keeping my seat by the window. Across the flat between the end of the street-car line and my house I observed a man and a woman walking slowly along as if they were conversing on some subject of mutual interest. When they reached the foot of the terrace they turned and began to climb the steps that led up to our door. In answer to their ring the servant opened to them, and in reply to their inquiry told them that I was at

home, ushering them into the room where I was sitting.

"We are from Humboldt County," said the man. "By agreement we have met here in San Francisco to be married, and we want you to perform the ceremony."

"Yes," said the lady, who was a rapid talker. "We are both strangers in the city; and when we left the Lick House awhile ago to find a minister we were at a loss, but your name suddenly came into my mind in connection with the recollection of some correspondence between us when you were superintendent of public instruction and I was a teacher in the public school at Eureka. We agreed that if we could find you we would like to have you marry us, and here we are."

She was very pretty, and smiled very sweetly as she spoke.

"Do you feel strong enough to go through with it?" asked the expectant bridegroom.

A glance at the pretty schoolmarm's beaming face inspired me with fresh strength and resolution, and I replied that I thought I could go through with the ceremony; and I did, he looking triumphant and she radiant at the close.

When the last words were said, declaring them to be man and wife together, in the name of the Holy Trinity, he thrust his hand into his pocket, and taking out what seemed to me a whole handful of gold, with something of a flourish, he handed it to me, saying: "Will that do? If not, there's plenty more where it came from."

I told him that I thought it would do.

In a few moments they left, as happy-looking a pair as I ever met.

Restraining my curiosity until they had descended the first flight of steps, I then counted

the marriage fee. There were just ten twenty-dollar gold pieces, making the one hundred and eighty dollars that I needed, and twenty dollars more for good measure.

That was the way the money came.

At the very time my name suddenly occurred to the mind of the pretty little school-teacher I was bowed in prayer in the bay window at North Beach. Free agency is never overborne; but by the processes of memory, by suggestive touches and solicitations, it is moved upon by the Holy Spirit. A true prayer touches God, and he touches everything in the universe.

If there is here a suggestion for some reader, he will know what it is.

HAVING SOME FUN.

THE stage stopped to change horses on the road from Clear Lake to the coast. As I got out to stretch my cramped limbs, I noticed a group of rough-looking men across the way, watching the antics of a half-drunken young man with bushy red whiskers, mounted on a lean and sinewy California mustang, which was cavorting around in the style peculiar to that animal. The most of the men had drunk enough whisky to bring out all their vulgarity, profanity, and devilishness.

"Go it, Jim!" said one.

"You could ride the devil himself!" said another, as the horse and rider went on with the performance that so excited their drunken admiration.

Suddenly the animal, planting his fore feet firmly, and stiffening himself all over, refused to move. It is the nature of a mustang to go when he wants to, and to stop when he chooses so to do. He generally has his own way when his mind is made up. This mustang had evidently made up his mind to stay where he was. Despite the energetic spurrings and furious oaths of his rider, he budged not. With those stiffened legs firmly set, and the white of his wicked eyes visible, he stood immovable.

"Here, hold him a minute, boys," said the angry and inebriated horseman, "and we'll have some fun."

Dismounting, and giving the bridle to one of the

group, he went into the barroom and brought out a can of kerosene oil, which he proceeded to pour over the neck, breast, belly, flanks, and legs of the mustang; then remounting, he drew a match from his pocket, and igniting it by drawing it across his sleeve, he applied it to the animal's neck. Instantly the flames spread over the poor beast's body, and maddened by the pain, it frantically leaped, reared, and plunged, the bystanders applauding and laughing with the idiocy and brutality of drunkenness. It was drunken human nature. Nothing lower nor more cruel exists this side of the bottomless pit, and it makes a hell wherever it is. The mustang in its agony at last reared on its hind feet perpendicularly, and then fell backward upon its rider, who, with the ready instinct of an habitual horseman, drew his feet from the stirrups as he fell. The next moment the mustang was up again, dashing down the road with stirrups dangling, smoking sides, and eyeballs flashing. *The rider did not move.* His neck was broken. The blank, open eyes stared into the calm, pitying heavens. The "fun" was over.

AT THE END.

AMONG my acquaintances at San José, in 1863, was a young Kentuckian who had come down from the mines in bad health. The exposure of mining life had been too severe for him. It took iron constitutions to stand all day in almost ice-cold water up to the waist with a hot sun pouring down its burning rays upon the head and upper part of the body. Many a poor fellow sunk under it at once, and after a few days of fever and delirium was taken to the top of an adjacent hill and laid to rest by the hands of strangers. Others, crippled by rheumatic and neuralgic troubles, drifted into the hospitals of San Francisco, or turned their faces sadly toward the old homes which they had left with buoyant hopes and elastic footsteps. Others still, like this young Kentuckian, came down into the valleys with the hacking cough and hectic flush to make a vain struggle against the destroyer that had fastened upon their vitals, nursing often a vain hope of recovery to the very last. Ah, remorseless flatterer! as I write these lines, the images of your victims crowd before my vision: the strong men that grew weak and pale and thin, but fought to the last inch for life; the noble youths who were blighted just as they began to bloom; the beautiful maidens etherealized into almost more than mortal beauty by the breath of the death angel, as autumn leaves, touched by the breath of winter, blush with the beauty of decay. My young friend indulged no false hopes.

He knew he was doomed to early death, and did not shrink from the thought. One day, as we were conversing in a store up town, he said: "I know that I have at most but a few months to live, and I want to spend them in making preparation to die. You will oblige me by advising me what books to read. I want to get clear views of what I am to do, and then do it."

It need scarcely be said that I most readily complied with his request, and that first and chiefly I advised him to consult the Bible, as the light to his path and the lamp to his feet. Other books were suggested, and a word with regard to prayerful reading was given, and kindly received.

One day I went over to see my friend. Entering his room, I found him sitting by the fire with a table by his side, on which was lying a Bible. There was an unusual flush in his face, and his eye burned with unusual brightness.

"How are you to-day?" I asked.

"I am annoyed, sir; I am indignant," he said.

"What is the matter?"

"Mr. ——, the —— preacher, has just left me. He told me that my soul cannot be saved unless I perform two miracles: I must, he said, think of nothing but religion, and be baptized by immersion. I am very weak, and cannot fully control my mental action—my thoughts will wander in spite of myself. As to being put under the water, that would be immediate death; it would bring on a hemorrhage of the lungs, and kill me."

He leaned his head on the table and panted for breath, his thin chest heaving. I answered: "Mr. —— is a good man, but narrow. He meant kindly in the foolish words he spoke to you. No man, sick or well, can so control the action of his mind as to force his thoughts wholly into one channel.

I cannot do it; neither can any other man. God requires no such absurdity of you or anybody else. As to being immersed, that seems to be a physical impossibility, and he surely does not demand what is impossible. My friend, it really makes little difference what Mr. —— says, or what I say, concerning this matter. What does God say?"

I took up the Bible, and he turned a face upon me expressing the most eager interest. The blessed book seemd to open of itself to the very words that were wanted. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." "He knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust." "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

Glancing at him as I read, I was struck with the intensity of his look as he drank in every word. A traveler dying of thirst in the desert could not clutch a cup of cold water more eagerly than he grasped these tender words of the pitying Father in heaven.

I read the words of Jesus: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "That is what God says to you, and these are the only conditions of acceptance. Nothing is said about anything but the desire of your heart and the purpose of your soul. O my friend, these words are for *you!*"

The great truth flashed upon his mind and flooded it with light. He bent his head and wept. We knelt and prayed together, and when we rose from our knees he said softly, as the tears stole down his face: "It is all right now; I see it clearly; I see it clearly!"

We quietly clasped hands and sat in silent sympathy. There was no need for words from me;

God had spoken, and that was enough. Our hearts were singing together the song without words.

"You have found peace at the cross; let nothing disturb it," I said, as he pressed my hand at the door as we left.

It never was disturbed. The days that had dragged so wearily and anxiously during the long, long months were now full of brightness. A subdued joy shone in his face, and his voice was low and tender as he spoke of the blessed change that had passed upon him. The book whose words had been light and life to him was often in his hand, or lay open on the little table in his room. He had never lost his hold upon the great truth he had grasped, nor abated in the fullness of his joy. I was with him the night he died. He knew the end was at hand, and the thought filled him with solemn joy. His eyes kindled, and his wasted features fairly blazed with rapture as he said, holding my hand with both of his: "I am glad it will all soon be over. My peace has been unbroken since that morning when God sent you to me. I feel a strange, solemn joy at the thought that I shall soon know all."

Before daybreak the great mystery was disclosed to him, and as he lay in his coffin next day the smile that lingered on his lips suggested the thought that he had caught a hint of the secret while yet in the body.

Among the casual hearers that now and then dropped in to hear a sermon in Sonora, in the early days of my ministry there, was a man who interested me particularly. He was at that time editing one of the papers of the town, which sparkled with the flashes of his versatile genius. He was a true Bohemian, who had seen many countries, and knew life in almost all its phases.

He had written a book of adventure which found many readers and admirers. An avowed skeptic, he was yet respectful in his allusions to sacred things, and I am sure his editorial notices of the pulpit efforts of a certain young preacher who had much to learn were more than just. He was a brilliant talker, with a vein of enthusiasm that was very delightful. His spirit was generous and frank, and I never heard from his lips an unkind word concerning any human being. Even his partisan editorials were free from the least tinge of asperity—and this is a supreme test of a sweet and courteous nature. In our talks he studiously evaded the one subject most interesting to me. With gentle and delicate skill he parried all my attempts to introduce the subject of religion in our conversation.

"I can't agree with you on that subject, and we will let it pass," he would say with a smile, and then he would start some other topic, and rattle on delightfully in his easy, rapid way.

He could not stay long at a place, being a confirmed wanderer. He left Sonora, and I lost sight of him. Retaining a very kindly feeling for this gentle-spirited and pleasant adventurer, I was loth thus to lose all trace of him. Meeting a friend one day, on J Street, in the city of Sacramento, he said: "Your old friend D—— is at the Golden Eagle hotel. You ought to go and see him."

I went at once. Ascending to the third story, I found his room, and, knocking at the door, a feeble voice bade me enter. I was shocked at the spectacle that met my gaze. Propped in an armchair in the middle of the room, wasted to a skeleton, and of a ghastly pallor, sat the unhappy man. His eyes gleamed with an unnatural brightness, and his features wore a look of intense suffering.

"You have come too late, sir," he said, before I had time to say a word. "You can do me no good now. I have been sitting in this chair three weeks. I could not live a minute in any other position. Hell could not be worse than the tortures I have suffered! I thank you for coming to see me, but you can do me no good—none, none!"

He paused, panting for breath; and then he continued in a soliloquizing way: "I played the fool, making a joke of what was no joking matter. It is too late. I can neither think nor pray, if praying would do any good. I can only suffer, suffer, suffer!"

The painful interview soon ended. To every cheerful or hopeful suggestion which I made he gave but one reply: "Too late!"

The unspeakable anguish of his look, as his eyes followed me to the door, haunted me for many a day, and the echo of his words, "Too late!" lingered sadly upon my ear. When I saw the announcement of his death, a few days afterwards, I asked myself the solemn question whether I had dealt faithfully with this light-hearted, gifted man when he was within my reach. His last look is before me now, as I pencil these lines.

"John A—— is dying over on the Portrero, and his family wants you to go over and see him."

It was while I was pastor in San Francisco. A—— was a member of my church, and lived on what was called the Portrero, in the southern part of the city, beyond the Long Bridge. It was after night when I reached the little cottage on the slope above the bay.

"He is dying and delirious," said a member of the family as I entered the room where the sick man lay. His wife, a woman of peculiar traits and great religious fervor, and a large number of

children and grandchildren were gathered in the dying man's chamber and the adjoining rooms. The sick man—a man of large and powerful frame —was restlessly tossing and moving his limbs, muttering incoherent words, with now and then a burst of uncanny laughter. When shaken, he would open his eyes for an instant, make some meaningless ejaculation, and then they would close again. The wife was very anxious that he should have a lucid interval while I was there.

"O I cannot bear to have him die without a word of farewell and comfort!" she said weeping.

The hours wore on, and the dying man's pulse showed that he was sinking steadily. Still he lay unconscious, moaning and gibbering, tossing from side to side as far as his failing strength permitted. His wife would stand and gaze at him a few moments, and then walk the floor in agony.

"He can't last much longer," said a visitor, who felt his pulse and found it almost gone, while his breathing became more labored. We waited in silence. A thought seemed to strike the wife. Without saying a word, she climbed upon the bed, took her dying husband's head upon her lap, and, bending close above his face, began to sing. It was a melody I had never heard before—low and sweet and quaint. The effect was weird and thrilling as the notes fell tremulously from the singer's lips in the hush of that dead hour of the night. Presently the dying man became more quiet, and before the song was finished he opened his eyes as a smile swept over his face, and as his glance fell on me I saw that he knew me. He called my name, and looked up in the face that bent above his own, and kissed it.

"Thank God!" his wife exclaimed, her hot tears falling on his face, that wore a look of strange se-

renity. Then she half whispered to me, her face beaming with a softened light: "That old song was one we used to sing together when we were first married, in Baltimore."

On the stream of music and memory he had floated back to consciousness, called by the love whose instinct is deeper and truer than all the science and philosophy in the world.

At dawn he died, his mind clear, the voice of prayer in his ears, and a look of rapture in his face.

Dan W——, whom I had known in the mines in the early days, had come to San José about the time my pastorate in the place began. He kept a meat market, and was a most genial, accommodating, and good-natured fellow. Everybody liked him, and he seemed to like everybody. His animal spirits were unfailing, and his face never revealed the least trace of worry or care. He "took things easy," and never quarreled with his luck. Such men are always popular, and Dan was a general favorite, as the generous and honest fellow deserved to be. Hearing that he was very sick, I went to see him. I found him very low, but he greeted me with a smile.

"How are you to-day, Dan?" I asked, in the offhand way of the old times.

"It is all up with me, I guess," he replied, pausing to get breath between the words; "the doctor says I can't get out of this—I must leave in a day or two." He spoke in a matter-of-fact way, indicating that he intended to take death, as he had taken life, easy.

"How do you feel about changing worlds, my old friend?"

"I have no say in the matter. *I have got to go, and that is all there is of it.*"

That was all I ever got out of him. He told me

he had not been to church for ten years, as it was not in his line. He did not understand matters of that sort, he said, as his business was running a meat market. He intended no disrespect to me or to sacred things—this was his way of putting the matter in his simple-heartedness.

"Shall I kneel here and pray with you?" I asked.

"No; you needn't take the trouble, parson," he said gently; "you see I've got to go, and that's all there is of it. I don't understand that sort of thing; it's not in my line, you see. I've been in the meat business."

"Excuse me, my old friend, if I ask if you do not, as a dying man, have some thoughts about God and eternity?"

"That's not in my line, and I couldn't do much thinking now anyway. It's all right, parson—I've got to go, and Old Master will do right about it."

Thus he died without a prayer, and without a fear, and his case is left to the theologians who can understand it, and to the "Old Master," who will do right.

I was called to see a lady who was dying at North Beach, San Francisco. Her history was a singularly sad one, illustrating in a startling manner the ups and downs of California life. From opulence to poverty, and from poverty to sorrow, and from sorrow to death—these were the acts in the drama, and the curtain was about to fall on the last. On a previous visit I had pointed the poor sufferer to the cross of Christ, and prayed at her bedside, leaving her calm and tearful. Her only daughter, a sweet, fresh girl of eighteen, had two years before betrothed herself to a young man from Oregon, who had come to San Francisco to study a profession. The mother had expressed

a desire to see them married before her death, and I had been sent for to perform the ceremony.

"She is unconscious, poor thing!" said a lady who was in attendance, "and she will fail of her dearest wish."

The dying mother lay with a flushed face, breathing painfully, with closed eyes, and moaning piteously. Suddenly her eyes opened, and she glanced inquiringly around the room. They understood her. The daughter and her betrothed were sent for. The mother's face brightened as they entered and she turned to me and said, in a faint voice: "Go on with the ceremony, or it will be too late for me. God bless you, darling!" she added as the daughter bent down sobbing and kissed her.

The bridal couple kneeled together by the bed of death, and the assembled friends stood around in solemn silence, while the beautiful formula of the Church was repeated, the dying mother's eyes resting upon the kneeling daughter with an expression of unutterable tenderness. When the vows were taken that made them one, and their hands were clasped in token of plighted faith, she drew them both to her in a long embrace, and then almost instantly closed her eyes with a look of infinite restfulness, and never opened them again.

Of the notable men I met in the mines in the early days, there was one who piqued and puzzled my curiosity. He had the face of a saint with the habits of a debauchee. His pale and studentlike features were of the most classic mold, and their expression singularly winning, save when at times a cynical sneer would suddenly flash over them like a cloud-shadow over a quiet landscape. He was a lawyer, and stood at the head of the bar. He was an orator whose silver voice and magnetic qualities often kindled the largest audiences into

the wildest enthusiasm. Nature had denied him no gift of body or mind requisite to success in life, but there was a fatal weakness in his moral constitution. He was an inveterate gambler, his large professional earnings going into the coffers of the faro and monte dealers. His violations of good morals in other respects were flagrant. He worked hard by day, and gave himself up to his vices at night. Public opinion was not very exacting in those days, and his failings were condoned by a people who respected force and pluck, and made no close inquiries into a man's private life, because it would have been no easy thing to find one who, on the score of innocence, was entitled to cast the first stone. Thus he lived from year to year, increasing his reputation as a lawyer of marked ability and as a politician whose eloquence in every campaign was a tower of strength to his party. His fame spread until it filled the State, and his money still fed his vices. He never drank, and that cool, keen intellect never lost its balance, or failed him in any encounter on the hustings or at the bar. I often met him in public, but he never was known to go inside a church. Once, when in a street conversation I casually made some reference to religion, a look of displeasure passed over his face, and he abruptly left me. I was agreeably surprised when, on more than one occasion, he sent me a substantial token of good will, but I was never able to analyze the motive that prompted him to do so. This remembrance softens the feelings with which these lines are penciled. He went to San Francisco, but there was no change in his life.

"It is the old story," said an acquaintance of whom I made inquiry concerning him: "he has a large and lucrative practice, and the gamblers

get all he makes. He is getting gray, and he is failing a little. He is a strange being."

It happened afterwards that his office and mine were in the same building and on the same floor. As we met on the stairs he would nod to me and pass on. I noticed that he was indeed "failing." He looked weary and sad, and the cold or defiant gleam in his steel-gray eyes was changed into a wistful and painful expression that was very pathetic. I did not dare to invade his reserve with any tender of sympathy. Joyless and hopeless as he might be, I felt instinctively that he would play out his drama alone. Perhaps this was a mistake on my part: he may have been hungry for the word I did not speak. God knows. I was not lacking in proper interest in his well-being, but I have since thought in such cases it is safest to speak.

"What has become of B——?" said my landlord one day as we met in the hall. "I have been here to see him several times, and found his door locked, and his letters and newspapers have not been touched. There is something the matter, I fear."

Instantly I felt somehow that there was a tragedy in the air, and I had a strange feeling of awe as I passed the door of B——'s room.

A policeman was brought, the lock forced, and we went in. A sickening odor of chloroform filled the room. The sight that met our gaze made us shudder. He was lying across the bed, partly dressed, his head thrown back, his eyes staring upward, his limbs hanging loosely over the bedside.

"Is he dead?" was asked in a whisper.

"No," said the officer, with his finger on B——'s wrist; "he is not dead yet, but he will never wake out of this.. He has been lying thus two or three days."

A physician was sent for, and all possible efforts made to rouse him, but in vain. About sunset the pulse ceased to beat, and it was only a lump of lifeless clay that lay there so still and stark. This was his death; the mystery of his life went back beyond my knowledge of him, and will only be known at the judgment day.

One of the gayest and brightest of all the young people gathered at a May day picnic, just across the bay from San Francisco, was Ada D——. The only daughter of a wealthy citizen, living in one of the lovely valleys beyond the coast range of mountains, beautiful in person and sunny in temper, she was a favorite in all the circle of her associations. Though a petted child of fortune, she was not spoiled. Envy itself was changed into affection in the presence of a spirit so gentle, unassuming, and loving. Recently graduated from one of the best schools, her graces of character matched the brilliance of her pecuniary fortune.

A few days after the May day festival, as I was sitting in my office, a little before sunset, there was a knock at the door, and before I could answer the messenger entered hastily saying: "I want you to go with me at once to Amador Valley. Ada D—— is dying, and wishes to be baptized. We just have time for the six o'clock boat to take us across the bay, where the carriage and horses are waiting for us. The distance is thirty miles, and we must run a race against death."

We started at once: no minister of Jesus Christ hesitates to obey a summons like that. We reached the boat while the last taps of the last bell were being given, and were soon at the landing on the opposite side of the bay. Springing ashore, we entered the vehicle which was in readiness. Grasping the reins, my companion touched up the spir-

ited team, and we struck across the valley. My driver was an old Californian, skilled in all horse craft and road craft. He spoke no word, putting his soul and body into his work, determined, as he had said, to make the thirty miles by nine o'clock. There was no abatement of speed after we struck the hills: what was lost in going up was regained in going down. The mettle of those California-bred horses was wonderful; the quick beating of their hoofs upon the graveled roads was as regular as the motion of machinery, steam-driven. It was an exciting ride, and there was a weirdness in the sound of the night breeze floating by us, and ghostly shapes seemed looking at us from above and below, as we wound our way through the hills, while the bright stars shone like funeral tapers over a world of death. Death! how vivid and awful was its reality to me as I looked up at those shining worlds on high, and then upon the earth wrapped in darkness below! Death! his sable coursers are swift, and we may be too late! The driver shared my thoughts, and lashed the panting horses to yet greater speed. My pulses beat rapidly as I counted the moments.

"Here we are!" he exclaimed, as we dashed down the hill and brought up at the gate. "It is eight minutes to nine," he added, glancing at his watch by the lamplight shining through a window.

"She is alive, but speechless, and going fast," said the father in a broken voice, as I entered the house.

He led me to the chamber of the dying girl. The seal of death was upon her. I bent above her, and a look of recognition came into her eyes. Not a moment was to be lost.

"If you know me, my child, and can enter into the meaning of what I say, indicate the fact."

There was a faint smile and a slight but significant inclination of the fair head as it lay enveloped with its wealth of chestnut curls. With her hands folded on her breast, and her eyes turned upward, the dying girl lay in a listening attitude, while in a few words I explained the meaning of the sacred rite and pointed her to the Lamb of God as the one sacrifice for sin. The family stood round the bed in awed and tearful silence. As the crystal sacramental drops fell upon her brow a smile flashed quickly over the pale face, there was a slight movement of the head—and she was gone! The upward look continued, and the smile never left the fair, sweet face. We fell upon our knees, and the prayer that followed was not for her, but for the bleeding hearts around the couch where she lay smiling in death.

Dave Douglass was one of that circle of Tennesseeans who took prominent parts in the early history of California. He belonged to the Sumner County Douglasses, of Tennessee, and had the family warmth of heart, impulsiveness, and courage that nothing could daunt. In all the political contests of the early days he took an active part, and was regarded as an unflinching and unselfish partisan by his own party, and as an openhearted and generous antagonist by the other. He was elected Secretary of State, and served the people with fidelity and efficiency. He was a man of powerful physical frame, deep-chested, ruddy-faced, blue-eyed, with just enough shagginess of eyebrows and heaviness of the under jaw to indicate the indomitable pluck which was so strong an element in his character. He was a true Douglass, as brave and true as any of the name that ever wore the kilt or swung a claymore in the land of Bruce. His was a famous Methodist family in

Tennessee; and though he knew more of politics than piety, he was a good friend to the Church, and had regular preaching in the schoolhouse near his farm on the Calaveras River. All the itinerants that traveled that circuit knew "Douglass's Schoolhouse" as an appointment, and shared liberally in the hospitality and purse of the General. (That was his title.)

"Never give up the fight!" he said to me, with flashing eye, the last time I met him in Stockton, pressing my hand with a warm clasp. It was while I was engaged in the effort to build a church in that place, and I had been telling him of the difficulties I had met in the work. That word and hand clasp helped me.

He was taken sick soon after. The disease had taken too strong a grasp upon him to be broken. He fought bravely a losing battle for several days. Sunday morning came, a bright, balmy day. It was in the early summer. The cloudless sky was deep blue, the sunbeams sparkled on the bosom of the Calaveras, the birds were singing in the trees, and the perfume of the flowers filled the air and floated in through the open window to where the strong man lay dying. He had been affected with the delirium of fever during most of his sickness; but that was past, and he was facing death with an unclouded mind.

"I think I am dying," he said, half inquiringly.

"Yes; is there anything we can do for you?"

His eyes closed for a few moments, and his lips moved as if in prayer. Opening his eyes, he said: "Sing one of those old camp meeting songs."

A preacher present struck up the hymn, "Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive."

The dying man, composed to rest, lay with folded hands and listened with shortening breath

and a rapt face, and thus he died, the words and the melody that had touched his boyish heart among the far-off hills of Tennessee being the last sounds that fell upon his dying ear. We may hope that on that old camp meeting song was wafted the prayer and trust of a penitent soul receiving the kingdom of heaven as a little child.

During my pastorate at Santa Rosa one of my occasional hearers was John I——. He was deputy sheriff of Sonoma County, and was noted for his quiet and determined courage. He was a man of few words, but the most reckless desperado knew that he could not be trifled with. When there was an arrest to be made that involved special peril, this reticent, low-voiced man was usually intrusted with the undertaking. He was of the good old Primitive Baptist stock from Caswell County, N. C., and had a lingering fondness for the peculiar views of that people. He had a weakness for strong drink that gave him trouble at times, but nobody doubted his integrity any more than they doubted his courage. His wife was an earnest Methodist, one of a family of sisters remarkable for their excellent sense and strong religious character. Meeting him one day, just before my return to San Francisco, he said: "I am sorry you are going to leave Santa Rosa. You understand me; and if anybody can do me any good, you are the man." There was a tremor in his voice as he spoke, and he held my hand in a lingering grasp.

Yes, I knew him. I had seen him at church on more than one occasion with compressed lips struggling to conceal the strong emotion he felt, sometimes hastily wiping away an unbidden tear. The preacher, when his own soul is aglow and his sympathies all awakened and drawn out toward his

hearers, is almost clairvoyant at times in his perception of their inner thoughts. I understood this man, though no disclosure had been made to me in words. I read his eye, and marked the wistful and anxious look that came over his face when his conscience was touched and his heart moved. Yes, I knew him, for my sympathy had made me responsive; and his words, spoken sadly, thrilled me and rolled upon my spirit the burden of a soul. His health, which had been broken by hardships and careless living, began to decline more rapidly. I heard that he had expressed a desire to see me, and made no delay in going to see him. I found him in bed and much wasted.

"I am glad you have come. I have been wanting to see you," he said, taking my hand. "I have been thinking of my duty to God for a good while, and have felt more than anybody has suspected. I want to do what I can and ought to do. You have made this matter a study, and you ought to understand it. I want you to help me."

We had many interviews, and I did what I could to guide a penitent sinner to the sinner's Friend. He was indeed a penitent sinner—shut out from the world and shut in with God, the merciful Father was speaking to his soul, and all its depths were stirred. The patient, praying wife had a wistful look in her eyes as I came out of his room, and I knew her thought. God was leading him, and he was receptive of the truth that saves. He had one difficulty.

"I hate meanness, or anything that looks like it. It does look mean for me to turn to religion now that I am sick, after being so neglectful and wicked when I was well."

"That thought is natural to a manly soul, but there is a snare in it. You are thinking what oth-

ers may say, and your pride is touched. You are dealing with God only. Ask only what will please Him. The time for a man to do his duty is when he sees it and feels the obligation. Let the past go; you cannot undo it, but it may be forgiven. The present and an eternal future are yours, my friend. Do what will please God, and all will be right."

The still waters were reached, and his soul lay at rest in the arms of God. O sweet, sweet rest! infinitely sweet to the spirit long tossed upon the stormy sea of sin and remorse. O peace of God, the inflow into a human heart of the very life of the Lord! It is the hidden mystery of love divine whispered to the listening ear of faith. It had come to him by its own law when he was ready to receive it. The great change had come; it looked out from his eyes and beamed from his face.

He was baptized at night. The family had gathered in the room. In the solemn hush of the occasion the whispers of the night breeze could be heard among the vines and flowers outside, and the rippling of the sparkling waters of Santa Rosa Creek was audible. The sick man's face was luminous with the light that was from within. The solemn rite was finished, a tender and holy awe filled the room; it was the house of God and the gate of heaven. The wife, who was sitting near a window, rose, and noiselessly stepped to the bed, and without a word printed a kiss on her husband's forehead, while the joy that flushed her features told that the prayer of thirty years had been answered. We sang a hymn and parted with tears of silent joy. In a little while he crossed the river, where we may mingle our voices again by and by.

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